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1949

## 1949 Ray Family Papers

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Tuesday. Jan. 4th 1949

Dear Folks: Actually I don't know why I do it. The "Color Wheel" claims she's at the end of a semester-- so each evening she retires to her desk, shifts papers around, draws things that look like charts, and shuffles report cards-- till I feel sorry for her and police the joint, wash and dry the dishes-- only to find she has managed to squeeze in an hour's nap, read the paper, glance at Holiday and Reader's Digest, and make two phone calls.

NOW I find I have to get Joe's fame spread around to the family, if it ever is to be spread-- because she's still at the desk.

Anyway, read the many columns our own Joe got in Washington POST (our leading paper and probably the nation's) on Friday over his report about the incorporation of Silver Spring. We were amazed when our paper came Friday a.m. and called him (Jack Gray said he had been up for hours at 7 a.m. collected every paper from the "early" newsboys and clipping them). Even the morning radios had long mentions of this report and Joe himself was interviewed at 1:15 on Sunday afternoon for 15 minutes. Of course we listened.

The whole outfit came in on Friday eve and Joe had an envelope full of clippings that would choke a cow. Anytime the conversation lagged, he pull them out and read aloud about himself. So it was a great day for the Baby of the Rays.

David stayed with us Saturday night since it was his 9th birthday and we had em ALL for lunch Sunday. I'm about Ray'ed out, what with readin' about 'em, hearing about 'em on the radio, feeding 'em, listening to 'em, and now writing their letters. But here 'tis for you all to see. Love

Jack *Jack*



# MARYLAND LEAGUE OF MUNICIPALITIES

4708 Calvert Road  
College Park, Md.

January 13, 1949

Dear Folks:

A call from Ruby tonight reminded me of an unpardonable offense I have committed. Ruby and Jettie made a deal whereby Jettie would go into Washington to get the Robin last Saturday morning. Jettie got it and brought it home. Then Saturday afternoon, just as I was coming in the house, we got a long distance telephone call telling us that Jettie's brother in San Francisco had died of a heart attack. That threw us into a tailspin, and by the time we straightened out after the week end I had got into the regular routine and actually had forgotten the Robin. Such behavior is unpardonable, but there it lies.

Glad to have the news and firsthand stories of the rites for our boy Sam. I agree with Jack -- there's not much point in observations about how fine he was and what a great void his passing leaves. About all we can do is to wait for time and hard work to shore up anguish and permit us to recall without pain the real privilege it was to have him amongst us for a short 24 years. I think I made a mistake in not going to Bowling Green at the time. I had it figured that I would be just a part of an exceedingly trying time and that a visit down later might mean more to Ginna and Ray. I planned to go down on this week-end, leaving here by train on Wednesday night and starting back late Saturday; but Virginia wrote that she thought I ought to wait and come some time when the weather is better and we could get out more. She thought that they might have a house by that time, too. So I decided not to go now. About the best time I can think of to go down would be around Eastertime. We have threedays off at the University, and I might make it for a too brief visit then.

Everything is going smoothly here. Jack and Nancy Gray are staying with us. They are old friends from Denton. Jack has an appointment as an FBI agent and is going to school. Nancy is back working for a congressman. Scott is still delivering his paper route, which he has been handling since December 1. I have spent more on gasoline hauling him around on rainy mornings, Sundays with the big papers, and other such occasions than he has made on the route. But I guess that's what it takes for 10-year olds to become 11-year olds.

El, I tried all day Christmas to telephone you as we promised, but just couldn't get a line through. I was sorry, because I know you would have liked to talk with some one of us. I've got to stop this and assume some of the responsibilities of fatherhood. Sally just got her bottom busted for jumping out of bed for the 21st time. David has been in the bathtub for over an hour, and Scotty is june-bugging around the house on some of his multifarious projects. Ed, tell Babs that the book which she sent Scott did not arrive until January 5. It was a pleasant post-Christmas present, and I know he is enjoying it. Jettie is so exhausted with boy schrouds and suchs tuff that she says she will not write this time. She'll try to hit her licks next time. Ed, the Michigan deal is good enough for me. We got to get old Gin and Silent up there. Will B., I want you and your charming wife to come on now and get a note in the Robin. You can't have as much to do as I do, and even if you do, you can scribble a greeting across a sheet of paper and send it on.

Love to you all,



## PRESIDENT

Mayor John C. Post  
Takoma Park

## VICE PRESIDENTS

Mayor Julian L. Tubman  
Cambridge  
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H. H. Mitchell  
President of Commissioners  
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## ELECTED MEMBERS, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Councilman Henry H. Hanna  
Salisbury

Mayor Floyd B. Mathias  
Mount Rainier

## EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Joseph M. Ray  
University of Maryland  
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Mount Rainier

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Joseph M. Ray  
University of Maryland  
College Park



George Washington's and  
Sally's birthday  
Springfield, S. Dak.

Dear Folks,

This must get off in the  
mail tomorrow morning!

I hasten because if an egg  
were to hatch here, there would  
surely be a scoundrel. Every-  
body knows a reputation is  
much easier to acquire  
than it is to get rid of.

Now it is Elsie who keeps  
the robin! One time I told that  
I kept the letters one week and  
maybe spread it on thick  
because I was panned be-  
cause some body (specifically  
little Ed) had been skipping  
me. I will take the blame  
for that time only!

Sunday Morning 1-23-49

Dear Joanna & Ed -

I'm writing - since you are about the only Democrats who didn't come to the inauguration. We also sent you some newspapers. Neither was that Joe here. He took the day to tour Garrett Co Md. with the mayor of Cumberland. I asked him why that mayor wasn't here and he said he was a Republican - which I had forgot there were any of. It was this Republican Sack who shoved and pushed me into the milling - yelling - crowd to watch the parade.



Neither of us considered buying seats along the route at from \$2. to \$10. One of Settles Texas politicians got her and the children seats in the grandstand amongst Tallah Bankhead and Margaret Obrien etc. David practically spoiled their fun by wanting to go home to play. He had spent the night with us in honor of his 8<sup>th</sup> birthday.

What I'm really writing about is that Convention — you Ed — ~~and~~ coming to in March. You had mentioned it and the Joe said you are coming. We are in fine shape to take care of you — and you too Joanne — your job will profit by a spell of absence. You can attend day and night meetings from our house as well as if you were in ~~at~~ a hotel. And me — I shall give myself a vacation while you are here.

I wish you could be here to see this new French 'hair do' I've just got. This you'll never see since it is my first and last. There are two reasons for that. — One that I look more like Medusa than me — with wrinkles and teeth added — which of course does not improve the sight. The other is the other is the fact that job cost four dollars

and fifty cents. I was totally unprepared for either result since I only went there because of its convenience. My suspicions were aroused when I was told to go into the dressing room. There I saw other customers taking off their dresses and putting on what looked like French-blue hospital jackets - with a long tail. When I got home and told Jack how much it cost he asked me if the French Ambassador had done it. So far as I know he was the one. Me and him couldn't understand each other. That's the most I've ever paid for so little. Before breakfast this morning I wet it up a-la-less-Medusa.



Now do think about coming,  
both of you - the girls too. Between  
Joe's and us we can take care  
of all of you. I'm counting on  
having the girls for a visit  
this summer. How about June  
right after school was out. I  
was so sorry to Miss Babs in  
Kentucky last summer. Jack  
and I will be in Kentucky come  
August. Miss Jeffries says she  
will us have her apartment.

I hope Brown will find  
something so he can stay  
on there. Va. is announced

of the baby. And I don't blame her she is a darling child.

Joe came home from his visit on fire with the idea that we should cultivate Brown's children - something I've always wanted to do - but how. Of course you must realize that we don't know your girls either. In that you can help. I have just written to Alice asking her and Dorothy to visit us sometime this summer. Will let you know what reply - if any I get.

Jack is in the throes of a story. He walks around staring into space like one in a trance. The story I find is about irritations - and that I'm very prominent in it. He better not get too tough on me - or I'll write an answer. In mine I'll tell about glassy-eyed - chin-tilted - trance-walkers and other things.

By and large there may be more fiction in mine than his. Did it ever occur to you how lucky we have been with in-laws? "Miss" Ruby is in rare form, *isn't she not?*



Joe has the robin - and has had it. He's holding it until he teaches Eleanor - Virginia - and me a lesson. No dynamite I can produce will budge it. You see I'm being taught. You know how hopeless this is. I think he enjoys being on a high horse preaching to the people. Really I'm surprised at how smart that boy got to be. Where did he get it?

Maybe you could send this to Eleanor and it could start another robin. My experience has been that more than one can teach.

We are looking forward to seeing you. Love Ruby

# MARYLAND LEAGUE OF MUNICIPALITIES

4708 Calvert Road,  
College Park, Maryland  
January 29, 1949

Dear Robins:

## PRESIDENT

Mayor John C. Post  
Takoma Park

## VICE PRESIDENTS

Mayor Julian L. Tubman  
Cambridge  
District One

H. H. Mitchell  
President of Commissioners  
Elkton  
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## EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Joseph M. Ray  
University of Maryland  
College Park

Joe is typing this letter while I fix supper. It was his idea to hold the Robin up and show you how it feels for it to be later than necessary. Of course, none of us have time to write; we just stop everything and take time, and I could have done it two weeks ago as well as tonight, but Joe has decided that this is the day that we should write it. He wrote his at the office this afternoon and came home when I was ready to fix supper and said he would type it if I would dictate it. So here goes on my meager contribution.

The inauguration is the most interesting activity I have had this month. I met and shook hands with Sam Rayburn who has always been one of my favorite politicians, went to an open house of our Texas congressmen, and a coffee for the Texas delegation, and could have gone to an open house at Attorney General Tom Clark's, but had to get home to my young ones. Besides having a box seat for the inauguration. I had tickets just for two seats at the inauguration, but one of my Presbyterian deacons was on the gate where I had to go in, and he let all three of the children and me go in on them. We missed the parade completely, because our seats for the inauguration did not face on the parade route. And by the time we had gone to the Supreme Court Building to the bathroom and lunch, the parade was started and we couldn't get within ten feet of a curb, so we came home. The children were disappointed not to see the parade, but I think the actual inauguration was will mean more to the boys.

David turned eight last week. He spent the night with Ruby and Jack on Wednesday night, where he had fried chicken and a lot of attention, then met us for the inauguration on Thursday. One of his presents from Jack was a trick whereby he can change a penny into a dime, so we will be ready to retire in a few years. The Saturday after his birthday on Friday I had two little boys and his favorite girl friend and Scott and Sally in for movies and fried chicken supper with ice cream and cake. The menu wouldn't pass dietetic rules, but it was the things he wanted. So after all, his birthday covered three treats instead of just one day's celebration.

This is my month to have the cub ~~scouts~~ scouts. I am having them for February, too, because we are making puppets and needed some more time. There are only four boys besides Scott in his den, and they are so interested in the puppets that it isn't much trouble to have them. We are nearly ready to dress the puppets, so I will have to do more of the actual work for a few meetings. But it is fun, and I am enjoying it more than I thought I would. If any of you think that making puppets an easy job, just you try it. Well, I've got supper ready to put on the table, and we are all starving to death. Sally is already eating her salad, so I had better let Joe get the typewriter off the kitchen table so we can all fall to and each of you can go on with the rest of the Robin.

Love to all

Jettie

(over)

After supper.

Now that my stomach is full and Joe is washing the supperdishes, I can think of a few things I want to add to my Robin.

The most important is to thank each and all of you for the many nice Christmas gifts all of us received. I know I'll never get individual thank-you notes written, so please let this express our thanks. We all fared much better than we deserve. In fact, this seemed our best Christmas, but every year seems to be better than the last one, I just wonder how it can keep up!! Ruby and Jack came out and spent Christmas Eve night with us, so were here for "Santa Clause"...This year we had "Santa Clause" and gifts together on Christmas. Up until now we had opened gifts on Christmas eve and had only Santa Clause on Christmas morning as both together were too much for the children when they were smaller. Scott got a bike from Santa which made his Christmas complete. All David wanted was a B\*B gun; Sally wanted a Jeep truck (which Uncle Jack and Daddy never lost their religion on trying to assemble the night before) and a bridal doll. Scott and David were nearly sure of getting the bike and B-B gun, but we surprised and pleased them very much with inexpensive wrist watches in their stockings, which they had no idea of getting. Joe's and my Christmas were hose, over shoes, bedspeads, shoes, etc. which we had to have anyway. One of the things that made us feel so good about this Christmas was that nothing was charged to be paid for later...we went on a pay as you go this year whereas other years we have been until Easter paying off Christmas bills. So all in all, everything was for a perfect Christmas. We hope all you had a happy time. Joe enjoyed his trip and visit with the Ed Rays and Eleanore. It has been nice to have a first hand report from all of you. We hope Ed is still planning to come here in March. I can't believe March is only four weeks off!!

I believe this is all this time.

Goodnight,

Jettie



# MARYLAND LEAGUE OF MUNICIPALITIES

College Park, Maryland  
January 29, 1949

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Sorry to hold up the Robin for so long. I would have written long ago, even though I have been in a tearing rush with more things to do than one mortal can attend to, except for the fact that most of you have taken your own good time about sending the Robin on, and I got to feeling a little bit hateful about the way we never keep the Robin more than three or four days and nobody else tears his shirt to move it along. If you don't want to send it on rapidly, it's all right with us -- we won't rush either. I don't recall ever keeping it for more than three or four days under any circumstances, except in the old days on Twentieth street when we had to get a meeting of four minds instead of two as to when the thing should be sent on. I don't feel hateful about it any longer, and I do wish we could keep it moving more rapidly than we have heretofore. The thing means a lot to me, at least, and it loses a lot of its flavor and attractiveness if it hobbles around only every two or three months.

I think I have written you before on my new stationery. I've organized this league of cities in Maryland. We now have 38 cities and towns in membership and are still growing. Most of my recent rush has been in connection with it. We have some bills before the Legislature, and it has fallen to my lot to lead the fight primarily. I may get burnt in the process, but not in any measure that will prove fatal or even deeply embarrassing. The worst that could come would be orders to stay at home, and these haven't come as yet.

Ed was one of those rare guys who was convinced all along that Truman would win. I certainly can lay no claim to such clairvoyance. I told one of my classes the day before the election that Truman would carry twelve states, and I told them which states he would carry. One student inquired what I would do if Truman won. I told him that I would eat his hat, if he had a nice candy hat. The day after the election he showed up with a hat made out of oake and candy and presented it to me before the class. I didn't eat it then, but I did eat it later.

The inauguration was big doings. I went ahead with my work and never saw any of it, but Jettie had the children down for most of it. A friend of ours from Texas got her the best seats available -- seats that had been at first assigned to him and his wife -- and they sat right in front of the platform with all the movie stars. The children got autographs from Gene Kelly, Margaret O'Brien, and Lena Horne. Tallulah Bankhead was there and not giving out autographs, but Sally tackled her without pen or paper and told her that she was born in Alabama and wanted her autograph. She fished up a fountain pen from her escort and gave Sally the only autograph she gave. They missed the parade, but Jettie got to wander around in some high cotton at teas and receptions with these Texas friends. Our Texas friend is Byron Skelton, whose wife is an old friend of Jettie's and who is likely soon to become the National Committeeman for the state. I guess it is little, Ed, to take satisfaction out of the President's refusal to wave to Herman

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Talmadge of Georgia and Strom Thurmond of South Carolina when their floats passed the reviewing stand, but I really do. The thing that puzzles me is how those so-and-sos had the gall to put in an appearance after their bolt. They are going to squawk to high heaven when they find they are out out of all the patronage and other favors which they have come to expect from a democratic administration. Up to now they have been accustomed to having their cake and eating it, too.

W. B., you ain't too busy to write in the Robin. Cut loose, now, and give us the lowdown on what you are doing and how you are getting along. Audrey, give us full details on the baby. Is she thriving on the soil of her pappy's forebears? How about a picture? She's big enough now to look like somebody.

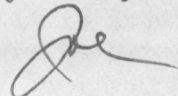
I had a wonderful visit with the Ed Rays. They are amazingly well-fixed for the short time they have been in Michigan. We had two full days to foregather and talk you all over. In the main, your virtues were emphasized and your shortcomings discounted in the course of our conversations. As a general proposition we decided to keep you all for in-laws and blood kin. Ed has two of the finest girls I've seen anywhere. It makes me a little bit uneasy to see such fine ones, because it makes me wonder whether ourn will turn out so well. Frankly, I think Emilie and Babs will turn out better folks than their elders, and that's going some.

Had a short visit with El in Chicago before I went to Milan (pronounced My Land -- it occurs to me that they ought to go ahead and finish it, My Land Sakes Alive, Mich). I was up to my ears in the political science convention, but we did get to go to see a play, "Mr. Roberts," together. The deal cost Miss Eleanor a pretty penny, since she bought the tickets and wouldn't tell me how much. I found out later when I happened to find the ticket stubs in my pocket. It was a good play. El didn't want to go on to Milan because it would make her return trip too strenuous. She was in Chicago reading who-dunnits in her hotel room and going to movies, from all I could figure. Frankly, I think that would make an ideal respite from labors. I'm going to try it sometime myself.

El, I was up at Oakland the otherday. I wanted to look up some of your old friends, but I was with the Mayor of Cumberland trying to get Oakland to join our League of Municipalities, and couldn't ask him to wait while I looked up your old friends. It was a beautiful day, very mild (inauguration day, no less) and we had a wonderful trip. No snow at all. The Mayor is a republican, and he didn't mind giving that particular day to the trip.

I love you Ginna, even if you are one of the folks who have held the Robin too long. I'll love you even if you burn the dang thing up and we have to start over. Only I wish you wouldn't burn it up, because I like to get it about once a month.

Matter of fact, I love you all,





stays on all winter. It's OK with me if it does.

In enclosing a letter from Ruby which is self-explanatory. She wants to start the Rabin out of spite to Joe. So please rush it around and let's see how soon it makes the rounds. If Joe holds this one up, so help me, I'll bust him across his big fat fanny the first time I see him.

We enjoyed Joe's visit tremendously but he didn't stay nearly long enough to get all of the international problems solved. We needed Ray badly to round out the deal. He would have made complete the various discussions that we engaged in. His acumen in political insight is distinctive of a politician. He should have been a politician instead of crossing a profession of shuffling "green books". I think Bowling Green and the 3rd District, or whatever it is, could still do well to put this lad to work. Joe has political aspirations so why not R. W? I'd vote for either on whatever ticket either looked up. Joe struck me as having a very workable philosophy and is quite an attractive personality. Not so much could be said about his philosophy 15 or 20 yrs ago. Maybe, he's beginning to mellow somewhat. A guy should when he starts down hill from 40. Anyway, I'm quite proud of him as well as I am of the rest of my brothers & sisters.

We are all looking forward to Ruby's visit in April. Balis remarked the other night that

she & Emily didn't get to see nearly enough of her aunts and uncles. That has been the case since <sup>the</sup> beginning of the war. But then, we haven't stayed in one place long enough. We're going to try to correct that in the near future.

Ken, sorry I gave you the wrong steer. As things turned out we had so much to do and the weather south of here was so bad that we decided against making the trip. It was probably a good thing that we didn't venture out as ice was all over the road from here to the Ohio River. We were disappointed that we didn't get to come. Now about you & R. W. & Joe & Elsie, & Sam coming up here to visit us. Why couldn't we have a Ray Reunion here? we could go over into Canada which is just 40 miles from here and have a big time.

Ruby, I'll bring pressure to bear on Joan & the girls to come with me to Washington D. C. I see no reason why they couldn't make it. I'm not sure when the midlife conference is, only I think it starts the last of a week and ends on the week end. One of the classes I'm in is going as a body. If the folks come with, we'll drive our car.

We're anxious to learn Will B's address. What are you doing now, "bub"? , burning plant beds. I'd kinda like to be out there with you and competing with nobody but myself. These days with the Democrats steering things a guy should make a pot full of money on the farm when you know in advance what you are going to get for the products. Audrey, how's Sylvia doing? Please keep us posted on her progress. What does she need from her uncle & aunt? We'd like very much to see her. According to him



4  
She's about everything you & Will B said she was.  
I don't think you could have settled in a better  
town than B. & S. We always wanted to live  
there but it seems that it's not for me or us.

Miss Jeffries, don't fret too badly about what  
I said about the "demo's" the "Repubs" would  
have done the same thing only they didn't  
get a chance. According to Ruby, the Republicans  
have lost one "near-baldheaded" member.  
It seems that he's gone over to the Democrats.  
Now if you would only reconsider your  
previous stand and become a Democrat  
that would make the Bay View solid  
Democratic. We shall make an effort to  
get a letter to you soon, perhaps before  
this arrives.

Will each and every one of you except,  
perhaps, Joe, please give this young  
gentleman a good roasting over the coals  
for his cantankerous idea of holding up  
the Robin just to show somebody he can.  
Getty, looks like you could have more  
influence on him than that! I gathered from  
talking to him that he places great stock  
in your advice & persuasions.  
Please see if you can't build a fire under him.  
It's a serious matter when some yokel holds  
the Robin more than 3 days! Let's not hold  
this one <sup>no</sup> more than a day.  
~~Love~~ (over)

Joan is behind on grading papers as a  
 Electralux salesman spent all afternoon  
 trying to sell us a new one. when he arrived,  
 I was down in the basement in my study and  
 they came down to tell me that he was there.  
 Grudely let him in. That was about 3:00  
 in the afternoon. I went up to talk to him  
 expecting Joan to come in and tell him how  
 she liked the new sweeper he left over the  
 week end, but she didn't come. Finally  
 to my horror I heard dishes rattling  
 in the kitchen and sensed that they were eating  
 dinner and hadn't said a word about dinner's  
 being ready! when they were about  $\frac{3}{4}$  finished  
 I opened the door and asked Joan if she  
 was about finished eating and if she'd  
 mind coming in to tell the man about the  
 sweeper. of course, she couldn't say no  
 so I ate while she listened. Finally at  
 7:00 P.M. the Guy left vowing that he  
 would come back later. any way, that's why  
 she is behind in her work which she says  
 is my fault because I asked the guy if  
 he could furnish parts for the electralux  
 we have. It wasn't parts he wanted to sell  
 but a new sweeper! ah me, such is life! These  
 salesmen! I enjoyed the year's of scarcity  
 because salesmen were also scarce. I dread  
 for automobiles to get plentiful because of  
 that also. Balis & Co are both emotionally stable and  
 healthy as can be. I've ~~Let's give our day service~~  
 Have no complaint ~~about their future to sell.~~ Ed - on this job!!!

January 31, 1949

Dear Folks:

This is Jack-- and let me say right at the beginning that I think Mr. Truman is a very fine fellow. I thought so even when a number of my own relatives on my wife's side dubbed him a mediocre also-ran; when his own party, right next door in Philadelphia, called him everything in sight but "had to make the best of it". For I had heard first-hand stories of his riding, practically alone, up to Congress to deliver his messages and fight for what he wanted-- not only the Tafts, mind you, but his own outfit-- all of you great big joyful Democrats-- who--and don't anybody say anything different, were just as surprised as the Republicans.

I had been a Stassen guy-- for years-- until that silly debate between him and Dewey, which made Stassen look indecisive and visionary. At least over the radio. Taft was too "old guard", even for me; Vandenberg somehow got on all the second teams-- so the choice, even for the Republicans, narrowed mainly to Dewey, or else. But even Ruby will tell you that I argued that Truman had a lot of what it takes, in the sense of personal courage, when I'd been arguing WITH DEMOCRATS.

So don't brag. I didn't vote for him but I didn't run him down, and that's more than a lot of his own party can say. And, I might add, I still don't think he is the most acute, perceptive, or intelligent president we have ever had-- but he does have those "kindly basics" which appeals to the great mass of people ( and that means all of us)-- and I hope he does a good job with the good new start he's made. I'm for him, just as I was before ( without becoming a Democrat) because he's OUR president. And that's enough for me.

Ruby, too, called the turn on his election. Said "she had a feeling Truman will be elected." When I jibed her a bit about the political dopesters and poll-takers, she still held out. But she's not telling me, that she wasn't surprised.

We've both been working hard-- too hard. I don't suppose there's any escape once you step on these merry-go-rounds unless you want to change your entire mode of living. But somehow I wish it was a little simpler. And it doesn't seem to be confined to our jobs-- it seems the same with everybody we know. Maybe it's because we're not so young and therefore not so resilient-- or maybe it's the natural state of tension in Washington. Anyhow, we're in it and trying to keep above water.

Joe brought this Robin in to us yesterday; we're sending it off today. That's a 1-day stay with us-- so any fighting over delays will find this household on the sidelines. Ruby gave me this typewriter for Christmas-- and I plan to turn out some top-notch fiction on it. You don't think I can do it? Let your own Harry be a lesson to you in such disbelief. Love --

Jack

1-31-49

Dear Children —

Here I am writing the Robin again. Am I not regular? Just last week I got off an edition. And yet Joe gives out that I am one of the chief holder-uppers. Be terrible if we get to the fuedin stage. Tettie is on Joe's side but Eleanor is on mine. In a letter from her today she said Joe was a pill. I still remember how cute he used to be before he started teaching me lessons and then I go on liking him. Since they have moved ten miles away we hardly ever see them.

Joe was in for twenty minutes yesterday while Tettie and the children went to Sunday School. It was the first time we had seen him since Xmas. Of course I've talked to them and urged them to send the robin on. He is looking very fine — and stylish since



he has reduced himself. In fact I think he looks about as stylish as Ray and Ed.

After he left I went to the Quaker Meeting around the corner from us. I find the service very interesting. It never occurred to me until later that Hoover might have been there. Some one in the congregation was asking about him. He comes there when he is in town. There is no doubt that their services are planned to some extent. The key note of yesterday's meeting was the compulsory draft. One man started by telling what had happened to some college boys who had refused to be drafted. There was no disagreement among the but several expressed the subject. pointing out that no one is to say where the line should be drawn. That is a matter of course - some may draw it at carrying arms - other at pulling on the uniform. I found it very interesting and was surprised to find that we were there on hand and a half. I was also there the Sunday after the election. There was not a Quaker uttered



And yet the air was charged. Toward the end one woman got up and prayed for grace to see both sides of issues. It was then that I realized that the election had caused their silence. There is always a period of absolute silence - after that some talk and some pray. Nearly every time I've been there some favorable mention of the Methodist church has been made. So much for my church going.

I'm enclosing a clipping of Deane's wedding. It was beautiful. Her husband was as good looking as she was. Althea and I had a breakfast at the hotel in Grove City for all the out-of-town guests. They are living in Sunnyvale Cal.

We are looking forward to two guests in the near future. One is Sally who is going to spend the night with sometime during her birthday season - depending on what day suits us all. The Satt will come for his birthday. They are no end cute. Our other visitor is you Ed. We will do whatever you want to. I'm giving myself a holiday. By that time we should have spring weather. Not that we haven't practically had Spring all winter. Yesterday

after noon I saw Forsythia blooming but last night it snowed and some of it is still on the ground.

At Christmas time Tettie had forced some Japonica for part of the Yuletide decoration. It was beautiful. I brought some home with me and it lasted until about two weeks ago. I'm telling about this so you - Eleanor - will be sorry you left this land of flowers for that snow bank.

It was good to have your letter - Sylvia - I mean Audrey. I too hope we soon have a snap of our youngest. She is most powerful cute. I suppose you are right Joe. All our children will out shine us. As far as I'm able to see they are going to have to be pretty bright.

Miss Jeffries - don't you think you can come to see us come Spring? We'd love to see you here. Now think about.

Who ever comes will see changes in Jack and me. His hair is getting thick and wavy and mine has been dyed bright blue. Me - I'm a picture with these false teeth and that blue hair. Jack's a little under the weather - did it go to the office this morning. I may give him a 25¢ valentine to cheer him up. Love Ruby

February 2, 1949.

Dearest Everyone:

The Robin came in this morning, and after finishing all other dead work, like paying all our money out on bills for spring merchandise and sending out a few statements of approval accounts, I plan to put in a few licks on this job before time to close.

We have had one solid month of rain, and all the creeks and rivers are out of the banks, and it looks like rain will never cease to fall here. Radio says tonight colder and snow, and I would not be surprised to wake in the morning and see snow.

Now, here Ed, we are all counting on the camp, and if you cannot get the one you want, find us another one. Ray and I are planning to come, but Joe will be in National Guard camp at that time, the first to 19th of August.

Brown and Audrey want to come, but not sure what they will be doing then, and Ray has said we would pay all the expense of Brown's car if he thinks he can make it. Sylvia will be the life of the party. She was up at our apartment Sunday night, and hugged everybody's neck, and I never did see her in such high spirits. She calls me "A Gee Gee", and says "Un Way" and hugs Ray's neck with lot of grunts and kicking. She would not go to any of the men when she was real small, but now goes for them in a big way. She looked so well and happy, probably over teeth for a while, and her legs are doing nicely, and will be perfectly straight as she gets older, and I haven't noticed her turn her foot on the side any more.

The house business seems to be at a standstill, the rain for one thing, and another Ray is still in no frame of mind to decide on anything. We almost bought the Skimp Daugherty house on College, a few doors up from Cousin Jim, but they wanted \$22,000.00, and Ray almost had a nervous collapse over deciding, and I told Katie to lay off until he was more in the frame of mind to decide. She wanted to supplement what we have and railroad the deal through, but we have decided if we have something by Easter or hot summer time, we will be plenty pleased. This property has a two hundred dollar month income, and Ray could quit the bank which he is going to have to do. His work is too heavy, and the President don't know how to allot the work and make it easier on him, don't even know what one man can do, and just keeps piling it on because he wants it done well and so he can depend on it.

I can not decide myself what is best to do. If we buy a large rooming house like we were looking at, it certainly would take too much of my time to run the shop and the house. I would have to sell the shop or get some one to run it all but half a day. I would probably shorten my days working any harder than I am now. We could have a car, and that would make it easier.

Then Ray will say he wants a farm, and with a car and a close-in farm, he could quit the bank, but no decision has been made there, and I always say, "what would I do with a farm" if left with it, and then on the other hand what would Ray do with the business if left with it, or the large rooming house. Joe wants the rooming house, and it would be income for the rest of our lives, and income for him after we are gone. You have to think of things from all sides. It really is one of the nicest looking houses on upper College St, but doubt if we ever come to terms on that one. Ray says he would pay that if they would leave the upstairs furniture. The living quarters, Ruby, are even nicer than the apt. house you wanted, with good double garages, and flagstones at the back for sitting out.

We are going to wait until the weather clears up before we do any more looking, and waiting will not make property any higher. It is out-of-reason, but not selling. We will have to do some thinking about how we want to occupy the remainder of our lives and then buy what we need. Thinking things out is not easy just now, and maybe a little later we can.

Ray just will not go to Florida, and don't want to hear any talk of it. He says we might go Easter, but he couldn't go both (over)

places unless he gives up the bank. He thinks now he could do a little insurance or real estate on the side, and make enough to supplement what income we decide on. Pulling out of that bank will be the hardest thing he has ever tried.

No, Ed, nothing will ever be the same again. Sam's death has changed every thing for us, and has aged us both more than we will realize for some time yet. He left his insurance policies all paid up, but his car was a total loss. Lewie, Jr. sold it for about \$285.00, and \$150. for the glass insurance. burial money, social security money and everything is still coming in and makes it hard for Ray as he handles it.

I am enclosing pictures Joe had reprinted for each of you. They are the only late ones we could have printed. Joe Wilson thought of it himself, and had enough made for everyone in the family.

Jettie, your and Joe's notes have been such a comfort, and the clippings helped a lot, as all of it is what I believed before anyway. I was sorry about your brother. We are never ready for a parting of any kind, and it comes hard. And, Joe, stop blaming yourself for not coming. Nobody wanted you to, as you were already wound up on your New York trip, and you will enjoy us later, much later, because we still have our moments when we are not fit company. I gave Uncle Lewie the article out of the Washington Post about Silver Springs, and I could see from the way he talked that he was going to have long sessions in his Government classes over your booklet and the article in the Washington Post. He took us for a long drive Sunday out to the new County farm, and driving back we passed through a cloud burst and had to almost crawl through it. Rain, rain, for a solid month, is hard on the highest of spirits.

Ruby suggested that she, Eleanor and I go to Florida Easter, but we couldn't go without Ray, and we might be better to stay here, and have you all come here, if we could decide on a house, but Easter seems soon when we have to decide something.

My Cincinnati trip was not bad at all. Betty wrote me that she and her mother were going to Cincinnati, and I told her to meet me there while I was doing my shopping. I didn't tell any of the Harman's that I met her there because they had told me to just forget Betty. She was older than Sam, and had been married. But when I am not going to do what they want me to do I just don't tell them, and go right on and do as I please. I enjoyed Betty, and we knew she was divorced and that did not make any difference with us if it did not with Sam. Betty did all the show rooms with me, and then went shopping with me and helped me decide on a black coat. I got a black shortie and it does look nice on me. She had purchased several gifts for Sam Christmas, and he did not pay for her gift, so I gave her about the amount of what she was out in gifts, and dinners. I got a lot of satisfaction out of it, and Ray did not exactly approve, but he knew I was going to do it, and did not object. She told me she thought she would finally marry Jack Johnson, the boy that Sam cut out. I met him. He is a nice boy, but doubt if she will ever marry him, too young. Sam was older for his age, and she was not too old for him. The war aged him. He told her that the rest of the family would never like her because she was divorced, but he didn't care what they thought just so his mother and Dad and Joe liked her. And we did all three like her, and could see that they were very much in love. Could be she would have been wrong for him, but we never would have objected. This is all that I will ever mention about Betty, but may keep in touch with her until she marries, if she wants to. Her mother is just a nice, tall country woman from Indiana, and has that clean Hoosier look. She met Betty and went home with her. I only saw her at the bus station. Well, guess this is more than you will read

Virginia

340 E. Main St.  
Milan, Mich.  
Feb. 4, 1949

Dear Folks,

Here comes the Robin; this time it is the real McCoy, the one that has been in circulation for some 20 years. The young "upstart Robin" that preceded this one has barely a chance to make one round, perhaps, considering that there are a few yokels that persist in holding the Robin for weeks at a time. If I were able to single the culprit out, I'd give him a stiff piece of verbage to chew on. I feel the same as Joe on this matter. Why in the H-- can't everybody mail this thing even if the guy in question doesn't have time to write? I'm going to send around some self-addressed envelopes to everybody and the guy that keeps this thing more than three days is going to get cut out of the current issue. I'm taking over this thing to operate and I'm going to see that it is put on a business basis or know a good reason why. If the letter submitted is not dated you will also get cut out of the current issue. Is that plain? Cuss your lazy hides if you can't remember to hold the Robin no more than three days and date your letters you don't deserve to get it anyway!!! I shall follow the Robin with postal cards notifying each one who he is to get it for at least one round. Everybody will get the first issue regardless of how long he holds it. It will be on the second round that we separate the men from the boys and the women from the girls. Here it is February and I get news from "little Eleanor" written before Thanksgiving!! We all want to hear from everybody oftener than that or drop out of the circuit.

Gin, I was greatly disconcerted by your ignorance of my popping off concerning the Tot Shop. I suspected something on the order of what you gave Joe for a similar offense. I got a big kick out of your lecture to this young gentleman. It smacked of everything a woman's wrath should register. Your letter was very interesting. I've been giving your comment on R.W. some consideration, and I've come to the conclusion that you didn't raise him right. If, when you first married the little tyke, you had jumped on him with both feet the first time he messed up the house, things would have been different. I, however, can't excuse him for reading the riot act to the boys on things that he does himself. That's bad! He's like a guy that I knew at Mt. Eden who swore every breath, but for his son to utter a mild cuss word was a sure ticket to the woodshed. I was visiting this stalwart character one week end and for dinner the butter was passed to me. There was about an inch cube of butter on the table, whereupon he said to his wife, "Mandy, where in the hell is the butter? She told him that that was all there was. He passed it to me and took a small share of it, but he shoved it back with "Here, you didn't take no butter, take damned nigh all of it!"

Jetty, I'm quite proud to know you after learning how the Demos treated you at the inaugural. Your account was interesting. The way Sally gets around you should not worry about her ability to take care of herself. When Joe was here we felt like we had had a visit with you and the youngsters. You must make it in your plans to come by here when you head for Texas come summer. It wouldn't be far out of way and you would get to see some country that would be new to you and the youngsters.

Miss Jeffries, the comment on the Democrats in the last letter should not have been read by you and I gather from your comment that you read it. Something happened in 1932 that changed our whole system of government not immediately but over a period of succeeding years, we have become without realizing it a socialistic country. The old "trickle down" economy of the Rock-ribbed Republicans died a quiet



life and the Republicans yet do not realize that it is dead judging from their meeting recently held in the Mid-West. We could not and I think would not go back to the form of government of 20 years ago. If the Republicans are to stage a come-back they will have to read the Tafts, Wheery's, and the Nyes out of the part. In short, they will have to form a new party. As long as people are given the right vote and are informed they are going to vote for self-interests. If the Republicans can give the little man more than the Democrats they'd have a chance, but so far they have considered the little only at election time. I'd vote for the Republicans as soon as anyone else if they would liberalize their stand, and I believe millions of others would. I hope we never have to return to a time when business concerns roof their office building with gold leaf in order to elude paying at share of the profits to the government. You misread my letter; I was not gloating over the matter but I was amused over the whole affair. We'll have to talk this over later.

Audrey, how come W.B. didn't put in a contribution in the Robin? Your letter was very interesting and we'd still like to hear more about Sylvia. Has W.B. tried any of his cigar methods on Sylvia? Where are you living in B.G., eg., your address Adams St., but what number. Joan and I used to live at a Mrs. Beans on Adams St. where we were in school there.

Jack, you do a fancy job with your new typewriter. I'm going to have to run one under this one pretty soon ~~one~~ get it reconditioned. I still don't like it because it can't spell. I hear that you are working too hard; better show down than to crack up. Also you wouldn't have as far to go to crack up as other people. Maybe you need to get out and count panthers or something. We are demanding that you put in an appearance with "Miss Ruby" come Easter. Don't give us any back talk or fancy excuses it's on the must list. I hear that hair dyes for various colors of dresses are to be the vogue; maybe you are in for other colors than blue for Miss Ruby. You probably won't be able to recognize your wife on the streets any more unless you were previously informed on the attire to expect. This is a cockeyed world we live in, is it not, what with painted nails and changable hair colors. When I get to thinking about it, sometimes suicide seems the only way out. Either I'm insane or the rest of the world is, and I don't think either side could prove the point.

We hear that Ele is completely snowed under. After hearing the reports from that section Ele, I'm ready to revise the fun I poked at you about the trees exploding in J.D. Maybe a few splinters did fly off this winter. You need to follow us about to be in mild weather. It's not been as cold here as it gets in Kentucky.

This is term end for me and I've had over a week at home. Done several odd jobs that have needed doing, including refinishing a fire-side stool and making a dress table with a saw and hammer. It's no fun to make furniture without power tools. As soon as we get located (Not too long off, Gin) I expect to get some power tools and go off on another tangent of making furniture for my sisters and sisters-in-law. Doesn't matter if you need the furniture or not, you'll probably get it.

Babs has been home from school a couple of days with a kind of bug that is going around. Almost all of the school kids have had it. She's able to be up but wants to be waited on.

Emily has gone ice skating with some of her friends. There is a shallow area in a lake near here that they do their skating on. They seem to have a lot of fun but then, Emily chooses friends that do have lots of fun.

Joan has just finished a big washing on the washing machine that I recently overhauled and painted. Pretty nice looking job if I did do it. We have 3 sections in the basement, the furnace occupies the central section and the wash room is on the west side and my study and the coal bin are on the east side. Yes, my study is separated off from the coal bin and I heat it with a reflector, electrical. Have all of my plunder in a room 12'X 8' and no one but me is allowed to shuffle the plunder or clutter up the place. Makes it very satisfactory. Stuff is always right where I put it. You are wrong, I keep the place clean. If I happen to drop a few ashes on the floor I clean them up, Ray. Quite a cozy place. Wish each of you could drop in and chew fat with me. But since that is not possible I'll just wait until spring when I get the Robin again to have a visit with you.

P.S. If you are cut out of the next issue Love,  
of the Robin, I'm the guy that done it. Cuss  
me. Allowing the Robin 3 days at Ele's 2 days in transit (over)

See my connection? P.S. Last paragraph must come.

making five days. Should be at Virginia's Feb. 11. 6 days there, two days in transit Washington should be at Joe's Feb. 19th. 3 days there and 3 at Jack's and Ruby's. Leaves Washington Feb. 25, reaches me 27th and will be on the move again before March. This thing can make the rounds once a month easily, and I'm folding it up, make it. It will probably narrow down to correspondence between Joe and me, but that is the way it's going to be, that is if you guys don't get on the ball.

IF YOU HAVE NOT TIME TO WRITE MAIL THE ROBIN.

February 7, 1949

Dear Folks,

Ed has just written his letter, and it is so "sassy" that I am going to have to write now or get him left out on the first round. I have tried to tell him that we aren't perfect enough for him to get so uppity, but he won't agree.

We have a three-inch snow on - the biggest of the winter. We haven't had any extreme weather at all. Emily has enjoyed ice skating. Babs went on her first sleigh ride last week. They used horses and a real sleigh with straw in the bottom. She was to go tobogganing tomorrow, but she is sick in bed. Emily is out skating now. She went to her first dance last night. The highschool folks have a dance after the basketball games, and the sixth graders decided to crash it last night. Emily said that her friends and her boy friends were going to ask them to dance but they never got around to it, so they just danced with girls.

buying for the house. We need dining room chairs and some rugs. Jettie, have your chairs Mr. Miller made been satisfactory? I have been corresponding with him about dining room chairs. We had to have a mattress made for Barbara's little map bed, but it is in operation now.

We have the same complaint to make about Ruby's and Eleanor's tactics at Christmas. We sent gifts to those whose names we had, but we got presents from everywhere. Emily feels very big to have a silver pattern and likes the pattern, and Babs loves the pretty bottles for her dressing table. I am enjoying wearing the gloves. Eleanor, Babs says the ring is too nice for you to give to her, and she is going to send it back. She wore it for a while last summer but decided she was wearing it thin and has it put away. Em wears the ring you sent all of the time. I am going to write Ray a personal letter about the manicure set, which I have enjoyed no end. It is late to be talking about Christmas, I know but January really flew by for me.

Ruby, Sunnyvale, California, is just nine miles from Stanford Village. It is the town I came near teaching in last year, and we would have lived there. My superintendent's wife's parents live there, and his children went to school there during the war. It is a nice town - very small.

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and is in a grove region.

Eleanor, Ed is afraid you will marry the music teacher if you get snowed in many more times.

Audrey, tell us more about Sylvia. Is she a brunette? I have a niece and a nephew whom I have not seen. I am hoping the niece will be a brunette, but nobody will tell me.

Ed wants to go to the show in Ann Arbor tonight, and he keeps urging me to get busy on my workbooks I have to grade so I will be able to go. We have not been to a show since we have been in Michigan. In fact, our noses have been ~~at~~ the grindstone.

We really enjoyed reading the letters, and I hope it won't be long until we will again have the pleasure.

Love to all,

Joanna

Joanna  
Mrs Charles Peck  
Season 1949  
July 21st 1949

889 Monroe Ave  
Birmingham

Dorothy Ray

February 9, 1949

Dear Everybody:

The robin came flying in on a beautiful 15¢ airmail stamp and also a beautiful bird sticker. The My Land letters were four days on the way <sup>air mail at that</sup>.

We get mail rather regularly now but we never know when roads will be closed. We are on a star route and the dinky from Tyndall to Youkton can't make the run through all the snow drifts all the time. A mail truck picks up the bags at Tyndall and brings them to our P.O. I'm doing pretty well at that, because I got the letters this morning at nine and here I'm getting it off at eleven tomorrow.

I've spoken for some good pictures of the snow. Maybe I'll send them March 9th.

Mail goes out once a day from the big town of Springfield -

The letters were especially good this time but we mustn't let Brown drop out and somebody should put pressure on Ray. It was good to have Joanna & Audrey back.

Maybe someone will invent a spelling typewriter so that all of you will enjoy reading my letters (I loaned my dictionary to a dear friend, <sup>could not</sup> so <sup>can't</sup> look up words when if I did have time.) It seems that every body has a typewriter at hand these days.

The middle west weather is the subject of conversations these days. Most people say it is worse than the '88 blizzard. This continuous blizzard has been with us two months. Snow is everywhere (piled up and



drifted and we are not as bad of  
as the Rapid City area. There have  
been 68 inches of snow here in this  
town since the 18<sup>th</sup> of November.  
When the temperature ~~to~~ rises to  
ten above, we think spring has  
come. Some people say we will still  
have some of this snow July first.  
I think twenty below has been the  
lowest temperature we've had  
at all but that's cold enough.  
Every weekend we have a colder  
snap. The trees haven't started splitting  
yet but I wouldn't be surprised at  
anything - I've found out that the  
lowest temperature ~~that has ever~~  
~~been~~ recorded in the U.S. was  
~~at~~ in Wyoming in 1933, (66° below).  
It's very pleasant here in Springfield.  
I stay in almost every night and  
rush to school and back - Of course  
I wrap up to ~~face~~ - you well -

I did have a good time in Chicago. It was good to see Joe for even a short time and I was sorry the girls (Ruby & Virginia) didn't come. I saw about twenty-five pictures and two plays. "Oklahoma" in Lion City and "Mr Roberts" "Mr Roberts" is rocky but I enjoyed it (Maybe because I went with Joe) It rained that night and I had to buy a five-dollar umbrella. If I get a girl's name for next Christmas she will receive a lovely striped (blue background) umbrella. We use one so seldom here and I have one. I'm especially fond of.

Those handkerchiefs were not Christmas presents. I sent nothing but handkerchiefs except to Sylvia. I'd never given her a toy and I saw this cute little horse. The simple rings were not for Christmas but just gifts. Babs should wear the ring I gave her because it can't hurt it to be worn



I can't get over the children growing up so fast. Can David be eight now! And Sally fine and Scott half grown at ten! They will be so big when I see them again.

Sylvia always has looked beautiful and a picture would be welcome. There never was such a baby according to her auntie Virginia, Audrey, yids better watch both the ladies because Guma could hide Sylvia in one of those big drawers in the shop. That child will be grown before I see her again.

Miss Jiffrees, I wish I had more time to read. I caught up on the last six months "Omnibooks" during Christmas. I have three books in the process now.

"Tobias Brandwine" is an interesting novel and "Family Circle" is a good family story.

Jack's hair is getting thick and wavy! that I want to see! You both have been going to much for a long time. Maybe it would be good for you.

I address this robin to Virginia only but Ray knows at far him to  
to be snow bound for a while. Joe, I  
have lost five pounds though!  
Jettie, I hope you get through the several  
birthdays.

Ed, I'm afraid I can't send the Robin  
by air because I'd have to slip and  
slide to the P.O. (there is an inch  
ice on the streets and sidewalks  
since yesterday) A small blizzard  
struck here this afternoon and it  
is straight up zero right now.  
I gave my self a nice thermometer  
for my birthday and it has come  
in handy (this, of all years.) We  
look and shine.

I'll expect to see receive new  
letters by March 9<sup>th</sup>! Since Ed  
is managing the circulation, he  
should read "Cheaper by the Dozen."

I'm doing some very fancy crocheting  
right now and have made some hand  
towels (not engaged yet though) and no  
prospects - Love to all,  
Eleanor



# VIRGINIA HARMAN TOT SHOP

839 Broadway

Bowling Green, Ky.

Sunday, February 13, 1949.

7:45 $\frac{1}{2}$  P. M.

My dears:

I feel just like it was the deadline on my last theme to make my grade in the subject I am most doubtful about. Ed, sure you sound like a college professor giving out assignments, even quoting the dates we are expected to turn this thing over. By the way, the Robin did not arrive at the shop until the morning of the 12th of February. Saturday morning about 9:30 A. M., and I am writing mine today a few hours ahead of time.

Brown came by about noon and read the thing through, and then left for Crossville to bring Audrey and the baby back from her mother's whom they said had pneumonia. He read it all through and said he would write another when he came home Monday if I would write mine today and give it to Miss Jeffries tonight. It is raining like everything and has been raining all day, and may not give this to her until tomorrow. I did think once I would mail it on and let Joe put in the one I just wrote.

I had a tooth filled Saturday afternoon, and the smoothest little dentist I ever had work on my teeth, and he told me my teeth were as hard as concrete, and after he removes two filling which are crumbling I can use this set for fifty more years. He thought I had some very splendid dental work, and never saw better teeth in the mouth of any other fifty year old woman. You know my front teeth have always been most even, but now one second tooth is turning sideways and bucking out a little, back teeth crowding it. Eleanor, you should save your dental work for this young Dr. Matt, maybe it will make you feel as good as he did me about my teeth. I can appreciate my good teeth more since Ray has had so much trouble with his. He has been carrying them in his pocket more than in his mouth, and the other day dropped the lowers at the bank and broke them. Sam said he bet he got mad at them and threw them against the wall. He hasn't had them in his mouth for a month and looks better without them than he used to, or maybe we are getting used to him, and he really does pretty well gumming it, eats nearly everything we do.

Sam just came in from Dale Hollow where he and two other boys went to fish, but were rained out. Joe Wilson has gone down town to a church supper. He is doing too many things to do very good in school. He goes to the National Guard meeting two nights a week, meets his Boy Scouts one night a week, goes to a ball game two days a week, and just don't really have time for school. If we buy a house and don't have to pay rent out of Ray's salary I told Ray we should send him away to some school, don't know where though. Hoyt Hill is doing much better away from home in school.

Mary Jayne was just up here talking about what to do on her vacation, and I told her Jack and Ruby were going to be here this summer, and I would just turn the business over to them and take off with her to Atlantic City, and we will spend a week or two getting her married off. Her brothers are imposing on her letting her make the living, and I want her to show them and marry and leave them. Anybody have a prospect for Mary Jayne in mind?

Ruby, Mary Dean Blythe surely was a pretty bride, looks like her mother. Let's all rent a cabin and go up on Mont Eagle this summer and spend two weeks vacation. We could get Mrs. Gaines to run the shop. I promised myself I would quit when I got to the bottom of the page and iron my blouses. Eleanor, like you I have been darning socks and listening to radio.

Brown is much too fat, and I have been telling him he will have to reduce to live to be old, and read him the part about Joe reducing and losing weight, and he said, Reducing! Reducing! That don't mean anything how much did he lose! Brown and I both need to use more will power like pushing back firmly from the table before eating too much. However, I weigh about the same 148 and 149, never quite tips over the 150 mark. Funny some days I look like I would weigh twenty pounds more, but we are all just pouchy



# VIRGINIA HARMAN TOT SHOP

839 Broadway

Bowling Green, Ky.

February 8, 1949.

Well! Well! So, our little brother, Joe, held up the Robin until it was necessary to start another one. I would not have been surprised one bit if Brown or I would have done such a thing, but our efficient little brother, really the Daddy of the Robin, doing such a thing is just beyond me.

When the new birth of the Robin was brought to my attention I thought it was important enough to ask Mary Jayne two doors from his address, 1319 Adam St., to go down there and tell that brother of ours that I had important correspondence for him to attend to, and he came on the run with his tongue hanging out, said he thought surely something was wrong with some of the family. When he read the Robin he fell in with the spirit of the thing, rushed home wrote his, and then put air mail stamps on it, and we are mailing it out tonight when I take mine to Miss Jeffries. She wrote hers last night. Brown and Audrey were called to her home Crossville today on account of illness of her mother. They thought she might have pneumonia. I hated to see her take the baby over there, but nothing else to do. Hope they take her mother to the hospital instead of trying to keep her home, with the babies. Her brother lives with the mother and they have a boy just a little older than Sylvia.

That Sylvia is the cutest one I ever saw, and just laughs and holds out her arms every time I come near her, and Brown says she just kicks and squeals every time they start up the steps to our house. She is the happiest little thing I ever saw, and so good. We were over there Saturday night for supper, and I took her a rubber teether, and she really did work on it. The toy she likes the best is the rubber horse Eleanor sent her and the blue plastic dog Jettie got for her. I thought the horse so cute I wrote to the company for prices, and am going to stock that line for the shop. I am writing on the back of the pictures of Sylvia's horse for you to see. Audrey has said several times she did wish she had named Sylvia Eleanor, because Eleanor seems to be her favorite. I am sure of one thing Sylvia will be Aunt Eleanor's favorite if she ever is with her any, and we should all plan to be together more next summer, because that is the only time we can be together.

Babs friends she made while here last summer ask about her every time they see me, and I always assure them she will be back next summer. I want Emily to have a visit with us next summer also and make herself a group of friends, so that they both can enjoy themselves when they visit us in the summer.

I have never invited Brown's girls up to visit me because I did not want them when they were not on good terms with their own daddy. I preferred to have him visit us, and doubt if their mother would ever have allowed them to come. Sylvia is crazy about her daddy, and Audrey says she wants her to be doubly crazy about him to make up for his other daughters. However, Vivian is now doing everything she can to get back in the good graces of her Daddy, and came to see him Monday and brought her eight weeks old baby. She and her husband brought the baby out to see me, but I was away from the shop, went to my church circle, the first day I had been out of the shop since Christmas. Miss Jeffries saw them and said the baby was real cute and just like Vivian. The last time Brown went over to Lebanon I sent Vivian a gift from Ruby and me, a outing Bunting, but she had one just like it and sent it back, said she would rather have a plastic diaper bag. This time when they want back over there to Audrey's mothers I sent the diaper bag. If any of the rest of you want to send her baby anything, I will be glad to send it for you. Mrs. Gaines knows what they admired in the shop, one thing a baby book.



#2.

We are having pretty March weather, but our first deep snow has just melted with a rain. We really had a week of cold weather, and may get another from the newspaper reports of the Northwestern states. However, it has never been as cold yet as last winter.

Ed, it does sound like you and Joanna and girls are all working too hard, but we all are I guess. It does seem like people work harder then ever before all for the reason the "Slave" gave; he said, "I dig the ditch to make money to buy food, to make strength to dig the ditch." Brown and Audrey have been working hard on tobacco seed, grading them, packaging them in different prices, putting on gov. stamps and mailing out. The work until nearly midnight every night, and have send to some drug stores the third orders. I do believe he is going to do right well with his seed this year. I guess he wrote you about his prospective jobs, and his ten acre tobacco base. I don't know how he ever will finance the tobacco crop unless he gets a regular salary pretty soon coming in.

We got a cute letter from Scott, David and Sally the other day, and showed it to everybody. Scott is really getting good, and I thought the name signing by both Davis and Sally extra good. First thing we know those three will be grown. It sure don't take them long.

I guess Brown wrote you that Billy joined the Navy. Nobody at home now but Alice Mary and Jim Ed. They sold their home for a six thousand profit, and Brown says are living high, but that may be exaggerated. He saw Martha and introduced her to Audrey at the hospital when Vivian was there. Audrey said she felt sorry for her, because she didn't have Bill. I told her to feel sorry for her for other reasons, because she never did want Bill like she does. Brown said Martha looked bad, dark circles around her eyes. I guess having a grandbaby and giving up your eldest son to the navy in the same week would make any mother look a little haggard.

Every now and then I have a little happy feeling like something good is going to happen, and realize it is that summer is coming Ruby and Jack coming to spend the summer, and Eleanor and maybe the rest will trickle in for a few days. Getting old and sentimental about my brothers and sisters I guess.

By the way, Ruby, both the Ellison's are really poorly and may not last out the winter. The little, pitiful one turned over a pot of boiling beans, burned her hip and leg badly, and it is not healing as it should. Miss Alf informs me she will not live until spring, she is having so many stomache pains and kidney attacks. They call in Dr. Dowell, and the old lady is older than they are and can hardly see at all. She gives them some little white pills and they think they are better because she don't charge them much. Anyway Ray thinks we had better save our money Katie is going to give us to buy this property when it is available. That may be never, however. The Taylors in Louisville have been here and promised us the first refusal of the property. What I want is the Gaines home on the corner of Broadway and Magnolia. There is a vacant lot terraced about three high, and it has always had a bed of cannaes right in the middle of it for years. I know you can see that lot now if you can remember. I want Katie to buy it, and rent it to us until this property is settled, but doubt if Ray will let her pay their price. Property is still high here, hasn't come down much that I can see. Some Campbell's bought the house across the street from the shop and is making a nice home out of it. They are some of our father's kinfolke I hear, some of Cousin Della Campbell's line. A house on the vacant lot across the street might be right nice now as that house has been improved so much next door.

I wish you could all see the shop with all the new spring colors, and the windows with Large Valentine Hearts, lace ruffled and all, and spring clothes on the little ones. However, very few yet buying spring clothes, just picking up every thing they can find all over town marked down for finishing out the winter because children's clothes have been so high and groceries out of reach, and the budget didn't reach.

Love Virginia

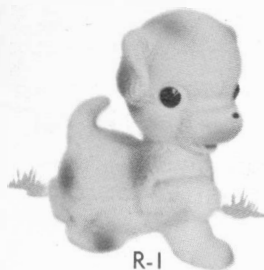


# REMPTEL

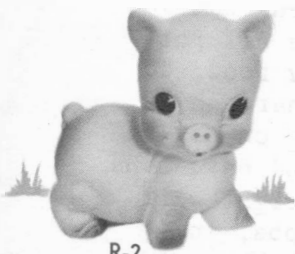
*Manufacturing, Inc.*

404 MORGAN AVE. • AKRON 11, OHIO • PHONE FR-3171

February 4, 1949



R-1



R-2



R-3



R-4



R-5

JBC:sw

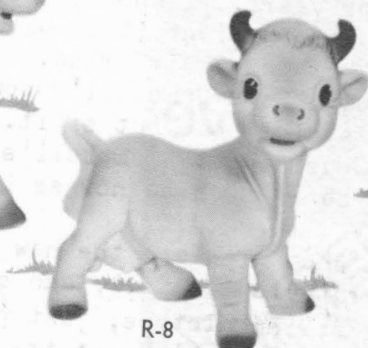


R-7

*X Sylvia's horse*



R-6



R-8



R-9



R-10

Virginia Harman Tot Shop  
839 Broadway  
Bowling Green, Ky.

Dear Mrs. Harman:

Thanks very much for your inquiry of January 27 about our little animal folk from Sunnsylope by Rempel which you will find pictured and briefly but general described on the accompanying catalog page.

In Louisville our jobber is E. J. Platt Co and over in Cincinnati we have Superior Mdse. Co. and Licht & Wankelman, Inc..

We would like to have you look to one of these jobbers for your needs of Rempel Toys.

If you have difficulty in making purchase from any of these folks, please let us know.

We know, Mrs. Harman, that your toy business in 1949 will be fine with the Rempel line.

Very truly yours,

REMPTEL MANUFACTURING, INC.

*J. B. Chisnell*  
J. B. Chisnell

Feb. 18, 1949

Dear Folks, and all of you little Eggs

The Robin egg came in yesterday and was quite a surprise for I didn't expect it until another week or so. It just goes to show that the missiles or epistles whichever you choose to call them do get around, and that the trouble has been in Bowling Green and Washington D.C. so when and if I'm forced to swing the axe I'll know what direction to swing it.

Pardon my change of hieroglyphics the former is too slow a method.

Miss Jeffries how come they hurried you to get the Robin egg off? you should have as much time as the rest. You didn't write nearly enough to give us your true status. you are the main cog in the correspondence machinery and if any one has the right to hold this thing up it is you!! So if the Bowling Green "Click" starts putting pressure on you I'll swing the axe or cut them off from patrimony or whatever it takes to even the matter up. Likewise, I'll ignore the Robin egg. another offense like that and I'll be forced to act.

I suggest that we keep the Robin egg going but hold our correspondence to one page in which horseplay is held to the minimum. never more than 6¢ should be required to mail it. and in the Robin we can put all of the clippings etc that we want to. and no one hold it <sup>the egg</sup> more than one day. Just write a note if no more time is allowed. If, however, you think the egg should be squashed

the, please give us the lowdown on the weather situation. You haven't spented up along with the trees have you?

let the guy who thinks so strong enough squash it  
that will not be me far ed like to get the thing twice  
a month and if I don't have time to write I'll mail it  
the next regardless.

Joan has been sick and out of school for 2 days  
but she went back today. Had a version of the flu. That  
is something for her, for she has spent two days in bed  
in all of the time we've been married comming 20 yrs.

will B: this is the state of my health: First I might  
say that I think I will live; perhaps, to the million  
which would make me a sum total of 97. The ulcer,  
(they say that's correct at Michigan U. Health Center) is better  
at present than any time since I got out of the army. It still  
gives me periodic trouble but I have more "zip" than  
I've had for some time, say 5 yrs. I'm so handsome  
that the girls still whistle at me, but they probably  
didn't know about my bidge work. My hair is consider-  
able streaked with gray but still about twice as heavy  
as Jack's altho there is perhaps only about 6 yrs difference  
in our ages. If I when I loose the hair down to Jack's  
level I'll probably quietly take some over dose of  
sleeping medicine and call it "zits". Last term I was  
able to do more study than any time since I've been in school.  
If my health had been as good all semester as it was near  
term end I could have made all "A's" as it was  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the semester  
I was sick and made all "B's". That, I think was not bad for  
a new situation and a field of study & method of approach quite  
different to what I was accustomed to. For a time I doubted  
my mental equipment (some of you still do) but I was smart  
enough to learn that it was my method of approach that was  
at fault. I found, under reorganization that I could learn  
some things that the best of my competitors couldn't, namely,  
scientific names, etc. I'm in the groove and if the pressure  
doesn't get greater than at this point it seems it might  
I'll stay in the battle until June. When I went to the hospital  
I wasn't done far, only in lowest of the periodic lows that  
ulcer patients are all familiar with. I went to keep from sinking  
lower. It did me good and provided additional work for  
the medical staff. I've had (yesterday my last) <sup>all</sup> 12 ray tests. The medical  
know how to give, all told, 5. When the summary comes out  
and you want me to I'll insert it in the Rabin. I'll also  
include an account of my daily routine followed in school  
& at home if that would interest you, but personally I can  
think of nothing less interesting than details such as these to  
write about. But if that's what you want I'll submit it, just say so.  
I'm out of paper, one page, you know? Save  
Ed.

will B: what is your address? I want to send you some  
envelopes, self-addressed, to keep you on the beam. I want all the  
rest of the addresses. Ed: ignore this "Paul" I see on the back that you have  
it at your office. Ed.

1.

Feb. 23, 1949 - 8:35 P.M.

Dear "Real Robin" -

Since I could take no part in the "Robins' eyes" because I couldn't have you guys mis-treating my Joe, I'll get my "real Robin" letter off in a hurry! Joe brought it in tonight just as we were ready to eat supper. He read it while I washed the dishes. Then I read it (reading time: 3 8 1/2 minutes) and am now joining him in answering to you. Ed, your card will be so wasted on us, for it is leaning this house 18 hours after its arrival!!

This Robin, I believe, is really the prize one of all! There are several reasons - not given in order of importance - 1. The presence of everyone; 2. The picture of Shynia & Vinia's baby & husband; 3, it is so recently written; 4, Each letter is so interesting in its own right.



It just seems to go "What the  
old Bird can do if we set our  
minds to it. You see now it  
was worth all of those mean  
things you said about my perfect  
one!

Eleanor - The children enjoyed  
their letter - especially the code  
one. Scott could read it & got a  
kick out of reading it. He says  
he is going to write you one in  
code. But he has so many irons  
in the fire, he probably will never  
get to it. Sally's birthday card was  
awfully cute. A friend of ours who  
has two little girls, and I decided  
that five was one of the most  
exciting times for birthday parties.  
He are just old enough for it to  
really mean something to & are  
old enough to remember it  
best. I did more decorating  
& fancy fixings for this party



2. than any before & even Scott & David got a kick out of it. Joe had a holiday & helped out a lot. All in all, it was a big day, for all of us. Betty really "cashed in" so far as gifts are concerned - she made a real haul!!! The morning before her birthday she came in our room rubbing her eyes and said "mother, is today my birthday" - and all today she has gone around saying, "I'm five!"

They do grow up too quickly, don't they? It seems strange not to have a baby around - the first time in ten years we have not had one. Audrey, seeing Sylvia makes me want another one!!

We are so proud to be aunt & uncle to Sylvia - she is certainly beautiful - I don't blame all of you

for being crazy over her. I envy  
Virginia's being near her. I hope  
we get to see her before she's  
much older.

I want Joe to drive as far as  
Ky. with us as we go to Dept. the  
first week in June. But he  
says he can't get away. I'll be  
coming back around the last of  
July, so maybe he could meet  
us then & drive back with us.

It is wonderful to know the  
Ed Rays will be here soon -  
less than two weeks now. I do  
hope Joanne can come, too.  
But having the girls & Ed will  
have to do, if Joanne can't make  
it. Bob & Emily were such dears  
three summers ago last summer,  
& I know they must be something  
now!! I'm looking forward to  
showing them lots of monuments,  
Mt. Vernon, Smithsonian, art

3. galarida & everything.

Joe & the boys are getting to be real University of Maryland sport fans. They have taken in several basket ball games & boxing matches. About three weeks ago there was a three-way Rifle-match with Md., West Point & M.I.T. They were quite excited about it. Arthur Cooke, the boy who won the Olympics last year is on the Md. team, in fact he is a Maryland boy.

I promised myself to be in bed by 9 P.M. It is now 9:15 - so I'd better get started. We are both just dead tired all of the time - I wonder how it feels to be rested!! Tomorrow is my last day to have the Cub Scouts - Friday night we have the yearly Cub Scout Father & Son dinner - then ~~maybe~~, I will be through with

cul scants for this year.

Now, all of you keep on  
the ball - I'd hate to see Ed cut  
you out of the Robin - we'd  
miss you, but we'd have fun  
talking about you, so you'd  
better stick around, just to  
keep us from raking you over  
the coals!

Love to all,

Jettie.

Mrs Jeffries, like Roly, I  
think this would be a grand  
spring for you to come up. It  
promises to be a grand one for  
the winter has been so mild.  
We'd love to have you - Jettie.

# MARYLAND LEAGUE OF MUNICIPALITIES

Good idea  
Ginn! ✓

4708 Calvert Road  
College Park, Md

Whew!

February 23, 1949

8:14 1/2 P.M.

## PRESIDENT

Mayor John C. Post  
Takoma Park

## VICE PRESIDENTS

Mayor Julian L. Tubman  
Cambridge  
District One

H. H. Mitchell

President of Commissioners  
Elkton  
District Two

Mayor Hall R. MacLean  
Bel Air  
District Five

Mayor Thomas S. Post  
Cumberland  
District Six

## ELECTED MEMBERS, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Councilman Henry H. Hanna  
Salisbury

Mayor Floyd B. Mathias  
Mount Rainier

## EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Joseph M. Ray  
University of Maryland  
College Park

I got this thing in the afternoon mail and I've got to get it off right away for straw boss Ed will cut my water off. When I worked in West Texas on an oil refinery construction job, the boys called the section boss "the pusher." Seems to me ole C. Marshall Ray could qualify as a pusher.

First off, let me express my deep chagrin that anybody, least of all Audrey, should consider Ed, or anybody else for that matter, as smart as I am. I had gathered a distinct impression somewhere along my rather hectic journey this far that no geniuses were in a class by ourselves. That means it's idle to compare us with ordinary mortals. We exist simply as phenomena & you don't relate us to the rest of the world - you just shape the rest of the world round about our unique status. Really, there's more brains in this old Ray clan, even if most of us do bulge a little at the seams, than most people think. Ed's got his share of it - the trouble is, this so dang near perfect himself (I do really mean it) that he shouldn't judge others by himself. If you want to take a gander at the really smart one, just turn your glimmers on Miss Ruby. She's been figuring rings around all of us for years. Just take her latest caper: - me, I was all hot and hateful about the tardiness of the Robin - not intelligence, mind you, but smolcow. Miss Ruby tries to shame me 'out of it, but me, I've got the brains of the family, so I get stubborn and hateful and say hell no - A highly intelligent attitude, you must concede. So Miss Ruby looks the field over to decide what can be done to accomplish what my stupid attitude clearly would not. And, lo! we get two Robins around in a month and ten days. I leave it with you as to who's smart & who's dumb.

Anyhow, let's keep it going. We're not worrying about mail delays, etc. Let's just don't leave it around the house and sit on it while it's in our various households. And let's quit taking sides as to who's right & who's wrong. (over)



Anybody is wrong who looks up  
the Robin - whether he's being  
hated or whether he's just got  
beaten in his battle.

I should have expressed  
my delight in the picture of  
Alice at the very first of the  
letter. I told you I'd like  
to see this just about the  
time I was in the States. I'd  
give a shiny pin to see her  
and have a good romp.  
Better be careful about  
that sofa deal with  
pillows - David put the floor  
regularly from such positions  
and he's finally sitting on the  
sofa and in the hole bed.

Mrs. Jeffries, I like the  
way you showed Ed's letter  
to show how modern he is  
in some things and old  
fashioned in others. I  
haven't seen it when I read  
the letter through. I've made  
about a third as much as  
many papers in my time  
as you have, & I should  
have seen it. Maybe you  
should make a big book  
of your papers every time.  
Before you read the Robin  
just to show you what  
papers. Ed, somebody has  
said, "Consistency, then  
not a word." If so, you're  
a Universalist commodity.

Brown, thanks for  
reading along the pictures  
of the pictures. I'm in  
Charles, and I feel I hope  
soon to write back to you  
and Marshall. There are  
Alice and Billy? Well we  
about all of them.  
We had a big day yesterday.

on Sally's birthday. I did a part of  
preparations, and I think I got  
it all as much as I could do. I  
spent the night with Jack & Mary,  
but we stayed with the showing to  
tell to the & the other things. I'll  
about the presents we have here  
for her.

Ele, we should be at all the bad  
weather you're having. We've had the  
mildest winter, ever - and the most  
wonderful thing about it all is  
that there hasn't been a pound of  
snow all winter, except for a little.  
Even Mrs. Jeffries is still going to the  
pole ground and bed every night.

Mrs. Jeffries I think Mary has  
something like that invitation to come  
to Washington. Really, you ought to  
come to see us.

Paul & Jack are also growing  
about their fast life, but they are  
more comfortable lives than anybody  
I know. Emma, sorry to hear about  
Harry's death. His change. I know  
he must be miserable.

My opinion is there's nothing you can  
do for Mary Jane - she's a woman with  
one created by the same woman with her  
promised them to become a woman and  
let them stay that way. She's a woman  
that the shiftless and the other in the  
outpost of it the power to keep it  
with and what to do.

W. B. I know you're enjoying the  
college life - I hope the old  
just been able to get with the snow  
I guess things will be this fall - and  
the boys are eating it up.

It's nice to have the Robin on a  
regular circuit & meeting schedule.  
Don't treat us too rough, Edward.

Love to all

Joe

Feb. 25, 1949  
8:30 p.m.

Dear Folks:

And so I was tired when I pulled in at 6:30; I ate some dinner; then lay down on the bed and turned on the radio. All at once Ruby yelps: "The Robin's here and I've read Ed's letter-- and it has to be out of here in 3 hours. He's got everyone dated."

Says I; trying to listen to the high-point of my mystery play and Ruby's yacket-yak: "So what? Are we going to be run from Milan, Michigan?"

But she starts wringing her hands and say, " But if we don't, the Robin will lay another egg."

So I TURNED OFF the radio and came out to read the new supersonic Robin. And what do I find? Well-- it may be sensational to "you-all" but to this Yankee it's just more of the same. It may be traveling with the speed of sound BUT there's no more light.

I didn't exactly fall on the floor over Ginny's detailed description of her concrete-hard teeth; nor everybody's back-slapping Miss Ruby for being a fine, smart gal ( you should see me trying to help her get off to school each morning and then she usually does three hall run-backs for things she's forgotten); nor do I admit that the supposed cerebrations of Ed and Joe are anything above average ( they just sell themselves better by fast talking--did you ever try talking to either of them?-- it's like taking your finger out of a dike--the flood is on you).

Sylvia's picture was the one NEW note-- and a beautiful one.

If you really want to know who's the smart apple in this outfit, I'll be glad to enclose a picture of Ruby's husband in the next issue. Can you wait? ALL MY LOVE!

Jack





# VIRGINIA HARMAN TOT. SHOP

839 Broadway

Bowling Green, Ky.

Friday - 11:10 P. M.

February 25th, 1949.

Well, Here goes the Robin Egg. Who said that? I thought it was right clever. I should be doing every thing else except writing this, but will get it off so Brother Will B can take it when he comes in if he does today. They have no phone, and I can't get in touch with them unless he comes in. I think he is planning to burn his plant bed today, and it may make him sick, the ground is so damp, and being in the smoke usually does give people colds.

They were in here yesterday with the baby, and said they had made some pictures of her, but I thought they were too expensive for them to pass around, so offered to pay my dollar for one, and think everybody could do the same, if you want one after seeing the proof which they enclosed in the regular Robin.

I have moved around again at the shop, and I hope this will be the last time; brought that old chifferobe down to the shop, and our brother Will B. put a glass in the front, and me I painted it blue like the shop, and it just fills up that bobbed off end of the counter against the wall that reaches almost to the window. My typewriter table I moved behind the partition and we are making this place look like spring, with a gold branch for the window blue flowers wired on to look like a blooming tree.

There are Love dresses, Tommy T ogs piled up on the counter here to be put out, and I have been addressing circulars to send out, an idea of Rays to mail out our newspaper add, which I am enclosing to show you what you would be buying for your Tots if you had any. Looks like Sylvia is fast becoming the only Tot in the family. All the others have almost outgrown me.

We have had too much rain hefe, and it hurts business, as well as put everybody in a bad humor

Girls, I have a new spring coat, Eggshell or Sand color to wear with the new Cinnamon colored spring suit Katie Wilson gave me, too small for her, and a \$70.00 suit, looks fairly good on me. I have new brown shoes and brown hat with plume, looks like a Circus plume. I am still living in my two dark suits at the bank, black and blue, and wearing out Mary Jaynes blouses that have worn out under the arm. She takes her coat off at work, and I don't, so can wear a blouse with worn places just so it's not in front. I have all colors of the rainbow and some pretty too, yellow, waltz blue, pink, blue, and white, a half a dozen she gave me she couldn't wear.

Ruby, we will be anxious about your upset until we know what is the matter. No sense in you getting ulsers like Ed, so you will get more attention. It's not worth the attention, and I have told you before you had better slow down.

Joe has gone to Louisville to see a ball game. I told him today I was glad somebody in the family had money enough to go see the ballgames. He collected his National Guard check, and it burned his pants pockets.

I got to stop this foolishness and get to work. Just sold the coat off the little figure in the window, and she is standing there in her panties for everybody to see, and she don't like it.

Love, Virginia.





Corduroy  
Coats and  
Bonnets. Pink,  
Blue & Maize.  
6 Mo. 4 Yrs.



Gordon Knits, Jack & Jill, Tommy Togs, Kaynee  
& Tommy Boy Boxer Sets, colorful Tropical  
prints — Sizes 2 to 8 years.

ALL HERE NOW

# juvenile

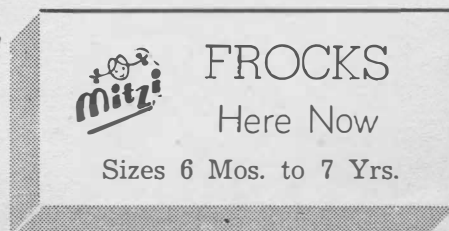
All-wool flannel, Gabardine, or  
Tweed in glowing spring colors.  
Sizes 3 to 8 years.

SPRING  
COATS  
Arriving  
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USE OUR  
LAY-AWAY  
PLAN

IT'S SMART  
TO BUY  
SPRING  
COATS  
EARLY



The Cutest Clothes In Town For  
Children This Spring Can  
Be Found At . . .

## VIRGINIA HARMAN TOT SHOP

BROADWAY AND INDIANOLA



THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

WASHINGTON 13, D. C.

Feb. 25. 1949 - 3 hours after  
receiving it. 3 hours before  
midnight. So help me!

Dear Childne —

Im going to get in with Joe and name  
Ed Pusher Ed. Im pushed — out of breath —  
not inclined — but I must <sup>put</sup> words down  
so this can fly on schedule. It seems to  
have lost a little time between Eleanor  
and Washington. That loss Washington  
is making up. I feel like Casey Jones  
with the throttle wide open. I may not even  
wait for Jack to 'put in'. He is on his car  
right now listening to the radio. If he does  
not write there will <sup>be</sup> cause for another hue  
and cry. He'll get in — because he just  
loves to get things off on time and to have  
them better perfect.

The pictures were very interesting.



Sylvia looks very like Brown's baby picture  
I'm awfully glad she has dark skin!

Doesn't Vivian make a sweet mother? I  
hope to see them come Summer.

The letters were awfully good this <sup>time</sup> - especially  
the one from that big Pusher Ed. I really  
think you ought to ease up a little on us.  
Give them time to get in a little foot work  
in Bowling Green. You should allow us at  
three hours between reading and writing.  
Think it over and ease up on the circu-  
lation. We are looking forward to next  
week when you folks will be here.

We are having lovely spring weather - bright  
and sunny - but not warm enough for  
spring clothes. The Forsythia is blooming and  
new leaves are coming out on shrubs. The  
air feels so good. I never want to come in -  
There is so much to see here - that it is hard  
to be too tired to see it. Any way we are  
going to take a whirl-around when the  
Pusher Eds get here.

Eleanor - you watch where you put



THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

WASHINGTON 13, D. C.

your feet when the big thaw starts, or you will get washed away. That will be something Congress and the President have started battling it out about flood control. What they do will not effect this flood - maybe by 1970. We heard Truman's speech on the radio last at the Jefferson Jackson Day Dinner. He was doing what he did to get elected - just laying congress low. Said he may have to take to the road again to get his program moving. I wish he were a smart man and just a politician. To bad Ed that he is going to be in Key West on vacation when you come. Will see congress any way.

Virginia - Why dont you investigate Mount Eagle? We might arrange to be there when Settie comes back from Texas. I thought

most people owned their own cottages.  
Who do you know there? Does the Methodist  
Conference still go there? We wouldn't want  
to converge with them, not that I wouldn't  
know how to act, but that there and us kids  
would be too many.

Jack has just finished his letter. We  
will walk across the hall and drop it into  
the slot two hours before midnight.  
Another deadline has been met? I  
have a sense of having met a high  
standard. Now - who cares about flood  
or Truman. It is spring and the  
robin is all but on the wing.

Love

Ruby

Milan, Michigan  
Feb. 28, 1949

Dear Folks,

The Robin came in in good form and on time as per schedule which was quite gratifying. Needless to say, I take full credit for it! It just goes to show that some of us have been sitting on our "duffs" when we should have been mailing the Robin. I really like to get this thing often when the news is fresh. It's like a bloodhound striking a fresh trail when the Robin comes on time, it raises the blood pressure to get the fresh dope. I'm proud of you for putting on speed in contributing. I agree with Jetty that it wouldn't be safe to drop out and get written about in the Robin. But the guy that holds this up will promptly be dropped with no explanation. After all it just takes so much time to write and if one hasn't time for a long letter it is better to write a short one and keep the thing moving than to get the Robin a couple of months late with stale info.

Audrey, I thought you were informed that no holds were barred in the Robin. I don't care what anyone says about me or how thick it is poured on I wouldn't get some nor I don't think anyone else would. I get a big kick out of the "Clan" riding me on the Merry\*GO-Round. What's got into Will B? He used to be the least concerned about writing in the Robin, now he can't wait to get it. Durned if he aint gettin more human the longer he lives! I rather think it is the influence you have on him, Audrey. Anyway, I enjoy his letters.

Jack, you really blossomed out in this Robin. Your letter is a masterpiece and smaks of more wit than I ever gave you credit for. Did you get Miss Ruby to help you write it? I can't wait to display thick wavy hair come next week when I hope to see you. Its been almost three years since I've seen you and you must be almost bald by now. Too bad! It might have been otherwise if you had used some hair-restorer before the papillae died.

Ele, save some splinters for me. When I wrote you about the birds I was not thinking of songbirds but quail and pheasants. How are they faring in 70" of snow? I'm afraid that that kind of winter would present ecological problems beyond the tolerance range of most game and including you. We will not class you as game except for the music teacher and in that case you might well fit into the definition of game. Whenever a woman starts chrocheting it's only one step from talking to one's self. Once you start talking to yourself you are sure to answer yourself and that's when things get serious-- you are bughouse bound. Can't you snap out of it before it is too late?

Miss Jeffries, your alertness in your recent letter was read with great interest. I don't think I am narrow-minded in my attitude toward new fads and furbuloes, it's only that I have an easily offended sense of biological values, which hair dyes and nail polishing illustrates. It's the idea of trying to be something else other than human that is nauseating. I'd rather smell body odor of people than the perfume they use to try to cover it up. But the guy who first used the phrase "People are funny" had something, I think.

Now as to this Sylvia, the negative, or rather samplw print, shows her to be what Ginn said she was. She is as cute as a picture! Certainly she is photogenic. Vivian's baby is also very cute. Seems that this young drop is the best of them all. Joan's family has a new crop and from all reports they follow the same line. We are going to have to make the rounds of all these young sprouts and give them the gander. From where I stand looks like the population of the U.S. is assured for some time to come. I even have enough statistics on my immediate relative's newly born to start analysing them. I'm taking a course in Human Ecology which has to do with populations and trends in populations. Sometime I might bore you in the Robin with a few "learned thoughts on the subject. As dry as the subject might at first seem it is very interesting. There are a few minor details that I have as yet not been able to pigeon hole that come under the heading of Human Ecology such as Jack's visceroptosis, R.W.'s attitude toward his new uppers, Joe's cramming a number eleven foot into a number eight shoe, Ginns flare for a "young dentist", the concrete teeth, Ele' chrocheting, and a whole host of other things that have disturbed my sub-sciousness, but maybe those are

just "things" and need no explanation. I won't even attempt to pigeonhole Rube's flare for blue hair. Just so long as she doesn't spring a pink on me she is still my near relative, but there is a limit, Rube.

Just to keep the record straight and avoid a sharp lecture by Will B, I'll relate a personal note or two. Today was a busy day and as cold as----- it needs to be, 10° above it was, and I spent the day poking into a swamp and marsh some 20 miles from school. A feathery snow hung in the branches of the spruce in a dense stand which I was mapping. Every time one touched a branch, no they didn't explode, but showered one with bushels of snow. I was dressed warmly and didn't mind that but when the ice on the shallow lake gave way and I shipped water in one boot, that wasn't pleasant. My pants leg froze so that it would stand alone when I took them off. Did I quit? No. I mapped all afternoon and considered myself lucky for another guy went in up to his waist. This bog and lake is most interesting but that's a subject coming under the heading of Forest Ecology and I'm sure that would bore you no end.

Babs and E, are all agog about the trip to Washington and they make no bones about being proud that they have such eminent relatives who live in that ecological niche. They are as fussy as anyone you ever saw about what they will wear. They've planned their wardrobe down to the last stitch and have come up with the answer that they will have to have some new clothes. They are going to skip school tomorrow afternoon and go with me to Ann Arbor to shop while I spend the afternoon in the woods. I questioned their ability to shop whereupon they were much offended in my lack of confidence in them. All this went on at the dinner table. We had T-Bone steaks which Babs had bought for dinner. Sub-consciously, I was afraid that Babs would inject the T-Bone philosophy into the shopping procedure. But she has followed her mother on all shopping tours from Arizona to Kentucky from Kentucky to California and from California to Michigan and Jo has done a good job on training her to recognize good material from poor. Those are the two personal notes, Will B. Now give us a few personal notes on your daily routine. All we have heard about is the potted plant and the low ecological tolerance it had for cigars.

The Robin should be back here March 30. I have not had time to send you the envelopes but will before this gets around again. Lets keep the good work up and I promise to write a more interesting letter the next time.

Love,

SL



1  
February 28

Dear Folks,

I came creeping home at 5:30 and found the Robin spread out over the living room. I just fell down in the best chair and read every line before I made a move to cook any supper. It is 7:30 now, and the supper has been cooked and eaten, and I must not wait longer to start my letter. It is very exacting to be married to the pusher!

Sylvia really is a cute baby. What is she pointing at? Her hand is precious. Vivien's baby is sweet, too, and Vivien is very nice looking.

We have a light snow on the ground today. It really snowed hard for a short time today, but it isn't cold enough for it to last.

A week from today Ed and the girls will be in Washington. They are looking forward to seeing Ruby and Jack and the Joes. There is nothing I had rather do than come with them, but I won't be able to. I was sick last week and stayed at home two days. They didn't get a substitute, as these kids have a reputation around town, and it made more

work for the other teachers. I couldn't think of asking for the time off under these conditions! This week ends a grading period, and if I get my grades on the cards and records in time, I am planning to ride to Toledo with Ed and the girls and to spend the week-end shopping and seeing shows. One of the teachers may go with me.

Today I was keeping one of my problem children after school. I left him to go after my coat when it was almost time to dismiss him. I met another teacher who suggested that we go to town to get something to eat. I forgot all about my boy until we had spent some time eating and talking. When I remembered, I chased back to school as fast as I could, but I didn't let on that I was guilty of anything.

We had a visitor for ten days - Jose Cardona Cooper from Costa Rica. We knew him in California, and he is on his way home now. He was ill with flu when he arrived and was in bed several days. Ed got tired of his Latin American habits before he left. It would take an hour and a half for him to get ready for breakfast.

Jettie, I won't enter into this argument about who is the smarter if you won't.

Eleanor, it hasn't been below  $5^{\circ}$  here, and that was cold. I am sure you enjoy your nice room when the weather is so bad! Your crocheting

sounds as if the people of Springfield may have been right about your reason for returning.

This town has gone wild on the subject of basketball. Milan hasn't lost a game in two years, and everybody in town turns out to see the team play. We had a Mardi Gras celebration Saturday night, and that was quite an ordeal. Maybe I am getting old! We have only thirteen weeks more of school, and I believe I can stand it. I must grade test papers.

Love to all,

Joanna

I have just questioned the pusher and he hasn't written his letter.

# THE BURLEY TOBACCO DIGEST

Bowling Green, Kentucky  
February 28, 1949

Dear Joe,

Just heard the President talk about the Red Cross at 8:55. Jack writes a good speech - keep the good work up, old boy, we are proud of you, or has he quit writing speeches and now works in the bank (blood bank). We have too many cold blooded bankers in the family now. I suppose Jack is a cold blooded banker?

Joe, I am glad you kept the robin egg going. I enjoy it more than the robin. It is not so long and it doesn't take all night to read it. You are a great sport - you didn't get mad at what I said as I was the one who should have kept quiet when the question of holding the robin came up, but I see now I was not all to blame away back yonder when you cut me off. Now everything comes easy for me to write.

I got my tobacco seed off hand last Wednesday and worked on the farm 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  days. I got up wood for plant beds. I thought it would make me sore to lift so many big logs by myself, but it didn't. I only got my nose sunburned and lost one inch of my belly. Today I went back, got the tractor started all right, and hauled two loads. I also climbed some trees and cut off broken limbs. It was so cold that no other farmer was in the field. The north wind was so cold - it must have been direct from Springfield, N. D. I quit at noon before my nose got frost bitten. I sure do enjoy the farm as you know I have always wanted to work a farm, but you and the inlaws think it is the lowest profession or no profession at all. If I can live until I sell the first crop of leaf and seed in December and February, I may have a good start on a farm of my own. Audrey wants a farm so badly that I've got to get one some day.

I have just put our \$4200.00 worth of tobacco seed, which I hope will finance me and pay off Ruby and Eleanor, my darling sisters who came through in a pinch when I was about to give up. Virginia has also helped me in more ways than one. Virginia is the sweetest thing - so much like our mother. She is quite a business lady. She is learning how to handle the public. When she gets her hair done up into silvery curls and wears that new coat she looks better than the Queen of England. Don't tell her.

I think Ed is right - we have been rushing Miss Jefferies in writing the robin. I suggest that you send it to her first next time and give her all the time she wants. I don't think we should put pressure on ~~xxx~~ the inlaws to write in the robin egg. Let them write when the spirit moves them. We do like for them to write as we can tell more about how the Rays are getting along when they write.

The temperature got down to about 15 degrees today and that is cold here as the temperature was up to about 70 degrees all last week.

We plan to have a half acre garden on the richest piece of land you ever saw. When you come in August or sooner I'll feed you from the garden and send you home with a bushel of potatoes.

I'm sending another proof of Sylvia in a typical Ray pose. She didn't know what that funny map was doing, so she started to crawl out of the picture. She looks much like Joe in this picture when he was little. The pictures will be finished next week, but you will be tired of seeing them by then.

Your bud,

P. S. Please date your letters, everybody.



Springfield, S. Dak.  
March 7, 1949

Dear Folks:

My last letter was dated February 9th. This is good time and I hope it will keep up. In order to keep up the good record, I will send the letters on with a short contribution.

I am enclosing some pictures and clippings about the snows. They will be my letter. For three and half months we have had snow all over the place. It is remarkable how it is disappearing- and so fast. There are still some high drifts unmelted and every morning there is a lot of ice. They say all the water is going right down into the ground and that is just what this country needs. The ground has not been frozen at all in many places. We are still quite a distance from spring but we are looking forward. Mud is very bad in the middle of the day and sometimes you wonder if you are sinking to China ( Such a place to sink to right now.)

The robin was especially interesting this time --- so meaty? The pictures were very welcome here and I'm looking forward to getting a finished picture of the young lady in B.G. I should like very much to see the Lebanon children. Some one said Billy has joined the Navy. I'll write to Dorothy right away.

I do wish I had the dictionary back so I could look up the word papillae. Anyway this dictionary is too small and old to contain such a word.

Saturday was my first trip "out side" since January 1st. For two months I've not left Springfield not even to go into the country. It was real nice to see other people and places, but I got so tired that I thought I'd never get rested. I feel fine today and expect to live for some time yet. I didn't buy much in Yankton but just looked at things that I'm glad I don't want. I did get two fish to keep me company (in the library).

Ed, many of the game birds have died of course but the hunter who eats at the faculty table says they were fed and more than likely most of them survived. We have very few quail.

It's almost mail time and I'd hate to leave out of the robin because we could have another big snow and, of course, I hate not to hear from you all. I do like to have something to think about while I'm listening to the radio and losing my mind broaching Yankton is just thirty miles away and that's where the state institution is.

Love to you all,

Eleanor



# VIRGINIA HARMAN TOT SHOP

839 Broadway

Bowling Green, Ky.

Wednesday, March 9, 1949.

My Dears:

I can not understand why you are all so scared of Ed. He don't scare me one bit. I'll just write this Robin when I get ready, and take my time about it at that. I may even take two or three days to finish it, but will try to remember to date the days I write.

The minute I got here this morning and found it in the door, I read it through before taking off my hat, locked the door while the customers lined up outside and started to write. People banged on the door but I wrote on, and on, then tore it up and started over. It has rained hard all day, the weather is so dry. Eleanor, I believe we have had as much rain as you have sno this winter. However, we have had only one snow, and may have some coming up yet, Easter is so late, April 17th.

Now, Ed, the trouble with you and Ray Harman, you can neither realize your offspring are grown and for the most part have better taste and judgment than either of you. Of course those girls can shop, and I would trust either one or both of them to shop for me quicker than I would trust myself. Their mother was born thrifty and so were they. I often have to tell Ray to try to talk to our boys like they are grown. He still nags them like they were six years old.

Well, Joe I have a better one to relate this time than the concrete teeth. An insurance agent here, Winkenhofner, got short of money. His children got hungry and he couldn't find a single person to pick on to buy a policy but me, and said if I would get one signed up before next August, which according to my Social Security card would be my fiftieth birthday, the policy would be ten dollars less on the year for the rest of my life, and I would be insured, which I am not at present, having always carried policies under a blanket where I worked. I told him if I would not have to sit in a doctors office half the day to be examined I would sign up, so he worked it so Dr. Funk would take me as soon as I walked in. He took my blood pressure, and it was up to 175, and said that would never do, that was too high to come back in the morning and try it again. I took a taxi down, and got mad and it was 185, so I told him to tear it up, I didn't need an insurance policy anyway. But Doc told me to come back and let him check again, some Monday morning when I was not bothered about the business, because it should be watched, and when it climbed to 200 I might just kick up my heels. So, I decided to stop drinking coffee and coca cola, drink sassafras tea, take quinine for my cronic malaria, and stop worrying about Love dresses, and try it again. The Love dresses Ruby bought, and she and Jack made such a hit with the old man Love I worried myself sick over them, and still was not willing to keep the materials they threw off on us. But do you know the day I made up my mind that old man Love was not going to get any richer off of us and sent the Love dresses back with a nice letter, my blood pressure went down to 168, which is about where it has been for years, two or three anyway. They wouldn't even sign me up for insurance when it is that high however. I am not going to worry about that as long as I feel good. I have worked too hard getting in new spring stock, marking it up and putting it out, and trying to make this old shack look like SPRING.

I haven't been working too hard at home. We have a good cleaning girl who comes twice a week, and I never though the floors, and Josie and Katie got ashamed of my curtains and came up and washed the windows on the inside and put up some odds and ends they have. I do hope we can find a house Ray will buy before hot weather. The Lawson house across the street is still vacant, and Mildred is holding it for \$10,500.00, and no garage or driveway. Ray won't consider it. Two others were interested in have sold, Park St. Apt. house, and Hooker house on Chestnut st. Here is our big Buick, and will give him the Robin, and deny myself the privilege of more rambling, Virginia.

3/10/49  
1319/Bowling Green  
Ky

Dear Joe Letter

This is your copy of  
little Sylvia it just came  
from the studio yesterday  
Work on the farm is not  
hurting me at all. I have 750  
square yards of tobacco beds  
sown & covered. It rained  
Tuesday morn. I really put out to  
get it finished. 500 yds would  
set 10 acres if all did well. But  
most every year some beds fail  
so we consider it safe to have  
100 yds per acre. I am sowing  
250 more yards for late beds the  
last of this month. Enjoy the open  
air even if it is hard work.

Andrew Sylvia are doing fine no

colds or any kind of sickness  
has hit them. They are both pictures  
of health as well as the old man  
I am inclosing a snapshot  
Gundry took when I came in  
from the farm. To show you  
that my stomach is not all of  
shot 184 pounds. Gundry made  
the best coconut cake yesterday.  
I ate so much I almost made  
myself sick.

I got the robin yesterday and will  
give it to Miss J. Lewis tomorrow  
and you will get it soon.

I know the Ed Papp keep you better  
busy while they were there. They are  
gone by now I suppose. I got 25  
stamp envelopes for the Robin.

Love to you & father & mother  
Brown

Mon. 20, 1949 1:48 P.M.

Dear Jack,

This is a beautiful spring day and I'm in the mood to make my contribution to the Robin. A week ago today I took to my bed with 102° fever, aches & pains. Was down until Friday. At the I'm still getting lots of attention & pampering. Ruby came out today with a roast & potatoes cooked for our dinner & spinach to cook after she got here. She's doing the dishes now so Joe & I can write our Robin letters. She plans to take them all back with her this afternoon. So with the Robin arriving Friday & our sickness we are not doing too bad. Joe



2. started feeling badly yesterday afternoon, but we are putting the medicine to him & hope his <sup>spell</sup> doesn't last as long as mine did. He worked awfully hard this past week. But I feel fine now. In fact, I feel so rested, I feel guilty. I've not felt this rested since my operation & I'm resolved never to get so tired as I've been the past two years again.

First, I must say how very much we enjoyed all of the Eds. We did so miss Joanna, tho. I hope to have a visit with all of them including her before the summer is over. Bess and Emily could not be more perfect! We feel in love with both of them. It's such fun to go places with anyone so well informed & as interested in everything as they were. We just wished

3

for & needed more time! the  
only thing that makes me un-  
happy about Bob & Emily is that  
they are so nice & Ed & Joanna  
have set such a high standard  
for us to have to try to match.  
So I warn all of you new Bobs  
& Emils, take all prizes! Of course,  
we enjoyed Ed, too. Not only is a  
pusher in the letters, but he  
is even more of one in person.

Bruce & Audrey - Thanks so  
much for our picture of Sylvia.  
She is really a beauty. But I tell  
you - we have some thing to  
do to train ours up so well  
as Ed & Jo - have done! You know  
getting them here is just the  
beginning!!

If my plans of them as  
planned, I should be coming  
back from Texas around  
the last of July or first

of August. Would that be a  
good time for a get-together  
some place in Ky. or Tenn? We  
could meet us there & we could  
have a few days visit. Ed. or Va.  
may know of some place or  
some place where we could  
get cabins & let every one take  
care of his own expense so it  
won't be too much for any  
one.

Virginia, watch your blood  
pressure. No more dresses or any-  
thing is worth a stroke! I'm  
so rested, I wish you could  
be the same way.

Eleanor, the children will  
soon be getting an Easter hat  
off to you with some thing you'll  
need to help you forget that  
terrible snow.

Miss Jeffries - if you want come here,  
we'll try to get by there for you to  
have a look at the children & we get  
a look at you before too long.

My page is used up so I'd better

stop. Love to all of you, Lettie

Sunday, March 20, 1944

Chillum:

We've had a fairly hectic time of it since last Sunday. I got back from an afternoon outing with the boys last Sunday to find Jettie down with flu that developed into a strep throat. Sally was already sick, and that ripped it; the male matters worse, Julian Roebuck, who lives with us, came down too. I fed & fetched & carried for the three of them until Thursday noon. One of the neighbors did a whole lot & Julian's wife got here in time for me to meet an engagement in Bath at 3 p.m. Thursday. Then Sat. morning I started feeling peaked myself. I've been taking some Penicillin medicine to try to save it & some medicine Julian's wife brought along. I feel all right & may not come down. But even if my health was poorer than it is, I'd go on and write the Robin to get it off to the MacDonalds on account of I'm afraid of my brother Ed & what the Pusher would do to me. Nothing like a little seizure of my fore health would justify a delay in this eyes.

I got a good chance to speak a piece about W.B.'s & Audrey's short letter this time before the Pusher lays down some new law. Seems to me we ought to rig up some process for hearings and the giving of testimony, as Congress does, before the legislates. Anyway, I think a short letter is better than holding up the Robin, but I hope nobody will make a practice

2  
of short letters. There now, Pusher,  
you can write some new law, I've  
had my say.

It was wonderful having ole Pusher  
Ed & his girls here Saturday afternoon  
until Wednesday night. So much water  
has passed under the bridge since (what  
with all the liquid diets taken along  
with sulfadruys during our illnesses)  
that I've forgotten most of the things we did.  
I do recall with great relish & continuing  
and abiding satisfaction the high grade  
banter between Jack & Ed about the degree  
of disintegration of their respective scalps,  
who wears a toupee, etc. I thought at the  
time that I'd heard it all before, but I  
can't trust my memory on such matters  
— I'm so much like that old mule Uncle  
Alex used to tell about; you had to  
beat him continually because he had a  
tough hide and a short recollection.  
It could be, too, that I'm confusing  
the scalp banter with that which  
ranges between Ed & Ray Harman about  
spools and who plays with such toys.  
Still a third possibility is that Pusher  
Ed just confuses me in general,  
but I don't think so. Anyway he did  
me one big favor while he was here.  
We had some neighbors and an out-  
town visitor in, and Ed entertained them  
for us with a two hour monologue that  
resembled in scope and structure a  
full-fledged Senate filibuster. He  
yielded the floor occasionally, but only  
long enough for some one to change  
the subject to something else on which



he could hold forth with equal authority. The only thing was that everybody there commented to me later on what an interesting brother I had and how much they enjoyed the visit. And the amazing part is that I did enjoy it myself. The favor I mentioned above is this: not only did he entertain our friends with coffee, but he also illustrated the fact that the world holds a man who can outtalk me.

Miss Ruby is here now. She brought out a roast & potatoes - Jettie went in to fetch her; and I must ease off here & get back to me rest.

El, you really had a snow, didn't you. hon? Be careful on that ice. If anything as big as your bunny gets busted, it'll be a major repair job. Not that mine ain't as big as yours or bigger. Please don't anybody talk about my reducing - whatever I decide I gain back in short order.

Grina, don't feel badly about no insurance for you. I can't get any either. Mine's not blood pressure but sore back. You build up too much pressure taking care of those shiftless men folks who ought to wash dishes & clean house once in a while.

I was a little embarrassed by Jettie's suggestion in her last letter that I'm perfect. Of course, she doesn't feel that way in any situation except against the embattled clan. As a matter of fact, I am not quite perfect. There are one or two minor faults I must confess to. In the main, however,

W.B., thanks for the letter from  
Billy. Enclose any others you get from  
the other children. I know you must  
have had trouble with income tax  
what with a goodly share of your  
income this year free take and  
without employer deduction. If I  
had to pay all mine at once, I'd go  
into receivership in short order.

Sorry to miss a visit with Joanna,  
but we did get to talk with her on  
the phone one night from Ruby &  
Jack's.

Miss Jeffries, isn't Ed fairly  
comical trying to justify his in-  
sistency in his previous letter? I'll  
bet you used to get the same kind  
of gibberish from him for mistakes on  
his papers in geography courses.

Love to all

Wm

Bobs & Em are really topnotch gals.  
They can sit & listen to their daddy talk  
for hours & never bat an eyelash - it  
takes really high class raising to con-  
dition them to that sort of thing.

Jack, I like this idea of enclosing  
a picture of Ruby's husband in the Robin.  
I'll concede the point about your re-  
being the clan's smartest Yankee member -  
or was that the way you phrased it?

Mr. Jeffries 77 ain't so old. I feel older in  
that myself today.

March 21  
The Nation's Capital

Dear Folks:

. If this entire outfit didn't irritate me so much, I wouldn't bother writing in this fool bird. But it seems to me you-all need a respite from back-slapping, nostalgia, and ego-spouting. And I'm the one to lower the boom.

For instance we've just had an onslaught from Milan, Michigan. I couldn't wade through the place for tramping on Rays (which, in a way, suited me). I thought Yankees were good in the conversational hurdles but if you could have heard Ed and Joe's yackety-yak-- both talking-- and neither of them listening to each other and nobody else listening to either of them.

I had been troubled for some weeks, before the Milan invasion, with Ruby-- her mind seems to be slipping sideways-- and I had talked to Joe. When I mentioned it to Ed, he said it was a family trait-- that you-all went slightly balmy around middle age.

You can see it in Virginia's letter. Between her concrete teeth and the Love Dresses, her blood pressure zoomed to 180. Joe went to bed after Ed left with throat exhaustion. Ruby washed dishes every night after they left, happily talking to herself. Eleanor's cutting out paper dolls instead of writing. And Brown's sending along pictures of the hair on his chest.

Now I ask you?

It seems to me from here that I should have married Miss Jeffries and we should have set up some kind of a "Sunshine Home" to take care of you all for the day is certainly coming when the in-laws will have a job on their hands. Joanna indicates it; Jettie is very frank about it; Ray Harman "knows" but won't speak; Audrey is still whistling to keep up her courage. Me--I'm very tired. Love

*Jack*

Well under  
the wire.

Dears (?)

Aren't we all perfect?! I mean really  
- perfect. And yet perfect as we are I  
believe the new crop will outshine us.  
Now take Pusher and his two who have just  
visited Washington. Those girls are an  
achievement. I wanted them to stay on and  
on. It was fun to have them about. Intel-  
ligent and charming. I think all of you  
are out-perfected in your offsprings.  
Maybe that is why Jack and I don't have  
children -- we have reached that point  
when none can be more perfect - us  
with blue and long wavy hair.

It has been my part to see that you  
all meet the high standard set by the rest  
of you. First Joe has to have help to keep  
it flying - and now I must help Pusher

because his children are perfect.

I feared this bird might lag a bit in College Park with Toe and Tettie very slow. So I mounted my horse rode out there - and stood over them with a long black snake whip until they had dotted their i's and crossed all their t's. I must say they have done well in spite weakened and ailing state. They too ~~are~~ making progress with the new chop.

And now Jack and I are writing so you - Pusher can have it a little before the thirtieth. I might as well tell you that <sup>if</sup> Jack doesn't stop telling the big flat would how my mind is slipping to one side. I'm going to get a nigger wad and see to it - that his head slips to one side - for ever - so to speak.

Virginia - I'm awfully sorry about this nokin and the house dresses getting you pressure up. Of course I think you are exactly right to look the d



in front of that mob of customers to write  
This show must go on - like a filibuster  
- Bobo's Fin. and I heard a part of a  
senior heart one while they were here.  
When I had a slightly high blood pressure  
the Dr. told me not to use salt - and of course  
to reduce my weight. It's hard to reduce  
when you have so much to do. You know  
that worry causes one to gain. So - stop  
worrying - just sit and smile. Maybe  
Ed will ease up on us some. He  
really should consider that you in B.G.  
have a little footwork to do.  
Miss Softies - your letter was beautiful  
- I can see where some of the young  
folks got their intelligence. No ones mind  
in your family ever slipped to the side  
for sure. It's me that's sorry you and  
my husband didn't get a chance at  
that Sunchise Rest Home. I can  
just see Brown coming in with that  
cat - that - swallowed - the - canary - smile.  
Your letter was too short - but after all

income tax is one department that has no regard for this little bird. The pictures of Sylvia are precious and your brain is interesting. You are packing your almost-fifty right well. Your seed business will pay off after all.

Eleanor you did get this off in time and with all those pictures. I never saw such a sight. Ed-the-pusher ought to let up on you a little. Is it true that while you stopped shoveling for an hour to put in - the <sup>snow</sup> covered the road to the P.O. - and that you had to send it by radar? Never-the-less it must go - we know. All of your stop passing remarks about Eleanor's crocheting. I know why she and what she is making. It has nothing to do with a Thousseau or a Layette.

Love to all

Truly

P.S. I'm enclosing tree 'egg'. It spreads me too thin to keep the both going.  
R.

Robin

839 Broadway, Bowling Green, Ky  
Wednesday - April 13 1949.

Dear Folks: The Robin came in Thursday afternoon, and Friday night I gave it to Brown to read, and told him to write his part and give it to Miss Jeffried, and I would write mine after the Easter rush unless they both took less time than I thought they would. Today I called Miss Jeffried, and she said she had not heard one word from the Robin a week later. We will have to push him to it. Miss Jeffries said Ed might drop in and speak to us for a few minutes before the 10th, but that date is passed, so guess it did not come. We were disappointed.

Rosa Wilson has been here quite a lot since her Uncle Clarence died, but I have seen very little of her, and have just tumbled to why. Elizabeth came in the bank and told Ray they heard we were getting a divorce. It made Ray hopping mad, and he asked her "Who in Hell" told her that. She said Dr. Blackburn's cousin on 12th Street told her, and that Aunt Kate said she was glad of it, Ray was such a "good man", and that made me hopping mad, that she would think I was so mean a divorcee would be a break for Ray. Those Thomases just rub me the wrong way every time they say a word or make a move, especially that Elizabeth.

Wednesday, April 20, 1949.

Miss Jeffried has the Robin and I haven't had it returned to me as yet, but will finish this and be ready to mail it, since Easter is over and we are all getting a breathing spell, so cold and rainy this week. Our Easter Sales were good, but Ray thought off about 10% from last year. We have more competition now, two other Baby shops instead of just one other. The Helm Hotel Baby Shop is trying to get every brand garment we have, and are succeeding in buying cuter things than we have some time. They must have a New York buyer. But, I am not yet ready to quit, believe in two more years the other two will give up, too many business places of all kinds for this small town to support, and those who are paying high rent are going to fall out first.

Rosa Wilson came in yesterday and spent the day with me, and I went out to the drugstore and got sandwiches and ice tea, and we had lunch on a card table back by the stove, and she couldn't get warm. I got the place so hot, every child that came in cut a shine because wrapped up, they were all too hot in the shop. Rosa is much too fat, and is just eating herself into an early grave, as her Uncle Clarence told me when she was here before he died. However, she has outlived him with all her fat. She says Margaret is heavier than ever, much over two hundred, and Beatrice is also fat, and she teaches shorthand and does bookkeeping for some school in Tampa. Elbert and his wife and 10 year son live out in the country. Fred still lives in Chicago. His oldest son lost both legs in the war. His two daughters are married and both have two children. Fred's wife is an invalid, and stays in a wheel chair most of her time.

That Bill of Audrey's sure did put us through the circus hoops last Sunday. Billy was at his grandmother's and Brown of course wanted to see him, and came up to call his grandmother to see if he was still up there, and told her he was coming up to see him. I, of course, thought he should drive up there alone and see him, but he wanted Audrey and me to go with him, and such a speel he did put up about my needing to get out more and the ride would do me good. I said I didn't mind going if Martha was not up there, but didn't want to see her. He never did say she was up there until we got about fifty miles up the road and then said he thought he told us they were all there. But when we did drive up Billy was the only one in sight on the porch. Later Martha, Mary Evelyn and Jim Ed drove up to leave for home, and Martha kissed me, but you could see her sisters were furious at Brown for bringing his wife and baby. Martha looked like she was so mad she could hardly keep her face straight, but carried it off beautifully by going in and putting on all her new spring finery, and she did look nice. Mary Evelyn was quite beautiful, and small and cute, but was not friendly. I told her this summer when Babe and Emily came in the summer, I would like to have her, we we could make a houseparty as the boys would be away. She never did thank me or say she would like to come and Martha never answered either, but Mrs. Whitehouse did say they planned to make a day of it this summer, and drive up to see Auntie Jeff, and all of us. Dorothy called her Daddy last night and said Aunt Eleanor gave her the money for her ring and something else, and she did not need money, but wanted him to tell her which one of the family to send her announcements to; as she graduates May 10th, and will be out of school June 2nd, and go to work June 3rd. Almost like Joe Wilson, his school will be out June 2nd, and he will leave (over)

June 3rd for Camp Lee, Virginia, to take a eight weeks National Guards course, and is hoping to go to Washington on some week-ends.

Sam says his work here will be completed about June 1st, and he intends to put in the summer months fishing and camping unless they insist on his going to another job right away. The Rommell Construction Company he works for has lost every bid for construction in and around here. The telephone building to be erected here was let to another company, but that company turned it down after they discovered that there was a solid rock basement to dig. Rommell may get the Telephone Building yet, and if so, Sam will still be with them unless he goes to school. Of course, I would rather he would go to school in the fall. I hate this getting up at 5:30 every morning and packing a lunch for him. He has to have a lunch because he has only half hour for lunch, and can't leave the job without locking up tools, etc.

Ray, Joe and I went to church Sunday, the first time for two months or more. Joe just announced he intended for us all to go, but Sam went on a fishing trip.

Eleanor, for Easter we had new covers put on our wing chairs, and your platform rocker. The stuffing was coming out of all three. I had grey leather looking plastic put on the wing chairs, and black with rose design in rose and green on your platform rocker. We owed you a new cover, but I was a little disappointed in the flowers being too large, and did wish I had selected something with smaller design, but it looks pretty, and there was enough to cover the footstool. I moved your platform rocker over where the desk was the desk over by the kitchen door, and one wing chair by desk, and the other by the couch next to the radio, where we had your chair. The boys were so hateful about putting their feet on anything handy to the couch, and the plastic will take rough treatment. I moved the old chifferobe that was in the little hall bedroom out here at the shop, and finished out the counter next to back window to hang merchandise in, and now only three pieces are in the front bedroom, with a door coat hanger for dresses and coats for company. Joe will be gone until August, and we will have two spare bedrooms. Looks like we are not going to buy any place to live anytime soon. The one I would like across the street from us has no outlet for garage, and Mildred still wants \$10,500.00 for that, worth about six thousand. Property now selling, but they are still holding it for high prices. May start to drop about May or June.

The Gaines property on the corner of Broadway and Nutwood has been ruined for a shop ever for us. A new filling station is going up on the corner, and cuts off the view of the lot I thought might make a nice shop some day. The new highway will be open late summer, and everybody is running around frantically looking for a corner lot on Broadway. Shell oil company wanted this, but dropped it when they found out the Ellisons could not sell and it went to the five or six surviving Ellisons in Louisville. Those big companies don't mind if there are two or three to deal with, but when it comes to more they just drop it. I believe they have bought on corner of Broadway and Kenton. It is rumored that Broadway Methodist Church has sold that corner for \$80,000.00, but I don't believe it. They plan to move the church where the parsonage now is, the old Dr. Hall home. The old Mae Potter house and lot facing Broadway was sold to a Church Organization for a large tabernacle, and the brick is to be remodeled for apartments. That sold for twelve thousand. Ray offered them ten thousand for it, but never did really want it. What I would like to have is the Bagby house, but everybody else in town wants that, and they want twenty-five thousand for it. Ten thousand would be our limit, and that would not be worth more really. They bought it for three thousand and spent six thousand on it. Twelve thousand would be plenty to ask for it.

Miss Jeffries just called and told me about Linda and Lyda visiting her, and said she had already mailed the Robin. She thought the old letter was my new one, and I had never put anything in. Will mail this to Joe since the Robin stays with Joe longer than anybody else, and will get in that way.

I doubt if anybody reads all this, and I promise not to write such a long account the next time.

Love, Virginia.

P.S. Decided the Robin may stay with Ruby longest, and am mailing this to her.

# MARYLAND LEAGUE OF MUNICIPALITIES

Friday April 22, 1919

Dear Robina,

## PRESIDENT

Mayor John C. Post  
Takoma Park

## VICE PRESIDENTS

Mayor Julian L. Tubman  
Cambridge  
District One

H. H. Mitchell  
President of Commissioners  
Elkton  
District Two

Mayor Hall R. MacLean  
Bel Air  
District Five

Mayor Thomas S. Post  
Cumberland  
District Six

## ELECTED MEMBERS, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Councilman Henry H. Hanna  
Salisbury

Mayor Floyd B. Mathias  
Mount Rainier

## EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Joseph M. Ray  
University of Maryland  
College Park

As usual, it is nice to have the Robin again. It arrived a little slow, but I'm scared to check - up on the dates - so each one to see where it stayed too long. I'll leave that for Pusher - altho - I have a feeling it might have been in his place. But he does as usual - we can't be too hard on him. We nearly had to knock him in the head to keep him from refinishing our kitchen table when he was here!

We miss Virginia's letter this time. I hope she isn't sick. I have a feeling her new letter was kept over & her old one left in, by mistake. Anyway, we'd be looking forward to twice as much from you this time, Virginia.

Someone certainly cut off Andy's water in the middle of a sentence. What's wrong? Too many diapers!

This past Monday I had a two weeks washing accumulated. So Monday I washed



the night for his birthday treat. Just sat. was his birthday, but milled  
Charles were here - so she postponed it. Jack has gone to digger. Rake. Rake  
I had lunch in town today & did some shopping. Love & all - Little.

wearing apparel & filled four lines. Then Sunday  
& did liners, bed spreads & curtains through out  
the house. Just this afternoon (Fri.) I've  
finished ironing & putting away everything.  
Curtains always look so good after they are  
done, & wonder why I don't do them oftener.

Ed, be sure and plan some time with  
us. This is a right cool place and if you  
are here in August I believe you'll be  
comfortable here as you'd be any place.  
I plan to be back from Texas around  
the first week in August.

Jessie, I'd love to come by there an  
way down. But I'm going to take the shortest  
& quickest way down. Coming back I plan to  
wonder" a little more. I plan to spend a few  
days in Tuscaloosa & meet you in Florence, Ala,  
[?] he hasn't already joined me in Texas. If  
you all are in Ky. by then, maybe we can  
arrange a get-together. I wish you folks would  
settle someplace nearby - Can't Ed learn to count  
apters or something up this way.

Ed. to hear you tell it - you are the one  
who kept him awake until 2 a.m. telling  
stories! That just "shows to go" that you should  
visit oftener. The children so enjoyed Bess &  
Emily. Sally loves all the attention they gave her.  
My tonsillotomy was kinda fun - these days  
in the hospital with not much pain, is my  
idea of a ~~real~~ real rest & vacation! I suggest  
we all try it every six months.

I must stop. The boys will be in in a few minutes  
& we are going in to take Scott to Ruby's for the  
night. He has had each of the children in to send

# MARYLAND LEAGUE OF MUNICIPALITIES

April 22, 1949

Folios:

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EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Joseph M. Ray  
University of Maryland  
College Park

Jettie let me last night to write the Robin  
so she could take it in to Ruth at noon today.  
I couldn't because I had a class in Baltimore  
last night & didn't get home until 11:30 & up  
and going all day today - now she's ironing and  
I'm visiting mine - I'll have the jump on her.

Seems to me this ~~idea~~ of getting the Robin  
and rapidly in ~~writing~~ as much  
as it goes. Audrey writes only a sentence & Miss  
Va. gets in such an uproar that either she doesn't  
write or she writes other ~~includes~~ her old  
letter in the Robin. Everybody seems greatly  
frightened by the Praeger.

frightened & the Crusher.  
What is this talk about Ed & Jo being in B G?  
All the Lin carries is inference, but it does  
appear that something of that kind occurred.  
Audrey don't be afraid of the crusher. Best way for  
somebody as pretty & sweet as you are to  
handle him is to walk right up and spit in  
his eye. I really think he'd crush it on those  
if you had taken such notice of him.

Brown, I'm not much impressed  
by your spreading a L-shaped-odd  
load of more. You should have  
been around when Ed was there  
and listen to him & Jack spread  
it. I'm convinced they could outdo  
you in that department almost any  
day in the week - and it gusts at  
least as the best you dealt  
in.

in. We've seen the blue bird (mean-  
ing R R McD with her purple hair,  
as any fool can plainly see  
from way down the street) more  
in the last month and a half than  
in any rough assembly period since  
we parted ~~the~~ <sup>at</sup> all. She's

one day going to get all of this teaching material she wants, but not yet. She is probably quite a bit, and the venerable Jack (who sometimes make up in ~~place~~ <sup>place</sup> what he lacks in more substantial qualities [look who's talking]) has developed a technique for trusting her that is a beauty to behold. It ranges from ~~just~~ <sup>just</sup> whether she's got all of her cottons to threaten to leave her ~~committed to the~~ <sup>committed to the</sup> St. Elizabeth's, the local snake pit all of it. ~~She~~ <sup>She</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~big~~ <sup>big</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~issue~~ <sup>issue</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~grip~~ <sup>grip</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~things~~ <sup>things</sup>.

Everything shipshape here. J. P. had her tonsils out two weeks ago today. It ain't paid for, but she's about recovered. I'm amazed, because she hasn't slowed up, but she's doing all right. She was all aflutter over the heart condition she had, but it turned out to be only tonsils. Now they're gone, I don't know what will cause her aches & pains, but it'll be something same as with me. I think both of us were built primarily for love rather than for work, but we can't stand up under too concentrated doses of that either. Sally is quite a big and saucy one, four or five years old. David, who has permission to shoot crows with his air rifle, quite seriously classifies everything from cardinals to jaybirds as crows and blithely continues to knock them off. I haven't actually seen the slaughtered father-folk, but I have my opinions. Scott passed his tenth birthday with the usual fanfare. He always manages to promote a bigger party, more doings, and better presents than the others get. David is at work on his bicycle for next Xmas. He was hard to hold for a week or two from the time he learned to ride Scott's bike until we got him reconciled to waiting until Christmas. Me, I'm O.K. Let's don't talk any more about my losing weight. I'm working hard on local government surveys of Salisbury and Silver Spring and keeping busy with the affairs of the League of Municipalities. I haven't hit a lick on the text book in over a year. May never get back to it, but I hope to. This confounded grass mowing has descended on me again. Already I have had to mow parts of the yard twice all of it at least once. El, that cold S. D. weather may have its dis-

advantages, but at least the grass doesn't need mowing there for a month or so later than here.

Last I heard, El, you were going home to S. D. Now you're threatening to leave. Why let me get me some extra suits of long underwear, so I could wear it double and go on living up there where the grass doesn't need mowing until June.

A yelp from J. P. in the kitchen informs me that the hell-milking and new litter of kittens found his way up to the kitchen for the first time. We had a litter of six kittens, but some dirt dog or a human being (it's all a mystery to me, of course) got rid of the two females, and now we've got four promising tom kittens. Got a bunch of supplies on the way - due around June 1. Anybody want some mongrel livestock?

Sally just got a gentle strapping for destroying some of her mama's stamps. The boys are up at school at some sort of shindig, and mama is going to take Scott in for a visit with Aunt Ruby. Me, I've got to knock off and get to work on the Salisbury report if the thing is to be got out in this fiscal year. - Hit's a hard life as you can see.

I'm taking out Virginia's old March letter, since you've all seen it. It's the one about the weight and the blood pressure & the insurance & such. Audrey, tell us something of Sylvia. Anxious to know of the Ed Ray plans.

Love to you all,  
Joe



Dear Children -

This bird has a lame wing - for which there is no excuse. There was too much time lost in B.G. Pusher is not going to like this - And me - I'm going to get in with him. Even as late as it is Vas is just now catching up. She was right to send it here. Joe and Settine got theirs out 'post haste' last Friday. I held it over until tonight - Monday - so Jack could see it - and put in. He was in S.R. for the week-end. He came in late last night.

I've just finished week of vacation - which was very restful. I would not have needed the rest had I not pushed myself so to get this little postage stamp apartment cleaned up for Mildred and Charles. They came on Friday and stayed until Sun. I washed curtains and got in food and all such doings until I was so tired we

took the rest cube - or I did. Then when Jack left Scott came to spend the night with me - for his birthday. He and I went to lunch at a restaurant which we both enjoyed. It was an Italian Restaurant and so he got spaghetti and spumoni ice cream. Scott enjoys something on the different side. David doesn't - wants the same thing - preferably a big plate of fried chicken. And of course Sally takes old or new in her stride. Lettie came and got us - so I spent Sat. night with her. She put some sewing machine button holes in some pinafores I had made for Judy and Sukie - Jack's nieces. I have about seven more weeks of sch. After that more rest - No matter who comes or goes I'm not going to wash navy - a curtain or shine one piece of silver.

Since <sup>the</sup> ~~this~~ letter I've had a very happy birthday. Ginny called me and Eleanor crocheted a luncheon set for me - also sent beautiful stationery - so look for notes.



Also good smelling soap from the Soes.  
Sack gave me a hat and pocket book.  
The hat is black with a veil tied under  
my chin. Me - I'm a sight.

About summer. We do want your apart-  
ment Miss Selfries for the month of August. I  
don't think we will be there the whole month  
but will like to know we can come and  
go any time. Mrs So-and-So<sup>and I</sup> will take  
on the stone if you want a vacation<sup>va.</sup>  
Why don't you and Ray take <sup>a trip</sup> some place?  
What joining Eleanor and the Thomas's? I  
figure that you might exterminate the  
-Ginny - with enough time - alone. You  
could lure them to a rocky New England  
shore and then give them a gentle  
genteel push. Be sure that you never  
let them get behind you or you will  
be the one pushed. I'd be afraid to go  
out after dark with them. Please ex-  
cuse me - Eleanor - for this attack on  
your friends. I'm glad you are a  
peace maker.

If you - Eleanor - are in Chataqua

In July I'll see you. That is not far from  
S.R. and I expect to spend some of July  
there. If you left from Cha. for New Eng-  
land then you might come back to  
B.G. in August with the — to see us.

None of us can make definite plans  
so far ahead. I hope we can get-to-  
gether sometime in August. Let's all wait  
until you are settled - Ed - and then we  
can swarm around you. I want to  
be sure to have as many of the  
second generation as possible -

I'm going to send a gift to Dorothy. Joe  
got an announcement. Maybe some  
of them will come. I feel more en-  
couraged about the — now that  
Gin and Martha are 'kissing kin'.

I do enjoy these letters - especially  
the inlaws. Of course we can't visit you too  
much this time - Audrey - but you do have  
 Sylvia and she is cute enough to excuse  
anything. Jack and I will be seeing you  
Joanna came the last of June!

Miss Jeffries - you are still my favorite  
person.  
Love Ruby

Monday, April 25, 49?

Dear Folks:

The "Riot of Color"--(Miss Blossom)-- is at the other desk--it's 11:30 p.m.-- and we oughta be in bed-- but this Robin hounds us.

I was in Slippery Rock over the week end seeing my pooh lil' ole Mammy who has been took bad for some time but is now better. My whole outfit seemed to go down at once up there-- and I had to spend a week there three weeks ago-- but they're all on even keel again. Praise be.

We got some excellent pictures of Ed and the girls-- and the rest of us-- while they were here. I had them printed; Ruby carted them off to school to brag on her family; left them there before Easter vacation and today they came up missing. So I'm taking the negatives to the drug store tomorrow and will get more-- and send them around.

We're hoping to be in Bowling Green in August-- maybe in Miss Jeffries apartment-- and Ruby says a family reunion is afoot-- IF we can keep Virginia from taking off to New England for a vacation with the Thomases!

Joanna: You can't believe those two gals-- you've still got to come to Washington yourself. Ed: I can understand your mistake-- you're just not used to thick hair and mistook mine for a toupe. Bill and Audrey: Yes, we'll help eat those fryers-- and keep Sylvia while you go to the movies. El: How can you be so thick with those dad-burned Thomases when they're breaking up your sister's home? Virginia: Why don't you get them on the newspaper instead of me-- they get the news faster than Winchell. By the way, I'm writing you another letter about shop suggestions this week. Miss Jeffries: You tear around worse'n us-- take it easy! And so-- with love and kisses-- good night.

Jack

*Jack*

Springfield, S. Dak  
May 4, 1949,

Dear Folks,

Mister Ed, the pusher, sent the Robin special delivery, air mail, extra special rush! It is leaving here in twenty-four hours! The blame of "holding-up" has been placed everywhere now so lets all get the letters off as early as possible even if we do have to strain a button hole. It seemed a little late this time. Summer is always hard on it. ~~you know~~ ~~anyway~~. The letters were all interesting but I missed Joannas and Audrey's. Hope they can write next time.

You would never know or believe that it could have been way below zero or thereabouts for so long in the winter.

We nearly sweltered yesterday 94° but it rained (real storm) last night and it is in the eighties today. The sun almost bakes one - Every thing is mighty pretty - trees all in leaf and I have a beautiful bouquet of li'lacs. Tulips are just about gone but every thing is bursting out. We really have had a nice spring (rather sudden summer though)

Since Ruby's pinkish-blue hair caused so much discussion, I'll something about mine. From a Gertrude Stien hair cut, I've gone to a South Sea Islander's hair do. One of the girls gave me a Toni about a week ago and although she left it rolled up only half the time, it all stands on very curly ends. I've been clipping it off regularly so some day soon I may go back to Gertrude.



You certainly can tell which twin has  
the Toni in my case. Maybe by summer  
it will have grown out. It really  
is a nice curl (I just don't like  
permanents for me)

It was so hot yesterday that  
I got out the corn-canning dress  
and am wearing it today and  
it's still hot — <sup>It seems I'd better get out</sup>  
the bathing suit —

I can't imagine where the  
idea that I gave Dorothy money  
for a ring <sup>came from</sup> ~~for~~ I never thought of such  
a thing. I got an invitation and  
sent her a slip and small pin.  
I do hope she will get a nice job  
some-where away from Tenn. I  
didn't know Dorothy's middle name  
to be Iris. That would have pleased  
Auntie if she had known. Maybe  
she did. I know so little about any  
of those children.

We have only three more weeks  
then Summer School. The first term

is over by the middle of July - or the first week, I believe. I have begged off going to New York so will stay on here until the first of August. I guess I still want to go to New England but haven't heard anything from the Thomases for a long time. Those "kinfolks" are troublesome and can do queer things. I bet Virginia sassed them sometime lately! They really are alright when they are where I am. I do feel sorry for them. They get very little out of life (according to my standards).

Ed, I'm afraid you won't be in Milan when I leave here - I should like to see that part of the country but <sup>I believe August</sup> ~~that is~~ after you have there <sup>and I'll see you get in Ky</sup> ~~I'll see you~~!

We are having A.G. U. W. tonight so I'd better stop - These letters will leave here May 5<sup>th</sup>, 24 hrs. after they arrived.

Love to you all -

Eleanor

May 10, 1949.

Dear Folks:

The Robin came in a few days ago, and since Miss Jeffries is out of town, down at Pembroke visiting Eleanor Estes and her sister, I will write mine and get it off to Audrey and Bill today.

There are two or three words I would like to see dropped from the Robin. One is PUSHER and another THOMASES. We have been giving too much space to those two words. Yes, Eleanor, I am on good terms with our cousins and their mother, or at least I go out of my way to be nice to them on the street, and they return my salutations outwardly in good grace so far as I can tell.

There was a misunderstanding about names when Dorothy told her Daddy over the phone that Aunt Emily gave her the class ring, and her graduating fees, he thought she said Aunt Eleanor. I believe Aunt Emilie was the donor.

I was just listening to the school children passing and calling me the "Awfulest" story teller, because I told them I would take out all the baby pictures used for Baby Week Monday morning, and it is Thursday, and the pictures are still in the window, but they are cute pictures donated by the two studios, and I hate to give them up. Our Baby Windows were really pretty, and our little Girl and Boy are also pretty with a flower stand against the wall, and floor lined with blue metal paper, and flower pots in white stand covered with blue metal paper, and pink geraniums blooming in pots. The Little & Martin Sun Suite are the cutest things this town has ever seen. The one on the little girl, white seersucker, a real full ruffled red rickrick trimmed skirt made onto pants, and only one strap over the shoulder like Little Abner.

Bill just came by and said their neighbor called him from the farm and said Audrey was real sick and come home. I haven't heard yet how sick she is, May go over there tonight.

I went with them out to the Air Port Sunday, and it was the hottest day I ever saw, Audrey and Bill went up to the hangers to see the planes, and the stunt planes would zoom over the top of the car, and she would scream like something had her, but finally cried herself to sleep. She had on a cute little silk jersey dress and pants to match she got out here, and I peeled off everything but the slip and diaper she had on. I could spend all my time with that baby she is so cute. Brown and Audrey are working too hard, painting floors, sewing on dresses, and farming that ten acres of tobacco.

Sam is still working on the dormitory job on the hill, and don't seem to know how long he will be there, job almost completed.

Joe will leave the 1st of June for Camp Lee, Virginia, going to eight-weeks National Guard school, learning to be a machanic, and he does surprise me fixing up his Aunt Joe's car when Sam don't know what is the matter with it. He hopes to see some of his Aunt Ruby and Uncle Jack while there. I believe he is paid \$85.00 a month for going to school, and his living, not bad.

Ray is still not wearing his teeth, wears his uppers while at work in the bank, but the lowers are impossible, his gums shrink away as fast as the dentist makes him another plate, and he carries the lowers in his pocket until he drops them and breaks them, and then it is to do all over again.

I am so sleepy I can hardly write, and surely can't spell. I am taking high blood pressure medicine and it makes me sleepy. Last week my blood pressure went up to 220, and Doctor said if it went up ten more points he would put me to bed, or send me out of town for two weeks, away from something that was worrying me.

That was a week ago that it was 220, and I had Mrs. Gaines in every day and went home for a nap every day, and yesterday when I had my blood pressure checked it was down thirty points, so I guess I will live to tell you more about it whether you want to hear it or not.

Audrey and Will B. just drove by on their way to the farm, and are pleased with their garden, wanted me to go with them, but I was too lazy. I expect to cash in on that garden this summer, and guess you will also Ruby. Hope it turns out as fine as the Virginia Garden. We sure did enjoy the givings of that one.

Well, hope you can read this, and will stop before I drop asleep. For lunch I drink buttermilk, eat anything with less salt, and take my medicine for two more weeks.

Goodday to every blasted one of you.

Virginia.

P. S.,

Sunday Morning

I came over here this morning <sup>to</sup> take Audrey to Sunday School with me. I want her to join the class and enter into social functions of church as Bill says they are going to join the Methodist Church. I have not been too regular in attendance myself lately, and am depending on her in the future to get me off to Sunday School regularly.

Last Monday afternoon I went to Frank Callis Funeral. It was a very sweet funeral and all the family there, Uncle Jim, Lucille Aunt Kate and her whole family all there. He has been sick in Hazelwood for three years or more.

I ordered Sylvia a babybed and it just came, and Brown is busy putting it together while Audrey dresses for Sunday School. Sylvia is crawling all over the floor. Audrey's bed room looks so much nicer and cooler since she took up Mrs. James old worn out rug and painted the floor and put down Shag rugs, light blue.

I think now my blood pressure will go down now since I have Miss Alf Ellison back from hospital. She was operated on for strangulated hernia, and is back home now. Anybody in the family who has some cast off dresses send them to me for these old women. They have none worse off than Europeans, wearing rags. Vera wears <sup>12</sup>14 and Miss Alf <sup>12</sup>14 or maybe 14. All I have given them had to be made smaller with tucks and seams. They both love sleeves, like all old people. Virginia



1319 Adams  
Bowling Green, Ky.  
May 17, 1949

Hello, dear People -

I'm practically a stranger to the Robin. I don't think I wrote at all in the one before the last one + just got started on the last one when the pain hit Bill to take it to Miss Jefferies and get it started on its way after quite a rest here. I didn't know that he included my sentence in it. I want to retract the promise I made some time ago not to let the Robin stay in our household over a day or so. To get it away from here on time would require super human effort and I'm only a poor, ordinary human being. I can only say now that we'll do the best we can. We do love the Robin, though, + I can hardly wait from one time to the next to get it.

Bill says the time to write The Robin is immediately after you've read it, but I couldn't do that this time because I read it between a wash tub full of diapers + one of Bill's work clothes that were dirty + sweaty enough to stand alone before I put them in.



Sylvia is growing up too fast. Yesterday she took two steps alone. They were side ways & tiny ones at that - but they were steps alone. She has two nice little teeth on the lower side & her hair is long enough to put ribbons on. I've never seen a child with half as much energy as she has. I had her in the yard with me this afternoon and almost before I could get across the walk to her she had crawled up three steps & was going onto the porch. She gets terribly mad if she's prevented from doing what she starts out to do & fusses loud to tell you about it. We've just got her a new Thayer Bed & bought a mattress for it today - so to-mite will be her first nite to sleep in it. I hope she likes it well enough not to wake when the trains go by. There is one with an especially loud whistle that roars past about 3:30 A.M. It usually wakes her. I think it should be against the law for trains to blow when they get into the city limits - especially at nite.

It finally got dry enough to plant our

garden. I went out with Bill two afternoons & we worked until it was so dark we had to quit. We took the play pen along & Sybil played in it & slept in the car. She had a big time watching the cows in the field next to the garden. She wasn't one bit afraid of them (and they were only a few feet away from her playpen). Neither is she afraid of dogs. She pulls their ears. But back to the garden. Our rows are 100 ft long & we have the following planted: spinach, cabbage, carrots, okra, squash, beets, 3 kinds of peas, 3 kinds of string beans (not counting Ky. wonder beans that we planted in the corn) 2 kinds of onions, potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, muskmellons & 19 rows of sweet corn. We have a little garden here at the house that Bill planted for me to take care of (lettuce, onions, radishes, peas, beans, okra, beets, carrots, squash, cabbage, tomatoes & mustard). I weeded beets this morning, until I was dizzy. I'll have to do the carrots tomorrow. What with our 98 fingers, don't you think we'll have enough to feed the Ray clan this summer?

Eleanor, I must have had better luck than you with ~~my~~ my toni wave. I gave it ~~to~~ myself & I like it very much. In fact I think I like it better than any wave I ever had at a Beauty shop. It's a toni for me from now on. No more \$1.00 for curly hair when I can give myself a curl for \$1.20.

I think Virginia is right when she wants to eliminate the word "Thomases" from The Robin, but first let me tell you what they told about me - They said I separated Bill & Martha. Nothing could be further from the truth. I didn't even know him until about 4 months before we married. It made me furious when I first heard it, but I've since considered the source & simmered down a mite. However, that is detrimental to my character & if they persist in spreading that lie, I'm going to tell them off. Bill held me in check the last time we saw them. I think they've been getting away with things like that much too long.

Ed, you just wait until you see Bill's waistline. We're going to have to take up all his trousers - they hang forlornly on him. He says he feels better than he ever felt & he acts like it - we get up about 4:30 & he gets home about 8 or 8:30 at night. He's really putting out.

Thanks, Jack, for the offer of taking care of Sylvia while we go to the movies. We may take you up on that. We're so dead tired now by the time nite comes that we'd rather go to bed than to a picture show. Maybe things will be slackened up by then, though.

I didn't have as much fun as you did, Jetty, when I had my tonsils out. The doctor took them out in his office & I took a taxi home in a couple of hours. I had a local anesthetic which didn't take very well & I felt every clip he made. It was awful & I, for one, don't take to the idea of a tonsillectomy every six months or ever again.

Joe, I don't know Ed well enough to risk  
spitting in his eye. Is it barely possible  
that he might spit back?

Ruby, when you come down, I'll give  
you a Toni to go with your purple  
hair & you'll really be a hum-dinger.

I've got to go to the store, feed the  
baby, get supper, water & feed the  
chickens & count returned tobacco seed packages  
that came in today - all before Bill  
gets here & the sun is going down & so -

Bye now -

Love -

Andrey



May 20, 1949, Fri. <sup>nite</sup> 7:30

Dearest Rolina,

Brown is right - the time to write the Robin is as soon as you finish reading all the letters. And that is just what I'm doing this time! Joe brought the Robin in at supper time. I read it as soon as we finished eating. Then I got the youngsters started to baths, etc. - so now I'm going to write while the letters are fresh and I'm in the mood.

As usual, by this time of night I'm tired & ready for bed. I know what you mean Andy, when you say you'd rather go to bed than the movies. We have a graduate student in our guest room who quite often

says "I'm going to be home, don't you & Mr. Ray want to go to a movie" — He can't seem to understand why I usually say, "No, thanks, I guess not!" He had looks better to me at 4:30 or 10:30 than any thing else.

We've had several days of quite warm weather — so this morning I washed all our blankets. Now tonight is quite chilly & the temperature is supposed to go down into the fifties.

In spite of Joe's "belly-aching" about the grass cutting, we are enjoying the yard a great deal. We had straw berry short-cake from the straw berries out of our patch last night. The weeds have nearly taken the patch. Had we worked it last fall & this spring, we'd

2. have more than we could use. As it is, I think we'll have short cake several times. The boys are so pleased to have the berries, they say they'll help me work the patch in the fall.

Cleaner, the petunia seeds have all been planted. The children go out after to see if any of them are up. We have geraniums up about 3 in. high. Right now we have 4 red, white, pink & yellow rose climbers in bloom and they are a sight to see. Also there are two pink peonies in bloom that are awfully ~~long~~ pretty.

Our plans for the summer are about "set" - The children & I plan to leave June 5th for Texas. A faculty wife is

going with us to help me with  
the driving. This driver all  
over the country (her husband  
is a major in the R.O.C. and is a good driver  
so I'm glad to have her along.  
We plan to come down the  
last week in July. We'll  
return by Alabama & Ky.  
We hope to get to B. D. by  
the middle of August. With  
Ruby, Jack, Eleanor & the Ed  
Rays all getting about that  
time, it looks like the "in-  
lows" can have a good meeting!  
I think the fine of us are too many  
to go in our garage. So I'm in  
favor of ever getting a place on  
the river, tourist cabin or some  
thing for a few days - probably  
I will be about all we can stay  
anyway. I'm awfully excited about  
the whole summer.  
Until I see you all, Love to all, Gettie.

# MARYLAND LEAGUE OF MUNICIPALITIES

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College Park, Md

May 20, 1949

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College Park

Awful good to see the ole Robin come staggering in this morning. Here Gittle and I are getting four letters - written within six hours or ten - from the time it arrived. I get hopping mad when I read Ginn's slip in her last letter about sending the Robin on to me - on her tardy letter rather - because I keep it longer & her letter will catch up. Brrr. Still you flat, if I had to live as close to her as she does, I'd develop high blood pressure, too. Not only that, she once chewed my ear for telling her what & what not to put in the Robin - now she comes along & says in "more 'Pusher'" & "no more 'Thomases'". Frankly, I'm going to have to emphasize both, just to put her in her place.

Audrey, don't let 'em get you down - that's their pay-off - the Thomases, I mean. I once observed to the three Thomas girls that it appeared to me that the only thing Auntie and Aunt Kate had in common was that they loved each other. Louise responded, "Yes, and Mama is going to be a little bit hateful about that." Miss Kate is just plain mean. And those girls have had forty years apiece to absorb her cussedness - & that portion of it they didn't inherit in the first place. They work on everybody. Even tried it on Roy's Ruby once until Roy went over & cussed out the whole crew and scared the devil out of them. Well with 'em. I'm with Ginn, at least after we've talked about 'em all we want. They're unimportant.



W.B.: I'm very much impressed about how Ed's going to cut you out of his "fratrimony." Notice carefully the "money" part of his especially coined word. If there's enough "money" in this crowd anywhere to take notice of, I haven't heard of it. Seems a pretty lank Robin to Miss Jo, W.B., + Miss Jeffries. Grouse guys get in next time. Let's don't let the Robin lapse during the summer. Each one tell his plans for the summer, so we'll know where to write.

Our plans: Jettie leaves for Texas on June 5. I'm to stay here until July 25, then to Texas + back. I'll be some time the second week of August. Can't have hold the big how-wow then? Jack + the blue crested warblers are to be in B.H. at that time, too. Gina, you'd better get you a safety valve installed, Lon. All this crowd on you will build up enough pressure to blow a gasket.

Everything according to plan here. Bought a new set of tires for Miss Jettie's junket. Ed, pass the definite word to Jack + Rube as to your summer plans.

Audrey, I'm anxious to see that young one. She must be about the one. I'll save appetite for all those fancy vegetables.

Got to knock off and go to bed. Been working so hard I need every night's sleep. Not physical like W.B.'s, but exhausting nevertheless.

Love to all  
Joe

Good talk with ole Gina from Rube's the other night. She's O.K. - just trying to carry everybody's troubles, and that's too much!

5-22-49

Dear Folks -

Gimny says no more Pusher and no more Thomases. And of course I always do what Jim told so I'll just s. my m. as usual. The letters were good and make me want August to hurry up. Sylvia is the one I really want to see - and Miss Jeffries. What is she doing not waiting <sup>for the robin</sup>. Makes me feel that the robin has lost his - <sup>wing</sup> the right one at that.

I think I told my plans the last time. But here again. My school out June 16<sup>th</sup>. We think now we will go to Milan July 8<sup>th</sup> if that suits. Jack can only stay for the week-end but I hope to stay a week. We will leave here again August first for Bowling Green and S.R. - for the whole month of August.

Now Va - if you need to get away from your troubles in June this is

Ever -  
this letter  
I'll do better  
next time

the place for you. Why not come as Joe W. goes to Camp Lee? Then when my school is out we can go on to New York. I think it would be a good plan - so don't consider anything else. Before you get this you will have had a letter from me.

We were out with Joe and Settie last night for a grand time and a wonderful dinner. The strawberry short cake was the best I've ever eaten. And we brought back so many flowers that our apt. looks like a hospital. They say this is a rose year. I've never seen any thing like it. They have about five kinds and I have a bowl of each kind.

David had acquired a lame starling - which he carried around in his pocket on his head or on his shoulder. Then he caught another one. After that both birds and David too were contented and happier. The birds squawked and flapped their and went to the bathroom on him. They may have been moron starlings instead of lame ones. We also enjoyed the kittens and the dog etc. It was a good time. Love Blue Flamingo

May 23, 1949

Dear Folks:

We got the Robin last night from Joe and Jettie-- and out it goes tonight. After reading the letters, I decided that what this Ray outfit needs is in-laws in BIG doses-- and you're goöng to get that dose in August.

When Ray, Jettie, Joanna, Audrey, and I hold our first meeting, we're invitöng the Thomases as consultants-- for they certainly know how to keep the Ray clan on edge-- and on the straight and narrow. None of you realize whät a good influence they really are but you do know that if you side-step, they'll talk about you-- and so you don't sidestep. That's strictly Presbyterian-- so I'm gettin on the side of the Thomases. And think I can swing Eleanor.

Ed: We're planning to come out there about July 8 and we want all the conveniences that our position in Washington society demands. I'm willing to enter any hair cöntests you devise and let the crowd judge Which one has the Toni?

Ginny: Barbital does make you sleepy but it's a dilly for bringing down blood pressure. I can hardly wait to get at that shop- repairs and fixins-- in August.

Brown and Audrey: The picture we got of Sylvia is a prized possession. We're both looking forward to seeing her. Seems to me you two are working too hard-- after all, you're not 19. (I'm 38, myself).

Miss Jeffries and Joanna: We missed your letters. And you , Joanna, could certainly spend a little time of an eveñing massaging that fuzzy dome of your husand so what remaining hair he has might stay on.

Reuben got no "bluing" on her last hair-do but I'll have her in deep purple for the Bowling Green trip so you can see what she has been like all year. Love and kisses

Jack



Milan, Michigan  
May 28, 1949

Dear Folks,

This Robin thing is coming along so nicely and on schedule so well that it looks as if I might be able to decorate each and every one of you for something or other. I have ordered some small awards which will be passed out at the first reunion. All of these smart Alex things that have been said about me will be considered in passing out the awards. Getting this thing on a paying basis has been tough sledding, but I have received a certain amount of gratification in throwing the fear of the Lord into some of you sinners. No doubt, some of you have said some pretty hard things about me, but I'm a big enough character to overlook it (Except when I pass out the awards). You must remember the Pharisees caused Christ a lot of trouble. Christ wasn't good enough for them, either. I almost worked up a sermon here, but I'll let it rest at that.

All that this Robin lacked was a letter from Miss Jeffries. Hope she gets in the next time. We received a letter from her while she was visiting, so we have heard from her.

Next week will let pappy out of school, and I'll be glad no end. I have done what I came here to get and I am very well satisfied with the deal. Wouldn't have missed it for anything. May yet go back to Stanford for a Ph.D., but I am finished with course work. I'm kinda anxious to get on somebody's pay roll and start salting away a few shekels, for I'm going to be approaching middle-age some of these days, and I may have to slow down.

Absolutely the biggest news that we have had in these parts is that Mistah Jackson and Miss Ruby are coming to see us come July 8. For these characters we will kill the spotted calf or one of the calves. We hope that they sleep on the railroad right-of-way for a few night to get conditioned to sleeping here. There's a hellacious lot of noise here, but one can sleep

(Over, straight over)



between trains. I agree with Audrey that there ought to be a law against blowing whistles at night and, probably, there should be a law against trains. Maybe, I'm a little biased on the subject of rail roads since the war, and I paid for a sleeper and slept in the smoking room and another time had to sleep in a small birth with another guy and both of us paid. That is not to mention the hours of arguing that I did with the Pulman people on other occasions.

Audrey, from this point of view, it looks like you and Will B are trying to do too much; you are both likely to blow a gasket or something. Better slow down than to pay out your earnings to the medicos. There is a law of diminishing returns, you know.

Jetty, I think your idea of getting tourist court accommodations for the reunion is good. Couldn't we stage the reunion the first week in August? I'm afraid that I will have to have my backfield in motion by the middle of August. That, of course, depends upon what kind of job I get and where we move to. I'll let everybody know my plans when and if they develop.

Joan is in the study beside me writing in the Robin. This is the first time she has ever used the study. She says the animals I have stuffed, the skulls and everything give her the creeps. She gets the creeps awfully easily. I spend most of my time here and I like it.

We got the Robin yesterday and I'm mailing it tonight. Sorry I couldn't get it off sooner. I had a final exam today and had to get that off hand before I could take time to write.

Good advice to all of you "middle-aged people is "keep your bloodpressure down" and take it easy.

Love,

IL

340 East Main  
Milan, Michigan  
May 28, 1949

Dear Folks,

Ed says the Robin must be on its way in less than an hour, so it is high time I am getting my bit written.

Ed had to go to Ann Arbor for a long exam. this afternoon so the girls, three of their friends, and I went along to shop. We got a lot done in spite of the fact that there were six of us to agree on our purchases. Emily got a dress and Babs got a formal, with which she is quite thrilled. There were four formal dances very close together, and she got along on a formal she had in California and one new one, in spite of the fact that most of the girls wore different dresses each time. We thought she was over the hurdle, but it is the custom here for a junior couple to lead the seniors in the march at Commencement and the Baccalaureate, and she and Stan were voted in for both. She had to have a dress on cover-up lines, so we had to rack out and buy one. It is

white embroidered (or dotted) organdy over yellow satin with a high neck and three quarter sleeves and <sup>has</sup> a big yellow bow in the back. Her daddy thinks it would be cheaper for her to be less popular.

Our school is practically over. Three days next week we have regular schedule, and then we have the kids only when they are taking exams. after that. We are through June 10. I am glad, but the girls are not.

We are waiting for July 8, Ruby and Jack. Maybe I will have time to do some real work on Ed's head between June 10 and July 8, Jack, so don't be surprised at anything you find. Certainly, Ruby must come to Michigan in blueing so I can see how she looks in Washington.

I think all of you should remember that the Thomases just don't have much to talk about.

Ed says I have to quit, and I had just started.

Love to all,

Joanna



June 2, 1949  
Springfield, S. Dak.

The robin made good time this month/ It came flying in with 27 cents worth of stamps. I usually put only nine.

Summer School has started and every thing is in an uproar. I'm teaching a three hour course in Library Science . All new and it keeps me busy. I was so tired last night I couldn't sleep so today I'm all pood out. There are six new girls too. This week may pass just as fast as it wants to.

South Dakota has never <sup>been</sup> (to my knowledge) so beautiful as it is this spring. All the <sup>seemed</sup> snow and cold ~~sixed~~ to be just what all the plants and trees needked . We still have all the lovely flowers and many more. The weather is lovely too--all sunshiny but pleasantly cool.

Jetty will not get a letter in the robin next time as she will be in Texas. She will <sup>and the children</sup> have an extra long one next month (after). I know she will have a good time . She is braver than I would be under the cercunstances. However, the children are all big enough to care for themselves. Tell us all about the trip in your next letter. Miss Jeffries must have had a nice long visit. I hope it didn't tირer her out. The letters from her and Will B. were missed in S. Dak. Audrey did herself proud for both of them ,however.

Since everybody still has hair on the brain, I'll report on mine. The Gertrude Stein stage has not been reached yet but so much has been clipped off that it looks like the hills of old Kentucky. Audrey, this was a good permanent (as good as I've ever had- including the last \$12.50 one) My hair takes too much curl/ I wish some of the bald - headed brothers had some of my ~~xxx~~ crowning glory. Brains and hair just don't go together though.

Thanks for the pictures, Ruby, they are all good. Frame that one of you in the com-  
plémising position because it also shows that we women have to act queerly to attratt  
attention.

There letters were taken from the P.O. box at eleven last night and here it is 10:00 A.M. Someone count that up--I don't have time. The mail leaves at 12:30 so you see?

See you in August.

Love to all,

Eleanor

No extremely offinsive subjects mentioned.

June 4, 1949.

My dears:

Bill and Audrey came by here on their way to the farm to work in the garden, and took the Robin to read, and I promised to write my part and have it ready for them to pick up as they go back.

Mrs. Gaines worked this morning and I spent the time down town buying myself some cool clothes and some shoes, got back about noon and read the Robin while eating my graham crackers for lunch. I got a lavender dress and a blue sheer, which I hope will do me all summer.

I think now I will go to Washington for a week or so, and Ruby and I may go on to New York for some fall buying. Ruby, I have that cord suit I had last summer, another polka dot, brown the color of the ribbon on my panama hat I got when I got the suit. Brown thinks the cord suit looks better on me than anything I have, and was proud of me in it at the fair last summer. Then I have a blue chambray, the lavender chambray, and the black print I wore last year, and the blue sheer, and that will have to do. It's more clothes than I have usually come to see you with.

Ray don't want me to fly, but that would be the nicest and not much more. I get on the plane here at 8:15 and arrive Washington 2:15, and only \$78.00. However I could get on the day coach here at 1:00 A.M. and get there at 8:15 that night, for about 40.00, but Ray says that would be too much for me, and I will have to take a pullman, which would add \$6.10 each way plus pullman \$12.00, making about \$64.00, plus meals on the train. I will have all next week to decide.

Ed, you and your daughters sure do make aristocratic pictures and Miss Ruby sure does seem to be telling you boys off. I have seen her do it in real life but not ever before with such a stylist pose.

Well, we are looking forward with lots of pleasure to August, and do wish we could have a house by that time, but it looks like nothing is ever going to be reasonable again. Ray just won't pay the prices for what we want, and really think he likes the apartment, because he is like Joe looks the yard over and comments on how long it would take him to mow it.

I would like to have the Ed Stout house Mary Marks once bought, but it is only to be had for \$14,000.00, out of our reach now, but a lot of money has been spent on it, a full basement dug, and another bathroom put in, and two apartments made. Katie wants Ray to buy it, but he thinks that is too much.

I wanted the Bagby house, and Ray had Mr. Willoughby to bid thirteen thousand, and it sold for fifteen thousand, five hundred, Jane Morningstar and her sister Louise Hines bought it for a home.

In August it will be hot at our house, but we have plenty of beds to put everybody up. I wish we could have the Harman cabin out on the river, but it has been done up to fancy for Lewie to ever be willing to let us use it. He has built a room, a masterbed room, beautifully furnished and has the kitchen done over, and he and his bride lived out there until they divorced, but he stays out there most of the time now every week end, and the school uses it for parties.

Sam's cabin is still available, but it is not nice enough, and there is no running water, but they have lights. There are plenty of beds to take out there. but rough-necks have been breaking it and tearing things up, until the boys have almost abandoned it. If Sam or Joe is here come August he could take the boys out there and the rest of us stay in town. Joe is pretty good with little boys, or big boys the size of David and Scott. He has gone to the cave this week-end with his Boy Scout troop, or he took two troops, all dressed up in his shirt and all his badges. The mothers here think Joe is their answer to their prayers.

Ray says he can not see why all of us together can't find beds enough for the whole family without renting tourist cabins. They are almost as expensive around here as hotels. The only difference is you don't have to tip your way in and out. I will be in Washington next week, and Ruby and I will plan it then.

Brown and Audrey just came by going out to the Borders farm to their garden, and they say the baby loves playing in the dirt. She is scared of Joe and Sam. Won't let them touch her, and Bill says they are jealous of my making over her. Sam says, Mother, you talk so silly, if you could just hear yourself, and Joe mocks me talking baby talk to her, but I really don't talk much baby talk.

(over)



Monday Morning *now*

Well, this morning I feel like a washed out dishrag, and if I don't pretty get a rest from the telephone, am going to pass out. I answer it here at the shop fifteen or twenty times a day just when we are the busiest, and then go home and answer for Sam's girls, and both his and Joe's boy friends until I think I will have the home telephone taken out.

One reason I feel faged out this morning I had too large a dose of Brown's ex wife and family. I got mixed up in Martha's fight for the control of Jim Ed without even trying. You all know that I have made it a point to stay away from his X family after they all treated him so cruelly, but lately I have been caught in the cross fire two or three times through no intention of mine.

Saturday I have a hard day because my shop help, Mrs. Gaines, was out of town for the week-end, and I had a busy day. I went home so tired I couldn't eat my supper, and went to bed about eight, and about 9:30 Martha called me out of a deep sleep into which this medicine puts me, and in my sleepy state of mind said the wrong thing, and she blew a fuse and drove over here Sunday to fight it out with Jim Ed, and wanted to meet him at our house. She had called me out of deep sleep two nights before, and I spent half an hour calling Jim Ed to phone next door, and told him exactly what she said she wanted him to do, and he promised me he would call her that night, but never did call because he decided he didn't want to go home, which of course put me on the spot. He failed in Algebra and Latin, and she wanted him to come home and have a Miss Means there coach him for six weeks in Latin and Algebra and he would have to go to High School four years instead of five. Brown felt that he would do better to take night work next year than to do it this way not wanting it, and he heeded Jim Ed so desperately on the tobacco crop, and Jim Ed was making a good worker, and seemed to like to run the tractor, etc. What I said that set off the fireworks was that maybe Jim Ed would rather go to school here next year, and the summer coaching would not help him much here. I was so sleepy, and never did talk to Jim Ed, but Brown told me he had decided not to go home. I felt sorry for him, he ate dinner with us, and said they surely did have him on a spot. I went back to bed and worried the rest of the night about saying the wrong thing in my sleep, and Ray got mad, and said, "To Hell with Martha stop worrying about whether she got mad or not. She has been back and forth thorough this town fifty times since she divorced Brown and has never paid you the least bit of attention, and not stop letting her fight Brown over your head." I finally went to sleep, and then woke up all washed out, and no sooner than we had breakfast here came Brown and Jim Ed, and said I sure did get him in bad mentioning Jim Ed going to school here next year. They had just met her coming down state street, and she blew her top. Brown said she was so mad she was in a tremble. Jim Ed said she told Brown to go on she knew him from A to Z and was not going to argue with him. She is just green-eyed jealous of Jim Ed's affection for his daddy, the only child she has who cares a whoop for him. Her propaganda of hate for their daddy just did not take with Jim Ed, and he likes Audrey, and she is crazy about him. Her heart just aches for Brown the way they treat him. I do wish he could just forget the last one of them and never seen any of them again but Jim Ed. This Sylvia is the one who is going to grow up and make him a living in his old age, because she is smart, and loves her daddy like no other baby I ever saw unless it was our Sam. Jim Ed is crazy about the baby and she likes him. She has more expression in her face than any baby I ever saw.

Martha and girls looked swell, Dot and Mary Evelyn were with her, and they came up to see if Jim Ed was coming home, and Brown and Audrey were there. He wanted to talk Martha into letting Jim Ed stay another week, but she didn't come up until after he drove off, and then came up. I couldn't appreciate Dotsie's new permanent, however, since she had called me every fifteen minutes for two different nights until she got hold of her daddy to get the money for it. She called him two different times, and long distance called every fifteen minutes until 9:30 when he finally did get to the phone. They don't have a telephone, and I guess a good thing they would keep him broke calling and reversing the charge when they want something. It does seem that not a one of them can write a line and send it by mail. Well, now you see Joe I can blow my top some, and don't you worry about this summer, for I may blow it a few times then. Didn't you know that is the way a woman throws off steam by using her tongue, and then usually regrets it, like I will writing all this, but am sending it anyway. See you in Washington next week believe it or not.

Love, Virginia.

Tuesday night, June 27, 1949

Chillun:

The Robin was here when I got home tonight. I am living in the basement, and the nice people who have our house put my mail down on the table by my door. Last night it was some candy from my Jettie Beep from Austin, and then tonight it was the Robin -- that's entirely too good an average -- it will get me to expecting too much.

Jettie and the children left for Texas on June 4 or thereabouts. I have heard from them regularly, and everything seems to be going fine. They have visited in Dallas, Corsicana, Hillsboro, Austin, San Marcos, and Temple. They still have Denton in store, and then, I think, back to Temple for my coming. I have missed them a lot, but I have been too busy really to think about it much. I am teaching a class in American University in Washington this summer and working with the charter Commission of Alexandria, Virginia, just across the river. What with my many chores at the office, all my time is taken. I can hardly find time to cut the grass. I have made a deal with the little boy in the house to feed the kitten and the dog and puppies, so I don't even have to come home when some of my manifold chores forbid. I plan at present to join them late in July in Texas, and drive back through Alabama and Kentucky. That whole thing, however, will take so much time and will be such hard work visiting everybody and always on your best manners, that I may take a suggestion in Jettie's last letter and not go to Texas at all but go somewhere and wait for them to get back. I very much want to go to Texas, but it will cost so much getting there and be such a wearing ordeal trying to get everywhere and see everybody, that we may reconsider.

Ginna is here -- rather she and Ruby are in New York now. I shall mail them the Robin tomorrow, so they can get it when they first arrive. Mildred let them have her apartment in New York, and they are living in comfort and seeing the big city. I hope to have a chance to visit with them on Thursday night, but they may not be back.

Seems like this whole dang tribe is working itself to death. Miss Eleanor teaching in summer school, Ed tearing around taking exams, W. B. setting out too many acres of tobacco, Ginniah working up her pressure, Jack about to blow a gasket all the time to keep Miss Ruby from blowing hers, Miss Jettie combing the countryside with a bunch of kids, and me! Miss Jeffries, how about adding "futility" somewhere in that list of virility, utility, and senility.

Audrey, they warn't no date on your letter, but they were a long gap between El's June 2 and Miss Ella's June 24. Who dunnit? They ain't nobody busiar'n me, and here I am writing this thing first night off. I'm not fussin' and not pushin' (if Ginna'll pardon the expression), but we all orta get it on its way.

We've got four of the cutest puppies you ever saw, and one of the cutest little white kittens you ever saw. The latter, however, has been sitting in my lap for a half hour, and I am now so completely covered with fleas that I believe I'm going to have to be disinfected before I'll quit itching.

Audrey, Virginia is as foolish as a grandma about Sylvia. I think really you all ought to teach the baby to call her grandma. All she can do is gush about Sylvia. Frankly, I've never seen any babies except my own that were wonderful enough to justify such enthusiasm. Miss Jeffries, I hope you will be on hand for our get-together the second week in August -- at least that's when JP and our gang and I plan to get there.

Love to all of you,

Joe

(A)

## Trying to Write a Bread and Butter Letter

The polite thing to do as soon as one returns <sup>home</sup> from a visit is to write a nice little letter assuring your hostess that you had a wonderful time. (whether you did or not) A bread and butter letter usually <sup>contains</sup> unenthusiastic <sup>little</sup> enthusiasms about all the little things you did while visiting and nothing of real interest. This is how I go about writing one.

The first few days after I come home and while the memory of a pleasant visit is still fresh I think of a hundred things to say in a letter. For some reason or another these thoughts never get set down on paper. Perhaps I think that after all I have just spent several days with my friends and I should give them a rest from me, or maybe I need a rest from them. Perhaps I'm busy seeing all the friends I missed while away or catching up on all the work that's accumulated. Anyway the thoughts all go ungathered.

On the next stage I have begun to forget what fun I had and feel that a whole letter gushing with what a wonderful time I had would sound a little insincere. I begin to think of things that have happened since I've returned to add. It hasn't been long enough yet, though. Not enough has happened to fill a whole letter, and after all a visit as nice as that one certainly deserves a nice long letter.

Next I began to plan on writing a letter about the family and my friends and just mentioning what a lovely time I had during my visit of two or three months ago. Something always seems to postpone this letter, too. Of course it's not that I don't want to write or don't like



to write letters. That's ridiculous! It's just that something always comes up that's all.

By this time my parents begin to question me about the letter. When they find I haven't written it yet they both give me a long lecture on how ashamed they are of their impolite child. This is the easiest stage of all. I no longer have to appease my own conscience. It becomes a matter of impressing my parents with how busy I am. As long as I can keep myself piled up with exams and term papers in their eyes I am safe. Since I am writing this from actual experience I will be forced to stop here because I haven't passed this stage yet. And that darn letter isn't written yet!

(A)

## Autobiography

I was born on October 30, 1932 in Owensboro, Kentucky. My mother was a housewife and my father was the principal of a small town high school. When I was very young we moved to Louisville where I began my education. My mother sent me to kindergarten. I spent one lovely year in the four year old kindergarten. Then came the five year old kindergarten and then the first grade. By this time I was beginning to learn that this school business wasn't all a picnic. For one thing they wanted me to learn how to spell. This all seemed like nonsense to me but I tried.

When I was in the fourth grade the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. It was on a Sunday afternoon and we had gone, as usual, to a bakery out in the suburbs for maple nut ice cream and doughnuts. A news boy came by screaming his head off while we were sitting in the car. Daddy jumped out and bought a paper and he and Mother suddenly became very serious. I didn't quite understand what



was meant but I knew that somehow the afternoon had been ruined. The following July my Dad went into the Air Corps. As soon as he finished his training he was stationed at the Douglas Army Air Field at Douglas, Arizona. In December <sup>1942</sup> we sold our house, stored our furniture, and drove to Arizona to join him. We lived in a hotel until by some miracle we found a house. Douglas was right on the Mexican border and about every other Sunday we went to Mexico to eat or wander around the curio shops.

In 1945 near the end of the war we returned to Kentucky and lived at Benton on Kentucky Lake, one of the biggest T.V.A. lakes.

My father wanted to work on a Ph.D. in Wildlife at Stanford University so in 1947 we went to California for a year. We lived in Menlo Park and I went to Sequoia Union High School in Redwood City. I thought California <sup>was nice</sup>, but I was glad to come back to the middle-west.

## A Our King Sized, King Snake

Once when my father was taking a boat trip in a swampy pond <sup>in the swamps</sup> in Kentucky, he saw a snake move in the undergrowth. He caught the snake and brought him home. We called him King. King was a king snake measuring five feet, and nine inches. He was light brown with darker designs in the shape of a diamond with the corners rounded off. Since King snakes aren't poisonous his head and eyes were round. The scales on his underneath side were broad and rounded. Two of them reached clear across his underneath side.

King was very strong. If one picked him up, holding behind his head, he would wind himself around one's arm so tightly it almost hurt. He killed his food by squeezing it to death or biting it with his millions of sharp little teeth. In the wilds he ate small rodents and sometimes birds' eggs. We fed him eggs and occasionally a small animal. After we had kept him a few months, Dad took him back to home in the

4708 Calvert Road,  
College Park, Maryland  
Friday, July 22, 1949

Chillun:

The ole Robin staggered in this morning, just catching me before I leave for Texas. It would have been stymied for nearly three weeks if it had been delayed until tomorrow. It occurs to me, for that reason, that Ed had better make sure that El is going to be in South Dakota before he sends the Robin on when he gets it. Indeed, Ed, it might be better for you to short-circuit El this time and send it on to Virginia and let El read it in Bowling Green and write her letter there. As for us, it can't miss here, since I am now getting the Robin off and will be back within two and a half weeks, so we can't miss it. We know where the trouble lies in last month's delay, with ole W. B., where it has lain before. Seems to me we oughtn't to rattle him over it, since he does the best he can, given his limitations. Ed, it seems to me that every central office has problem territories or districts that don't hold up the national average. I know that none of us out in the field, doing the day to day work on this Robin, want to incur the disfavor of the administration; but it does seem to me that when the central office finds a particular territory that doesn't hold up the general average, one way to handle the dilemma is to let the problem district just rock along and do the best it can. It might be that it would cost well more than the improved business would bring in to bring up the problem area to the overall average.

On this business of the ~~averages~~ awards, Ed, it seems to me that you might as well let Ruby make them. Such authority is frequently delegated by administrations to specific deserving persons in the hierarchy. For example, when diplomas are awarded here at the University, the president makes a spiel, "By the authority vested in me by the Board of Regents . . . I hereby confer . . ." Seems to me we could work out such a spiel for Rube: "By the authority vested in my by the Administration at Jackson . . . I hereby bestow upon you . . ." It seems to me furthermore that Ruby, especially when she gets purpled up with the proper amount of bluing in her tresses, puts up a bit more imposing a impression for the ceremony than you do. I don't mean to disparage you, but you and I, after all, are pretty much plain vanilla. I think, too, that there ought to be an award of some sort for everyone. For example, Ginna could have an award for almost blowing the lid off the Robin with the sheer pressure from her own circulatory system. Will Brown might be given an award for the distinction of being the only one in the tribe who held up the Robin for three weeks on account of a model tobacco crop. I might get an award for being the one during the year who got so hateful at one time that it started something of a revolution in the ranks and brought the present administration into the ascendancy in the organization. There's one in every crowd, you know. El could be awarded the fur-lined silver halo with expansible joints for weathering the coldest winter and the hottest summer. Jack could be given a special merit award for being the straight man for the best blow hit during the year in the Robin, namely, in this Robin, where he writes "you all" and in Miss Jeffries' handwriting is written in "Don't be a d\_\_\_\_\_y \_\_\_\_." He can't help it Miss Jeffries, he was borned thataway. Give Ray Harman an award for keeping quieter than any in-law is entitled to. Audrey ought to have an award for producing the only thing really worthwhile this year, namely Sylvia.

No use of my writing anything about the reunion, since I will doubtless beat the Robin to Bowling Green. It looks now like the reunion will be minus both the Ed Rays and the Jack MacDonalds. We won't be there but three or four days. I am leaving at 7:30 tonight by train, and should arrive in Dallas early Sunday morning, where I will be met by my long-lost folks, have a week at a camp in Temple and then help Jettie finish up her tour of the southland, visiting everybody and living off of them. We ought to be in Bowling Green some time around August 6 to 8, and then take off for C. P.

I'll special delivery this to Ruby, so she will get it Saturday morning. Then if there is further delay, I hope the central office at Jackson will take due note. For my own part, I don't want to get out of favor with the administration. I've had trouble with administrations before, and it ain't no fun. They can cut your water off too fast. It occurs to me that the Jackson administration is pretty far from the spigot, but administrations sometimes have long arms. I'll see most of you in Kentucky and all but Ed when I get back. I've seen ole Eddard twice in the past seven months, and that's a pretty good percentage as against our lifetime batting average.

Love to you all,

  
Joe.

Sunday night, July 3, 1949

Dear Folks:

Since Ruby and Ginny have been to New York for nearly a week and I've been to Atlantic City for a convention for almost the same length of time, we're taking it easy over the 4th. We have hardly moved a wheel-- except to stretch out on the roof in the sun twice today-- with a result of being slightly parboiled. But not too bad. We want to look healthy for Kentucky and Slippery Rock, particularly Ruby who will come with blue hair, tobacco hide, and emaciated figure since <sup>she</sup> has dieted herself down to 119.

I lost part of my spare tire in the heat and long hours of work at Atlantic City-- and am bent on holding it. And it isn't hard not to eat much in this weather. And keep thin.

Ruby will tell you the details of our trip. We had planned to go to Ed's this coming week end but I had only the week end, for my work will be tough for the next two weeks-- so Ed said on the phone to postpone it till the first week in August. We'll stay there for several days and then on to Bowling Green about the 6th or 7th. Guess Joe and Eleanor will precede us by a few days.

It was good to see Ginny-- and we'd had had Joe Wilson up from Camp Eustis the week before. For the records, Joe Ray, Ginny, and Ruby had several sessions of gab-- so I guess the family hash is settled even before we get to Bowling Green.

I wouldn't advise any of you to go to Atlantic City for a vacation. It's all right if you're located in one of the big resort hotels but the places along the Boardwalk look like a cheap carnival.. hot dog stands, shooting galleries, pin-ball machines, frozen custard stands, cane-and-hats cubby holes, and so forth. However the big hotels

7-3-49

① Dear Folks -

When you look at that date you will realize that I am not in the running for one of those medals Ed is wearing back and passing out. I don't think he should be the one to award medals anyway - since he is probably the most eligible this year. That is - only because I see took or undertook to discipline us. Of course if you give men's and women's medals - Eleanor might get one and Settie. Miss Setties should have one - except that she missed last time. Miss S. you really deserve a medal for just reading our stuff. I just may get what set of medals myself. I'm the logical one since Jim not in the running by



as some of you at keep it as long  
as some of you - in Bowling Green.  
And then of course I'm the old gray  
head member of the family.  
I have just had one of the best  
times of my life with Ginny. We took  
ourselves to New York and did the  
place up brown. The weather was  
hot and we were wilted but we went  
on and on. As most of you know  
Mildred Scott was in Fla. so she let  
us have her apartment which bought  
~~the~~ our visit by making it cheaper.  
We shopped and tramped all day  
rested at night - except for two night  
we stayed late for shows  
The most outstanding show was  
the stage show at Radio City - it  
was their Fifth of July celebration.  
It was so spectacular I can't tell  
about it. Virginia and I will tell you later  
we can use our hands and feet  
sometime this summer.

We also gave out cives Toms. There is no question about which has the Tom. Anyone can tell that we both have. She kept saying that she would probably give me a better one than I gave her. Hers looks better than mine after she's had a professional hair cut and set. The barber did it have a very high opinion of my ability to cut hair with N. I'ded's pinching shears. Van said he started the whole time she was in the shop. I cut my own with the same shears and our hair <sup>is</sup> very little trouble with it. And Eleanor thinks we have hair on the brain! Not me!

We also found an orchid on the street - a fresh practically untouched one. We took turns wearing it - both of had on cotton

house dresses - and no corsets or  
hose. But we wore the flower  
proudly. Incidentally we bought  
some merchandise for the shop.

Since this robin has been here  
I have seen or talked to all of  
you - on written - with the exception  
of you Miss Telfries. I shall write you  
to night. I'm awfully glad you have pro-  
mised to let us take your apt.

Ed says he can't come to Ky, which  
a plan to us. We have changed our  
plans and are going there before com-  
ing to Ky. If Ginny can get a place  
for Joe and his family they will stay there  
two weeks. We haven't seen him as  
much as we want to even though  
he is so near. He is so busy and distances  
are so long especially by public trans-  
portation. I think his greatest burden  
this summer has been missing his  
family. We can't begin to make up for  
the.

I'll be awfully glad to Bowing Green  
to see you all - especially that Sylvia.

all have vaulted tunnels from their lowers floors running out to the broad beach, under the boardwalk.

The convention had many notable speakers and musicians-- many of whom I met in the course of my news covering: Secretary of Defense Louis A. Johnson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Lawrence Tibbett and Mrs. Tibbett (by the way, he's thin and over 6 feet tall--it's the baby face that fools you), Clare Booth Luce, Asst. Secretary of State George V. Allen ("The Voice of America" broadcasts) and other lesser lights like Averell Harriman, Sheldon Coleman (the Wichita stove builder) and others.

The auditorium down there is the biggest things I ever saw--right on the Boardwalk-- and the main arena seats 40,000 people. It's big enough for a football game to be played inside. There are two second floor auditoriums which seat 16,000 and several other slightly smaller rooms. All connected with ramps-- no stairways.

El: I'm waiting to get to Ky to get one of your good, home cooked meals. Brown and Audrey: We can hardly wait to see Sylvia, for she's a humdinger if she looks like this picture. Joanna: I suppose the reason Ed keeps those stuffed animals in the study is that--he likes to look at things that really had hair. Miss Jeddies: We hope you come back to see us while we're in B.G. and pay us a visit in your house.

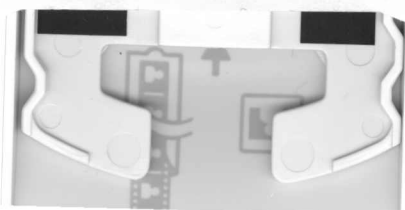
By the way, Joe is like a lost hound dog without Jettie and the kids-- Ruby has talked to him three times today on the phone. Jettie sent us some fancy Texas pralines, which are hard to beat for really good candy. I gues they're having a swell time, despite the heat.

Thass all-- we'll mail this within the hour-- and hope to see you all ---and I do mean all-- soon. Love

(you all), don't be such d--- y---!

Jack

*Jack*



July 6, 1949

Dear Rays,

The Robin came yesterday, but I didn't know whether Ed would be in Jackson or Lansing this week until I received his letter from Lansing today. I am hastening to mail it on to him so he will get it before he leaves for the week-end. He comes home on Friday night.

We are going to move to Jackson when we find a house but don't expect to do that very soon. We have been told that it will be much easier to find a house now than it would have been three months ago and that we should find one without too much difficulty. Jackson was written up in Time about two months ago as a town the recession had hit hard, you may remember. We stayed there about a week last summer when we were looking for a place to live and



have shopped there several times since, and we like the town. The girls think it is too large and would prefer a smaller town nearby. We would stay here if Ed's job would permit, but we have to live in Jackson. Ed says his job has been a swell vacation so far, but I will let him tell you about that.

The girls and I are living an easy life these days. We go to bed at 12:00 and get up at 9:00. We are sewing some and, of course, washing and ironing. There is some form of entertainment in the village park every night, and the girls take all of it in. I am reading to make up for the ten months' time I have lost. I first read the Omnibooks and now I am reading "The World's Illusion" which I have been ashamed of neglecting to read for so many years.

We were expecting Ruby and Jack this week until Sat. when Ruby called and said they couldn't come now. We were disappointed, but we are glad they can come later and stay longer than they had expected to stay now. I wish we could get moved before then so Ed could be with

them more, but I'm afraid it will be impossible.

We have been having very hot weather. When it is  $93^{\circ}$  ~~here~~ in this humid place, it seems much worse than  $100^{\circ}+$  in Arizona. I think this must be the worst climate in the United States.

Ruby and Virginia's New York trip sounds interesting. The girls got a laugh out of the orchid and house dresses. Also, Jettie seems to be having fun (I know the work that is connected with the fun, too). Mother, Dad, and Lonella came up the week after school was out and we went through Canada to Niagara Falls. All of us enjoyed the trip. We were away only two days. The folks then stayed a week with the girls and me, and Ed went to his job.

A storm is coming up, and I must get this in the post office.

Love to all,

Joanna

Lansing, Michigan  
July 8, 1949

Dear folks,

Joan sent me the Robin and I'm in a hurry to get it in the mail, for the trip up here has already delayed it a couple of days.

It seems that some of you yokels have held this thing up agin and I must remind you that I will be forced to <sup>take</sup> action on the matter as much as I dislike to do so. Please leave Ruby out of the next issue, Gin. Send the Robin to Jack instead. This matter of holding the robin and bragging about it, <sup>as</sup> Ruby did, does not set well with the administration at all. From here it looks as if Jack may also be withdarwn from the Robin circulation if he continues to exert no influence on her that is of a positive nature. Also, I must take notice of this in the awards given out. Although I will not be able to attend the reunion, I expect to issue the awards just the same by mail and at a central headquarter after which I will turn the administration of this "thing" over to some one else. You can rest assured that it will not be Ruby, for she is much too cussed dilatory to trust in such matters. All she has to do is keep the dust out of the demitasse cups and yet she hold up the Robin.

Gen, no wonder you have high blood pressure, you live and exciting life in currents and cross currents, most of which you get caught in. If it isn't the Thomases its some one closer to you. If you will pardon me for saying so, I think it is your basic philosophy that is at fault. You have what all of the Scotts have a geat deal of, a "relative complex" which is exercised overtime in in-law relationships. Gradmother and all of her daughters had it with the probable exception of our mother. They were all unhappy most of the time because sombody or other didn't do what they thought should be done, or did too much of it. Lets permit a guy to live his own life or do what he wants to so long as in doing so he doesn't harm someone else. And because he doesn't do what he should, in our estimation do, lets not write him off, and make an effort to forget about him. The kids you speak of in your letter are perhaps consciously trained to dislike us, but were we not trained to dislike the Virgil Scotts and the Brown Scotts. At this point I can see no good that came of it. In fact, I think it was detrimental to us. Uncle Virgil and the Brown Scotts treated us as you would treat the young Rays. The Scotts said, told me, that we would never amount to anything. Well we probably haven't amounted to a hell of a lot, but I will warrent that the finished product was above their expectation. I rather think that ~~that~~ it would have been better for all concerned if the older people, our aunts and uncles, had given us encouragement rather than criticism. Certainly, I would have had a better attitude toward them than I have today. It is still a little uncomfortable to think about my early relationship with my aunts and uncles. They tried to do with me what you are trying to do with the younger set. So long as the youngsters reamain morally straight and honest we should have little cause to worry about them.

(Over)

They are better off than any of us were at their ages. I haven't forgotten that I had only one shirt at a time and one pair of socks at a time for three years while I washed them each night. The rest of you were just as well off.

As Joan told you, I'm working for the Conservation Department here. The work is not hard and it is right down my alley. I like it. The job I have is a new one and I will do about what I want to do. It deals primarily with conservation education, and I work with teachers and school administrators. My main job will be to write a book on the subject to be used by teachers. I took the job with that in mind, for there has been nothing done of a permanent nature in the field. I will do quite a little traveling in the job. My territory will be only southern Michigan. I'll maintain an office in Jackson with the rest of the conservation outfit. I have nice guys to work with. The worse thing about the job is that there are only two weeks vacation per year. I don't know if I can get along on that little. The work is much like a vacation, except I can't take my family with me when I am on detached service. The conservation department maintains elaborate camps in several places in the state.

We are very sorry that we will be unable to make the reunion, for I can't get time off. Already I have investigated it. Maybe next year we can all get together. I hope so. Any please let us know what progress is made toward it.

Lots of love

BL

July 12, 1949  
Springfield, S. Dak.

Dear Folks:

It has been just six weeks since the robbin came to South Dakota. That is two weeks late. Some Pusher will have to put the finger on the guilty one.

My silver-plated haxlo is getting a little tight because I got the letters (with 3 air mail stamps ) last night and am getting them off this morning.

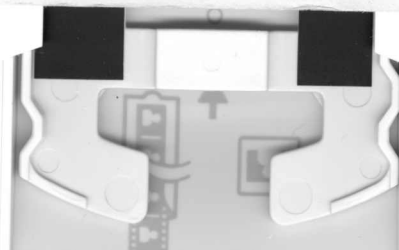
This id the day after registration and I'm busier than last time. Several of the girls came this morning to say that they couldnd't work this term so I had extra work.

We have been having very hot and dry weather. I never was so hot in Georgia/. It was hot all night long for about three weeks. That much heat surely takes the starch out of a person. We had a nice little rain last night and everything is pleasant now. The corn seems to be doing famously-inspite of the dryness. The fields look fine. The Nabraska hills are brown because of the heat and many of the gardens are about ruined.

It will not be long until most of us will be in Bowling Green. It is too bad that the Ed's can't come.

The mail carrier just came so here goes.

Love, Eleanor





July 17, 1949

Dear Folks -

The Robin made good time after it left here, where it seemed permanently grounded. It won't be here so long this time because I'm going to see that it is taken back to Virginia tonight & I do mean tonight.

I didn't think I'd have time to write this time, but maybe I can get in a few words right now.

Now folks the wards failed her so I'll carry on. She has a big lot of apple sauce cooking. She made 42 qt and it's the best you ever tasted. Syrus has just awakened and Jimmy Ed. just caught the bus back to ~~Pleasanton~~ <sup>Martha</sup>. He was here the week end. She said if he ~~would~~ would come home to take a 5 weeks course in school she would bring him back. but when she got him there she enrolled him in a 10 weeks course. Jimmy Ed works like a man and acts just like Joe & Billy. He is so much

company at the farm.

Robb is as high as your head  
Growing faster than my crop I have  
had except the 1940 crop at Harrodsburg  
Ky. I finished setting 10.3 acres the  
9th of June. So much rain the  
weeds got ahead of me. We had to  
chop out the whole crop. I had 4  
others helping me they all burnt  
out but one and he quit. too hot  
for any one to work hard in the  
field, but I never missed a day or  
an hour on account of heat. Got so  
hot my entire body broke out with  
heat, so I had to take my shirt off  
and get a sun tan which drove the  
heat in.

I am the culprit who kept the  
robin out of circulation much too  
long and then never got time to write.  
We can't wait until you all get here  
it seems like you are all pulling it  
off too late. as the frying chickens  
are over ripe now. but our garden  
will be in full production there  
Love W.B.

BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY

July 19, 1944.

Dear Orest,  
Virginia brought the Robin down yesterday morning - I was in the midst of a "soapy" clean up in the kitchen - much needed you may well guess. Then when that was over I had to rest. Rest is a must on my schedule these days! In the afternoon our Church Circle met. I have charge of the funds so had to be there to look after "liabilities due", then company, then supper - then another caller - then rest. So here I am first thing on the agenda this July 19.

Sixty-four years ago today my father was buried. I am reminded by the date. I was thirteen, had five younger sisters. Money was scarce, the farm was large and poor, expenses as years went by exceeded income so you may imagine my life was not one of idle luxury. However, I had a good time getting myself and the others educated, never felt sorry for myself but proud that I had a job and loved to get it done. Well, Eddie, I

over.

think your reminiscences brought me to  
relate mine. Those people have had lives sim-  
ilar to ours than we may think. Most of  
them do as we do. Keep those things with  
in the small understanding circle of family  
and close friends. It is a good plan to  
keep our minds on the good things that  
have come our way, and they are many.

I don't see Brown often. He is away  
all day and sleeps at night. It is what  
I don't go anywhere if I can help it, so  
we just stay in our own corner, and  
fart. I mean we in this house.

Eddie, your job seems interesting but I'm  
sorry you have to move. If "three moves  
equal a fire" you must be burnt out.  
So sorry you can't get to Ky. this year.  
I always look forward to seeing you - I  
don't know why - I just get a peep. That  
is something though.

Jo Anna we surely missed you at the  
reunion - everyone asked about you  
and your children - I told them young  
ladies ~~not~~ children. How I'd love to see  
them! According to "Guntie Jeff" they are darlings.  
A very unprejudiced judge, of course. So  
I'm glad others think so too.

"93 with humidity high" has not been  
at all unusual for B. G.

It was cloudy and cool the day of the reunion. Gertrude and Isabel rare to the occasion and a good was had by all. Guess Louella will tell you all about it.

Jack, I'm expecting you to be as graceful as the discus thrower when I see you and dear Ruby a sylph of 115. Well!

Thanks for your advice, I'll just not go to Atlantic City. I was there once and like you I have never wanted to go again.

Virginia told me about the trip to New York - you (Ruby) must have enjoyed it lots especially the orchid. Virginia's Tong is superb. I have not had that personal letter but I am going to the Boyds for Guyart. While Luella is home and I can have her room. I promised them but Guyart. I'm sure they want me for they really visit me every time they can. So you just use this apartment. Ruth wants no children so have yours at home. I always leave mine. Yes, I'll "look in" on you, Joe, your "backing" days are about



finished. When the wife is away a  
fellow learns to appreciate her. As a mid-  
lower gets him one if she passes on.  
You needn't - Well maybe not.

Eleven, dear, thanks for the birthday  
card. it is a beautiful one and you  
are sweet. It is a short letter this  
time but we will see you soon.

Love M. Jeffries.

Sunday Night- July 24

1949?

Dear Folks:

The Robin came at a bad time for us-- but we are still getting it off within two days (I'm thinking of the administrative awards). It arrived just as we were leaving with my sister, her husband, and two children for the beach (Scientists Cliffs, on Chesapeake Bay) on Saturday noon.

We were in such a rush that we forgot to take pen and stationery along so Ruby wrote her stint on the back of a piece of paper posted in the cottage this afternoon before I came back into Washington.

We have been having a rather rush time, as usual. Ruby and I went to Pennsylvania the week end after the 4th of July and Ruby stayed there about 10 days (she had just come back from being to New York with Virginia). Then she brought our little niece, Susan Martin, aged 5, back with her. That meant playgrounds, and afternoon naps, and cooking the right kinds of food for a child in hot weather ( it has been hovering around 90 here for the past three weeks without much relief).

Then this past week, Sukie's parents and their other child arrived (Judy, aged 2) and we all took off for the cottage. The beach there is wonderful for children; you can wade out about 100 yards without getting more than waist deep on adults-- and even the children can wade out quite a distance. I will drive out again Tuesday night with some folks here (from Washington) take a swim and come back the same evening. We have the cottage till Saturday noon. After which the folks from Pennsylvania will return home; we'll come into Washington (rather they will, for I'm here all the time) and get our apt. ready to close for a month, our clothes washed ready for our vacation.

We plan to stay in Slippery Rock three or four days after July 30-- then on the Ed's at Milan, reaching there, we hope, by the evening of Aug. 5. We haven't decided how long we will stay in Milan (That is, Ruby hasn't told me )--

but it will probably be four or five days since it's a fairly long trip for such a short stay , as we had previously planned.

We're are not sure we are coming to Bowling Green this summer. Ruby seems to think we're doing too much traipsing in too hot weather-- first to N.Y.; then the Pennsylvania; then to the beach; back to Pennsylvania; out to Milan, Mich.-- and then if we went to Bowling Green, we'd still want to come back to Pennsylvnaia to avoid the hot weather in Washington-- which makes about 8 trips during one summer. Which she says is too much for her if she's to have any rest before she starts to teach again.

However, I'll let her write to you about it. For it's her decision , if we can make the check-book hold up with so many jaunts and still pay rent here.

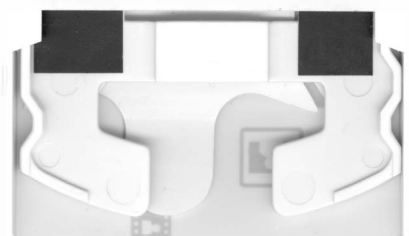

I certainly appereaited Miss Jeffries' warning not to be so d---y---. I'll try not to be, 'Cept my grandpappy was a Union soldier, you know. And we have a big picture of him with his Union-forever cap on.

Ruby will write further this week end when she gets back from the Cliffs and before we take off to Pennsylvania and Michigaa.

Joe left for Texas to join his family last Friday by train. They plan to stop off in B.G. just two days, I understand.

Am writing this ere bed-- and believe me it is HOT here-- so will close and get this on its way to the "adminstrator". I think Ruby's idea of the contest for the prettiest is not a bad idea-- for she hopes to take it with her blue hair, brown skinx, and "colorful" 118-pound personality. At least she hopes to. Time will tell. Love to all

Jack



Copied from  
"THE RECORD"  
(Bethesda-Chevy Chase Newspaper)

"Nine years ago a friend invited me to spend the day at Scientists' Cliffs on Chesapeake Bay (named for the high cliffs which are filled with sea deposits of scientific value). Ever since it has been to me the garden spot of the world for a vacation. I never go anywhere else.

It is the only place in the world I know where one may enjoy all the conveniences of modern life minus the telephone. It is the only place I know where one may live for weeks in the barefoot stage and still enjoy the fellowship of cultured folks, most of whom are bereft of shoes.

~~It is the only place I know where one may sleep at 5 or 6~~ without being thought crazy, and roam for hours along a tranquil beach watching the sun come up. It is the only place I know where folks go to bed at a decent hour and there is no blare of radios throughout the evening.

It is the only place I know where folks dress in their oldest clothes and still are not thought of as poor or shabby. It is the only place I know where there is nothing for sale on the beach—not even a newspaper.

This paradise is on the Chesapeake Bay, just 59 miles from my front door in Bethesda. It was founded about 10 years ago by a Chevy Chase man, George Flippo Gravatt, who was looking for a place where he could get away from the hurly-burly of city life for weekends of solitude and communion with nature. But Flippo couldn't keep a good thing to himself very long. Soon one of his friends became enamoured with the place and begged permission to erect a cabin. This was followed by another and another until now there are about 80 Cliff Dwellers.

There are restrictions on lot purchases. One person of a married couple must be a college graduate or the equivalent thereof. Mr. Gravatt and his friends don't want to be "snooty", but they do want to keep the place as nearly as possible in its natural condition, free from commercialism and for people who have similar interests. They don't want to take into their membership anyone who would encourage the construction of a summer resort hotel, the erection of a hot dog stand or the installation of a jute box. The only telephone on the place, installed only last summer, is for emergency only.

All cabins are built of logs taken from the woods on the place. The furniture for the cabins is made in a shop there also. Paint is discouraged. Most of the cabins have hot and cold water, one or two baths, electric refrigerators, and screened porches overlooking the Bay.

To some people Scientists' Cliffs would be a nightmare as a vacation spot. To me it is a perfect place for rest and relaxation. At least a half hundred other Bethesda-Chevy Chase folks must feel the same way about it as I always run into them down there"

Mrs. J. Reed Bradley, Editor and Owner

Dear Children;

This came by special delivery as we were leaving for Scientist's Cliffs. We have the cottage that Joe and Settina would have had - had they not gone to Texas. It really is as perfect as the reading on the back of this tells. Jack's sister Isabel and her two daughters are here. Jack, Ben and Bill Offutt were here for the weekend. They may come back next weekend too.

What I'd love above all things is for the Rays to spend one solid week here. If I were not so out of favor with the administration in Michigan I'd try to get a little publicity for the project. I think Joe and Settina would help me.

Thank you Joe I'm going to take your suggestion and pass out all those awards. Hold the letter lest I forget. To that list I shall add an award for the prettiest - or at least to the one with some degree of beauty.

Miss Jeffries that note about Jack's you-all was clever.

Lane Ruler



Thursday 28, 1949.

Dear Joanna, Ruby & Eleanor:

Ray and I spent last week-end at Sulphur Wells, went with Waife & Graham Motley and Dr. & Mrs. J. L. Harman in Graham's new car. It was hot, but plenty of food, and a big wide porch with rocking chairs but a few days are all one would enjoy.

When I got home Miss Jeffries called me and she was really sick, and too sick to decide what to do and wanted me to come down and tell her what to do. I went down, and found she had 102 fever, and really was pretty sick. She wanted Graves for a doctor, but he was out of town, and I suggested Newman because she could go to his clinic, which is nicer than the hospital.

We called him, and he promised to check her over at nine the next morning, and Mrs. Yates took her down in the cab. Soon Dr. Newman called me and said she had Virus Pneumonia and kidney infection, and was a pretty sick lady. His nurses were all off on vacation, and had to get her a room at the hospital, and she is there now. I called the family and told them she was responding to treatment, but thought they should know it. She said she didn't want any of them to come, but Linda and Lydia came yesterday and are going to stay until Saturday with her, and Lydia will stay until she is able to go home with her. It will be two weeks.

She says she don't want Jack and Ruby to change their plans, as if she lives, she will be away anyway. She has been scared, and has been thinking she would not get well. Dr. Newman seems to think she is not in dangerous condition, I believe she is getting along all right.

Love,  
Virginia.

340 ~~Maet~~ Main  
Milan, Michigan  
July 31, 1949

Dear Folks,

It looks like from here there is a lot of moving around on the part of the Rays. Because of the shifting of the clan the Robin came back sooner than was expected.

We received Virginia's letter telling about Auntie Jeff's illness. I have just called her to find out about Antie Jeff's condition and I now feel much better having found out that she is much better. We are pulling for her to get well quickly.

We have just heard some good news which is a surprise -- Ele is coming to see us the first of this week we hope. At least, she is going to be here while Jack and Ruby are with us. That brings up the matter of mailing the Robin which I have been hurrying to get off-- I don't have to mail it until they all get here and they can all write in it.

Aug. 7, 1949

We hoped that Rube would be here by now but she isn't so here goes the Robin regardless. Ele has been the best of company and if this Ruby character doesn't show up at all, and it looks as if she aint, we have had a pretty good rump session. We have discussed everybody including the Thomases. Ele and I are at variance only on these characters. She thinks they mean well but I reserve my opinion, for I think they are never happier than when they are raising some kind of hell. So much for the Thomases, may the Devil take them!

I have found out what Ele is cut out for. Today I cleaned out the attic which had an accumulation of forty years of junk in it. Loaded the stuff to haul it away to the dump. Ele screened the stuff and saved such stuff as doll drawers which were of antique style and only wished she had a way of getting other stuff to her store room. I've decided that she is cut out for an antique dealer. She would be in her glory collecting junk to remodel provided she had a place to store it. She admitted to-day that she had already forgotten about most of the junk she has collected and stored away somewhere. She is the same old easy-going goodhearted Ele of former years. I think most of her mental slipping was done at an earlier age and now she is in the groove.

Since the reunion is off, and I am sorry for it, I will retain the awards until a later date. I have already decided what I am to give most of you, but I had much rather give them out personally, but if you are over-anxious, I could mail them provided you would enclose the written message in the next issue of the Robin. I'm anxious to get rid of the administration of this danged Robin. Who wants it? Anybody but Ruby is eligible to take it over. Her demitasse philosophy rules her out. Anyway, she is too busy dusting off the whatnots to handle the thing. If she ever gets up here on the long-projected visit, I may be able to condition her to handle it. She is pretty lackadaisical to place in charge of such an important undertaking. But I am sure that she means well.???

It seems to me that in light of his recent performance Will B. would be a good character to handle the Robin. He seems to be more on the ball than any one else except perhaps, Jack. Jackson would make a good administrator, only I do not want to be bled for the Red Cross, or anybody else.

We are all having a good time. Wish you were here, but I know you are

having a good time where you are. According to the news gathered from the telephone call we just made to the R...Harman's, the apartment must be full of Rays. Seems to me that you are holding a rump session too.

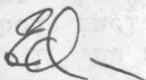
Summer here has been very enjoyable and more so as our friends and relatives come to see us. If Rube and Jackson don't come to see us after all of the build-up, I'm going to send them a small time bomb. So if they don't write in the next issue, you will all know what happened.

We are all over-joyed that Miss Jeffries is much better. We hope that she can write in this issue. If she does and anybody holds the Robin up, I'll cut their water off without notice.

Must cut this thing short, but Gin. don't let Ele get you mixed up with the Thomases while she is with you this summer.

We are anxious to hear about Texas, Getty and Joe. What's you hurry to get back to Maryland Joe? The outfit will rock on without you, wont it? You could have made it by here for 250 extra miles, and I would have fed you enough to have made up for that.

Love,



Bowling Green, Ky.  
August 4, 1949.

Dear Ed:

The best I could get in blooming plants was geraniums, but the pot was pretty with different colors of begonia. Miss Jeffries is too sick to enjoy flowers, and had Margaret take all pot plants to the apartment, and set the cut flowers out in the hall.

Margaret Estes left this morning soon after Lydia and Mrs. Boyd arrived. Dr. Newman has told them Miss Jeffries will not be able to go home for two more weeks and maybe three. She is so weak now, they plan to give her blood transfusion some time today. Sam and Joe went down but they have type A and she needs type C. Dr. Newman has a private clinic and I suppose they do not allow him to draw on the National blood bank, or maybe he was trying to get a donor, and that way it would not cost her.

Miss Jeffries has a sick benefit policy which will take care of her hospital bill, and I doubt if she is worrying about finances. She has been so sick she doesn't seem to care whether she gets well or not.

She has been moved down to the Newman clinic, and is much more comfortable than at the city hospital. Lydia said she would not have lived a week up there, so hot, so little attention, and so noisy.

I went down to the clinic twice and she didn't want to see anybody. She has had too much company, and too many nieces with her too long. Dr. Newman was going to cut out her company. Those Baptist visit their sick, and at the hospital there was no control over visitors.

Dr. Newman thinks she is progressing nicely, and not in a dangerous condition. The kidney infection is under control, but the lungs have not cleared up yet, and she is weak from the strong medicine, and not being able to keep her food. They give her glucose every other day.

We are expecting Joe and family Sunday afternoon, but he wrote that they would stay only two nights. We are planning picnics every evening, and Audrey is having them for noon meals every day they are here. Audrey is working hard filling her locker and cans. They may have enough food already put up to run them next winter. Brown's tobacco is the prettiest in the county, and he works in it by the day. Sylvia still cute as a button, walking everywhere and talking.

Hope you are all having a good time if this arrives while your visitors are here. Love, Virginia.

Milan, Mich.  
August 7, 1949

Dear Birds,

Here little Eleanor is right in the middle of Central Office. I thought maybe I would get a higher award if I applied at Headquarters. Yesterday Ed (the you-know-what) called me down to the basement (he said to see his den) and said, "There's the robin and plenty of paper you know what to do." You know the Ray Contariness - the letter is being written today.

Did you know that Winkie will have babies in the very near future? She will and there! is quite a lot of excitement and speculation at 340 East Main.



I came to Milan Friday - very early  
in the morning - expecting to find  
Rube and Jack well settled but  
they had decided they couldn't  
get away until next weekend.  
A letter from Gen said Jo + Jettie  
and the children would be in  
Bowling Green Saturday and  
Sunday. I'm missing seeing them  
because I intended to leave here  
Monday or Tuesday so that I would  
be in B. G. just before the Joes  
arrived the middle of the week.  
I can't get right off one train and  
on to another and be fit to be  
around. I do hate to miss all the  
College Park setup. I set my mind  
so hard on seeing them this  
summer. Right now there seems  
no help!

Ruby and Jack are coming here next week and then I'll go on to Bowling Green as planned.

Joanna & Ed (and the girls) are well situated here in Milan and may stay ~~on~~ next year. The house is very nice. You can see the expert touch everywhere - They must have worked day and night for weeks. How do you think the name "Stan" would fit into the family? Might be! Emily is as tall as her daddy and still growing!

I'm writing in Ed's study among the stuffed rats, squirrels and hornets nests. There is a Confederate sword and a bowie knife hanging on the same nail. Have you ever sat on a beaver hide? There's one right here in this room! The books in front of me are interesting

too -

Ed is yelling for Joanna to come and write. So it seem that the letters will get off tomorrow. The Pusher is slightly <sup>at headquarters</sup> lower than in the letters.

I ~~had~~ knew Miss Jeffries would make the grade! She is a strong character I'm relieved she is leaving the hospital soon but I hope she will still be in B.G. by the time I get there.

Audrey, don't let Will B. snatch the paper from you next time. You write anyway! We all were glad to hear from the guy anyway!

Granny, do you think the powder puffs can wait a few more days? What did you do when I didn't come home for two years? -

Love to all,

Eleanor

August 7, 1949

Dear Rays,

We are having a mighty good time with Eleanor and are hoping Ruby and Jack will join us very soon. I know all of the rest are having a gay time in B. G. tonight. The telephone call was the next best thing to being there. I wish Jo's could come up here, but I suppose they are tired of driving.

We haven't been able to find a house to move to, and the Department has said we may live here, so I suppose we will stay in Milan another year. It is good to escape the ordeal of moving. The girls are very happy because they love this town. I don't think I will teach, as the teachers have been hired already. I won't mind the vacation, but I

like checks.

Eleanor and I are going with Ed on his job tomorrow, but he doesn't even know where we are going.

We went for a ride today and noted all of the unsightly spots which these Michiganders would berate Kentucky for having. All of us think Kentucky stacks up very well with this country, but the people here talk as if it is the most backward place in the world. They have never been there, however.

Auntie, we are very glad to hear you are so much better. Keep up the good work.

Love to all,

Joanna





# VIRGINIA HARMAN TOT SHOP

839 Broadway

Bowling Green, Ky.

August 10, 1949.

Me dears:

The Robin came day Joe and family left, but I was in no mood to write the Robin that day, so blue and lonesome after they all left. They stayed such a short time, but had such a punk time of it. Audrey and I had planned mostly picnics, since we expected it to be too hot to stay inside. However, it was cooler while they were here than it is now. Sallie took tonsillitis, and changed our plans somewhat, and they didn't stay long enough to do anything much.

If Miss Jeffries continues to improve she may be able to come from the hospital this week-end. I just talked to Luella. I did not get to see her, however. Didn't know she was here until I called this morning. Izzabelle and Gertrude came today, and she went back with their mother. Ed. and Joanna's Mawons are moving next week, and Luella thought she would have to go back and help. It does seem like everything happened to the Jeffries all at once. Mr. Hayes Mason got hurt when his team ran away, and he was tangled up in the lines, and Gertrude and Izabelle could not come down until now. It is rather frightening to get as sick as you have been, Miss Jeffries, but it did bring all your family to see you, and I know you have enjoyed them as they have come, one and two at a time.

Scott, the baskets came in this morning, and I had to stop and dress a window. I sure could have used you and David to climb in and out that window. It gets me down to change it, but it looks nice with two types of basketnettes, the baby in one, and the other folded up. Now I am working on a back-to-school window, and what I need is large pencils and a slate. Those things I never have time to build.

Ruby, my curl is still holding out, and the most natural one I ever had. I feel sure yours would have been better if you had allowed me to go all the steps with yours instead of taking it over yourself. My pressure cooker is still a life-saver. Don't know for a fact how I ever got along without one. Tell Jack when Ray and the boys see me in that dress you gave me, they say they can understand why you gave it away, but it has saved my life hot days when I come in and put that on with nothing else and fix supper. Jack, I hope this letter finds your mother better. Ruby, Essie Myers was just in this morning and says her sister's son is in Washington, a Major Page H. Brownfield, in the Pentagon Building. Jewel Sledge lives there, 2424 North Hampton St. and has two young daughters in Randolph Macon. Jewel's married name is Mrs. George Meuth.

Eleanor, we are looking for you by the last of next week, surely. If Ruby and Jack are in Michigan this week, then you surely will come on down by the last of the next week.


Joe is leaving today for Fort Knox where he will be in camp two weeks, and after that he says he is going to work. Sam has finished his job on the hill, and don't know what he will do next. The Romel Company has a job in Louisville, and one in Frankfort he can take, but he don't say what he is going to do. I wish you were here today to go over with me to the old May Potter home on High Street. It was bought last for twelve thousand, they will be glad to get ten for it, but it is terrible run down. I need you to look it over with me and convince Ray it would make a lovely home. The back part could be torn down, or a garage made of the added on brick kitchen. We can plan it when you come. I guess the old house will be still there then.

(Over)

Ed; When Sam finished his job, he said one night, "Mother, if you are game, I will drive you up to Michigan so you can be there when the others are, and that would serve Uncle Ed right to have you all land on him, because he failed to come here." But, of course I could not do it.

I have been terrible tied down at the shop for the last two weeks. Mrs. Gaines fell and sprained her ankle, and has not been able to stand on her feet for the last two weeks. However, she did come in one afternoon for me to go to Miller Antique shop with Jettie. She didn't buy a thing, but I found my eighth goblet in my old glass pattern, beaded loop, I believe. Hadn't thought of it in so long, had trouble remembering the name.

Ray is balancing up, and I will have to cut this short if I take it home with me to give to Miss Jeffries Sunday afternoon. She may be home by that time.

 Sunday, Aug  
morning 14<sup>th</sup>

Joe just checked out for two weeks at Fort Knox, and I have changed the bed and fixed the room for Eleanor. Hope she comes on. Elizabeth called and said she was going on a trip and would be back by the time Eleanor come and was ready to go on her trip. Yesterday Beatrice Wilson came in and said Elizabeth was going to drive her car back. She and Margaret have been here over a month and Margaret has been real sick, and is flying home, and Beatrice can't drive, so Elizabeth offered.

Really this Scientists Cliffs sounds fine, just what I would like. If we all spent two weeks there, how many cabins would we have to have? Figure out expense and let's count on it next August.

Must go and take this to Miss Jeffries so I won't have to dress up for afternoon calls, but here today Love

Virginia

G. A. WILLOUGHBY, VICE PRESIDENT  
 FRED SPIRES, VICE PRESIDENT  
 EXCELL M. SLEDGE, CASHIER



HARMON E. ELROD, ASS'T CASHIER  
 C. L. GIVENS, ASS'T CASHIER  
 RAY W. HARMAN, ASS'T CASHIER

## AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

BOWLING GREEN, KY.,

Sylvia is surely cute. She tries so hard to talk. She sometimes says "Bla Bla Bla" and looks directly at you and when she sees you don't understand she pulls down her mouth and says "Mmm?". She has a quick smile and will smile when she sees you don't understand. It looks so funny that we all laugh. She has an expressive face. The other evening she had a first taste of candy. She saw all of us putting the sticks in our mouths and she did the same. When she tasted the sweetness the cutest smile came over her face.

Had a nice trip down from Milan. Ruby & Jack put me on

the train (and I mean put me  
on!) I went right up stairs and  
thought I'd go to bed and not  
wake up the house but there were  
a dozen coat hangers on the top  
step and I stepped right in the  
middle of them. Virginia didn't wake  
up! Ray did but he didn't say  
anything but later he said I'd get  
shot prowling around after mid-  
night.

Miss Jiffies has gone home and  
Linda and Lyda are there with her  
for a while. Miss Jiffies looks much  
better than I expected to see her.

Had a mighty good time in  
Mass! Love to all -

Eleanor

How I did hate to miss the  
Maryland Race!

Milan, Mich.  
August 15, 1949

Dear Folks:

We're leaving Milan in the morning after a most delightful visit here-- so we thought we'd better get something ready for the Robin which will miss us in Washington. Eleanor will take our letters with her to Bowling Green-- as well as the official Awards of Merit and the Christmas drawings. We had a lot of fun with both of these.

I think we have persuaded the President (Ed) that he can't stay continuously in office so we have to "elect" a new President from the family and a new vice President from the in-laws. Ed wants Ruby to run this time; Ruby wants Joe.

It was decided unanimously on our trip to Henry Ford's "Greenfield Village" on Saturday that if Ruby did choose to run, her slogan would be: THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY.

And her main plank: A FASTER FLITTIN' ROBIN!

However, if she nominates Joe, he will probably have a slogan and plank of his own. (Might I suggest: THE EGG AND I).

We have had a swell vacation here-- good food, long sleeps, cool weather, several interesting trips, good evening gab-- and a nice big house with lots of room.

Today's main event was a "shower" for Winky, the cat, who had four kittens on Saturday night. We had a good supper with several of Emily's "shower"-attending freinds-- and Winky got several gifts including "Pard", a can of salmon, sardines, a blanket-lined basket, etc. First shower of that type I ever remember attending-- but a good time was had by all. Emily officially christened the kittens Dinky, Stinky, Winky II, and Tinky.

Ruby and I are sorry we can't make it to B.G. but we will have to start rolling toward Washington about a week from today. The illnesses in Slippery Rock caught us short and the week up here almost finishes my four-week leave, except for this remaining week. But it was good to have so much time with Ed, Joanna, Eleanor, and the gals. Keep the Robin movin'. Love

Jack



8-15-49

Milan Mick

Administrative Hdqrs.

Dear Folks -

Our visit here has developed into a convention - That is we've settled several things. Of course these 'settlements' are subject to the approval of the rest of you.

One question you asked Miss Jeffries was whether you are an 'inlaw' or a straight Ray. It is our opinion that you may be either according to your wish and that you may change from one to the other. You must make the decision yourself. No one should say to you that you are an Inlaw or that you are a Straight. The choice is always yours. I think we will all need you.

Another <sup>thing</sup> we did was to give awards. The Administrative head named me chairman of awards. I named Eleanor and

Sack on my committee. Several  
Ed served because of their position as  
Administrator and Assistant Administrator. I need  
not tell you that Ed was more than helpful  
in suggesting the cause for and the awards  
to be made. You will find this list among  
the letters Eleanor is taking to Bowling Green.  
Most of the awards have been dispatched.  
We will get the others out as soon as possible.  
And the — we think Ed is going to resign.  
He promised to but left for Jackson before  
he put it in black and white. So he may not.  
Of course I can't nominate Joe and Sella  
until he does. There may be more nomination  
Eleanor says she is going to name me. There  
are those who will say I pursued her.

But you know?!

We have really had an awfully good  
time. Sack has told you - rest and run -  
sight seeing - and more kittens.

We will be back in Washington around the

Aug. 25<sup>th</sup>.

Love Ruby

G. A. WILLOUGHBY, VICE PRESIDENT  
 FRED SPIRES, VICE PRESIDENT  
 EXCELL M. SLEDGE, CASHIER



HARMON E. ELROD, ASST CASHIER  
 C. L. GIVENS, ASST CASHIER  
 RAY W. HARMAN, ASST CASHIER

## AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

BOWLING GREEN, KY., August 15, 1949.

Dear Folks:

The Robin came in the morning mail, and I am writing my part right now, and Brown and Audrey came by and took it out to the farm to read, and Audrey says they will drop it when they come by, and this time if they don't I am going over there tonight and get it. The baby wanted to stay with me, and cried and reached for me all out of sight. It would be perfectly all right with me to have her call me Grandma, and Audrey says she looks more like me than she does look like her, but that is because her Daddy and I look alike, and she looks really just like her daddy.

Joe Wilson came in last night, and is planning to take the last two weeks of his course here in the National Guard garage. I never did see him so glad to get home. He hated the place, and said they didn't have food fit to eat, but it was good for him, because he has gained weight, about ten pounds. One thing they made him eat all the food he took out on his place. The first thing he asked me was did he have to eat everything he took out on his plate. I told him I surely was glad he was taught that lesson. The first of August he will finish up by taking in the National Guard Camp. Sam seems to be almost through with his job, and will be away by the first of August.

Joe it looks now like we will have plenty of spare bed rooms by the time you arrive, and it will not be too bad in our apartment. We can all leave the doors open and sleep fairly cool at night. Ray and I will move in the bedroom adjoining the living room which has two beds, and that will leave three rooms, in one bedroom two double beds, and a double bed in each of the other bedrooms. We can plan a picnic for every afternoon either on Reservoir Hill, Golf course or Beech Ben for one time. Brown could put the boys up over at his house, or arrange it any way that suits the children. If you are just going to stay here three days we wouldn't get to see you much out at the Robinson Court.

My blood pressure is not bothering me at all as long as I take my medicine, as Miss Ruby can testify. I kept in step with her all the time in New York, and seemed to fare just as well as she did. I can have Lucy Rhodes cook us a ham, and then make up a lot of potato salad, and have ice cream and cool things to eat while you are all here. We can use the ovens out at the park for the afternoons. But if you and Jettie and children should go out to that Court for only three days here, Ray Harman never would care anything more about you or ever even want me to come to see you any time in my future life.

He understood about your wanting a house to stay a month, and we understood also that a house here would cost you less than your railroad fare out to Texas, but it would be cheaper only if you wanted to stay a month. I was under the impression that you would not get your house back until the 1st of September, could be that no one said this, however. It does seem from your letters that your vacation is not going to be long enough, but guess that will be about two weeks. No need to make reservations for three days, no rates unless weekly. I called Mrs. McRaven today and told her you would not want the house.

Ed, we are disappointed that you are not coming with your family, and of course we cannot call it a reunion without you. However, we understand about the new job, and think you lucky to feel like vacationing while working. I had planned to have Mary Evelyn visit me this summer while Sabs and Emily were here, but sounds like they are not planning to come. Makes us all feel sorta blue to have you left out. However, we are sure you won't miss much but a few picnics. (over

Eleanor, this is the way I planned it for the time Joe and Jettie are here. You have the room on corner of Thirteen and Park Sts, your usual room, Joe and Jettie have the room at the head of the stairs with two double beds in it, and the two boys could use the hall bedroom. That would leave Sally to share a bed with you or her mother. When we have company Ray and I like the bedroom adjoining the living room, or he does so he can get up early without bothering (he thinks) and have an early cup of coffee.

Ray is beginning his vacation Monday, and will have two weeks off with nothing planned. He is one who will not let us plan for him. He is his own boss about where he goes and what he does, and won't be dictated to. I guess he will end up staying right in the apartment the whole time. He did mention wanting me to go with him to Sulphur Wells one week-end. He doesn't enjoy Sulphur Wells without someone with him.

Eleanor, my powder puffs all need washing, and I plan to clean out my chest this summer and use the drawer space for table covers, and try to keep it as orderly as Ruby does hers. I am like Auntie was now. When I go to see Ruby I want everything she has.

Ruby, by the way, did you get the Bedspreads I had sent from Nelson. I should know whether you got them before the bill is paid. I wrote them and gave your address, and asked that they mail if they had the single bed size. If they are not just right you should send them right back.

I am marking up all the summer stock for a Anniversary Sale, and have had some signs printed, which I hope will advertise it without writing my usual postal cards, and then we will put it on the Radio twice a day. Hope we can sell everything in a summer merchandise before you come.

It has been hot here, almost as hot as it was in New York. Last night we got a little breeze and relief. We have fans and are not as uncomfortable as you would think.

That Orcid was not half as funny the way Ruby saw it. The funny part, she parked me in front of a drug store with this lavender cotton dress and the orchid pinned on top of one shoulder. Everybody who passed looked and smiled, but what almost bowled me over was one fat man who looked until he got even with me, and then walked all around the post in front of the drug store where I was parked, looking me over and smiling. I got enough of the orchid that first wearing, and made Ruby nurse it the next day, and she finally gave it to a sales lady, who seemed to be quite proud of it.

We did have a good time, or at least I did. I thought maybe Ruby felt something like a big sister having to stay home and take care of little sister, because she would have gone to Atlantic City with Jack if I had planned my visit later. It probably would have been better all round, but we couldn't have had Mildred's apartment later, and that was the best part of the trip. I wrote Mildred a nice letter, Ruby.

By the way, Ruby, before you come home see if you can get Mattie Taylor's address, and if she wants to sell her house. It is just what we need, and if you see her you can tell her the bottom has fallen out of Laurel Avenue real estate, because that new highway is routed right through Laurel, and heavy trucks will be lumbering through there all night. If we were put out here, we could move our merchandise there, and it would be almost as good a stand as this on a corner. The house next door to us did not sell, but they took it down, only \$7,500 bid, and they had \$9,000.00 in it. Her house wouldn't be worth more than \$8,000.00, it is so run down. She might be able to get more, but doubt it, no more than \$10,000.00. at the most.

This is Saturday, and the slowest Saturday I ever experienced I believe. I surely am not working hard, but hope to get busy next week when our sale starts.

Love, Virginia.

# MARYLAND LEAGUE OF MUNICIPALITIES

Aug 29, 1949

Chillum:

I won't have time to write much.

I'm keeping as busy as the proverbial three-legged dog with the fleas.

This Robin was wonderful. I don't want to sew any seeds of discord, etc., but Ed wrote about holding a "rump" session even before Jack & Ruby got to Milan - when only you were there. What could he have meant in view of your reported gain in weight.

I'm overwhelmed at this talk of transferring the administrative offices to College Park!

I shall not be guilty of Coolidge's ambiguity.

You shall I be as positive as Sherman, nor yet

so coy as Eisenhower. The flat fact is I'm a

party regular. Until the incumbent states unequivocally

that there is no chance of a second term, I shall

not swerve from direct support. Not only do I not

favor changing horses in the middle of the stream, I don't

favor changing horses period, especially if the horse

you've got is a real, first-class horse, or to say the least

is the southern portion of the north-bound animal.

Frankly I like the way the present administration has handled

things, and I'm willing for more. To be sure, there has been a

slight trend toward dictatorship, but no more than is true of the

world at large. I'm willing to serve when called, but in the words

of my esteemed spouse, age comes before beauty, and that lets me

out. You see if age comes before beauty, then both of them (both age

and beauty) come before whatever it is I've got, and as I'm out of

the running. I'm not opposed to the candidacy of the Purple Queen

— her work in the Committee on Awards entitles her to some of the

party's honors — It's just that I don't believe in rocking the

old political boat.

We have had company for a week and are as busy as can be

I'll may not get to write this time. Saw Miss Jeffries flat of her back

(over

## PRESIDENT

Mayor John C. Post  
Takoma Park

## VICE PRESIDENTS

Mayor Julian L. Tubman  
Cambridge  
District One

H. H. Mitchell  
President of Commissioners  
Elkton  
District Two

Mayor Hall R. MacLean  
Bel Air  
District Five

Mayor Thomas S. Post  
Cumberland  
District Six

## ELECTED MEMBERS, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Councilman Henry H. Hanna  
Salisbury

Mayor Floyd B. Mathias  
Mount Rainier

## EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Joseph M. Ray  
University of Maryland  
College Park



and looking awfully peaked. Hope she's up and around & row. All the talk about W.B.'s tobacco is true. I never saw such in all of my born, or in all of my put together. Guinness in good shape. Looks O.K. to me. Silent Harman looks a mite on the scrawny side to me. Audrey's filling out her clothes better in she useter, and Sylvia exceeds all advanced billing. Sorry to miss you El and sorry to miss that "rump" session at Milan. If that term means sitting on them & gabbing, then that's what it was, I'm sure. My regret at missing it arises from my conviction that I could have contributed more than a proportionate share of both gab & rump.

Everybody here is O.K.

Guina, that's a wonderful idea about Scientist's Cliff for a reunion — I think we can swing it. Could you jerk ole Silent away from his routine?

Love to you all.  
Joe

Dear Rays —

I'm sorry I won't have time to add a better letter. But we've kept this Rahin too long now trying to get to it. But with company and extra goings & doings, we just had to let it wait. I dread to think of the consequences from the Pusher!! Anyway, we enjoyed hearing from all of you — it was good to see the ones we did see & are sorry to have missed the others. El — we had it all planned to bring you home with us from B.B. & the children were awfully disappointed you were not there. Love to all, Feltie.

Tuesday, Aug. 30, '49

Dear Folks:

Joe and Jettie sent the Robin in today-- so out it goes tonight (which goes to show who will get the awards next year).

I have been at work two days-- and Ruby has her first teacher meeting the end of next week-- so the vacation is officially over-- for me, altogether; for her, just about.

We still look back with pleasure to our trip to Milan-- it was so pleasant and easy going, and the meals were out of this world (although I'm a small eater, myself). As usual, Ed and I traded suits-- and I hope the one I sent him fits as well as the one he gave me.

We had a nice four days in Cleveland after leaving Milan and Ruby won on the horse races-- said it was her Ky. training in knowing the nags that would win. She picked them every time, after they walked them past prior to every race.

We came back to S.R. for a couple of days and then down to Washington late Tuesday night-- so we'd get straightened around here before I started to work. It has been fairly cool here and we haven't suffered from the heat since we came back.

Sorry we missed B.G. this summer for the gathering sounded good-- but it was just too much traveling in hot weather for so short a time. However, reporting from the ones we saw-- Eleanor looks feisty-er than I've ever seen her and sasses Ruby and Ed at the drop of a hat; Ed has apple cheeks (and not much hair) and his whole family looks swell.

We've been out to Joe's twice and Jettie gained 20 pounds on her trip-- looks wonderful for she needed some "extra". They got a great kick out of the awards. We certainly had fun "composing" them.

Love and kisses--

Jack *Jack*

Aug 30 - 1949

Dear Children -

Here we're at the end of another vacation. It was a good one. We did have fun at the nump convention. Business was attended to in a fine way. The awards were made and have been delivered, with the exception of the one to Eleanor which she will have on her return to the snow bound areas - the quilt which was already hers. So much for the year's business.

I notice that Jack and I have been nominated to succeed you, Ed, even before you put it on paper that <sup>you</sup> are going to. That's a grave mistake after all that talk and then that little matter of pictures. I'll hold them until something clears up. What is that about a cart and a horse? Be sure to get it straightened out because I want to get stated on my plans, or your plans where ever they are. Eleanor will have to make another nomination. You warned us about that canon-Joanna. Of course the flat.

The Maryland Rays are fine. Settles was only gained 10 pounds which I fear she will soon lose. The children are fine. But Soc keeps himself too busy.  
party-man would notice it.

What's best about ~~that~~<sup>this</sup> September is that you all are so in the pink. I'm so pleased that you Miss Jeffries are able to be home. Do take care of yourself. We were sort of worried about you. You are blessed to have such devoted nieces. There is a great gap in the robin with ~~out~~ your letter.

Ed seems to have gained. We thought he looked much better than when we saw him in March. Joanna of course is just as she was and should be. When I see her I know how the girls happened to turn out the way they did.

Now Eleanor looks better than I have ever seen her. I can't see any difference in her saucy ways. She was never one to hold her tongue. I'm glad that attic was seven hundred miles from her stone room.

The reports about Ginny are good. I thought she was doing all right in June. We had Fan. Now! Don't blame me if my Toni is not good. You just didn't give me a good one. I missed seeing Ray and Sam.

Also Brown and Audrey - Sylvia. The only thing I can get from that neck of the woods is ten foot tobacco. I'm going to see that baby by next year anyway.

R.

Milan, Michigan  
Sept. 5, 1949

Dear Robiners,

This Robin thing is back again and I have no time to do justice to such a distinguished visitor. Too, there is a lot of business to transact on this political campaign. Add to that the fact that I have seen the main contributors and would like to write about my impressions of these characters and you can see what a dilemma I'm in and with very little time.

Drove all night last night (Traffic was light, from Kentucky where I personally contacted all members, but for only a short time. Ruby, the Purple Lady McDonald, I did no campaigning and never even mentioned the Robin. We took a sudden notion to go down over the holiday and check on Miss Jeffries mainly but managed to see Will B., Silent, and Home News Virginia, and above all Sylvia and Audrey. The dope published on Sylvia was correct in every detail. She seems to me to be just about perfect as well as her mother. Found Will B. in the top tier of the tobacco barn hanging tobacco. He had split his pants and had to face the crowd at all times. Finally he came down and we went to see the tobacco which is tops. At the tobacco field I got Will B. interested in showing me the crop and he walked ahead of me while I made a movie of his ripped pants. Later Joan found a needle and thread in the car which she gave to Audrey to make emergency repairs while Will B. bent over. Before they knew it I got a good movie of this operation. This should be the top movie of the year. I'll show it at some future reunion some time.

Home news and Silent seem to be very much on the ball and still the masters of graceful living. Saw Joe Wilse but not Sam. Sam, I wish you had come up when you were in the notion. The more the merrier, and if we had had any better time than we had when Moptop, Snowbound, and the Purple Lady were here I would have certainly busted a home-string. There was never a dull moment and most of the stuff that was carried on was on a fairly high plane. You would have received a kick out of the executive sessions we held here. Nobody cared whether school kept or not. I'm planning to some day have a house large enough after I build an annex on to it to have the whole dang'd tribe up. We can't afford not to get together; life is too short.

Yes, Chullus I'm planning to pass on the administration of this thing to some of the older or younger set, I don't care which. My successor should be chosen in a democratic manner and I suggest that every member write me a postal card with <sup>his</sup> choice of the candidates which I will tally and declare the winner. No more than two months should be given and the dead line for a ballot to be counted will be November 7 following. That will give each candidate a chance to sound off. Each must state his platform and the winner is bound the platform he chooses to carry it out. By failure to carry out the platform one could be fined not to exceed \$1.00 paid to each member upon conviction. There is no use having a penalty unless there are teeth in it. I suggest that elections be held annually. We might even need the power of recall in the deal. An awards committee should be selected each year, and awards may be given for failure to do something as well as <sup>on</sup> merit. You mentioned that your services were available. Available Joe, no less. Are you sure that you are available, available? But so far as my perusal of your declaration and manuscript is concerned I can find no mention of this character. Have you some political crony that you could inveigle into nominating you? Otherwise, you are out of order, son. Surely you could find plenty of political hacks abound Washington.

So far the only legal candidate is the Purple Lady, but she has not stated her platform and Lord help any voter who votes for a guy without first knowing his candidate's platform. Seems to me the Purple Lady has quite a substantial platform but so far she has not made it public. Her political stooge, Sir Jackson, will probably act as her campaign manager; at least the air reeked with that sort of



Sept. 6, 1941

Dear Rays,

The Robin arrived while we were on our flying trip to Kentucky, but Suzanne had taken good care of it and the cat family. We enjoyed seeing the Bowling Green folks, and our all-night drive really wasn't bad, since traffic was not bad after we left L'ville.

Since we had the last Robin we have seen everybody but the Joe's, and we surely would like to see them.

Ed left for Halland, Michigan, this morning and won't be back until Thursday. The girls start to school tomorrow. They are happy about it. I feel rather happy that I am not starting as I have so many things I want to do.

The weather here is cool and makes us think that winter is just around the corner. Some people have had fire in their furnaces.

Virginia, when I gave you that little red coat years ago, I didn't dream that I would get it back. (Virginia gave me some rug woolens, and I recognized Bab's old coat).

I believe the Robin is getting more swift with age, and I must not delay it. Joanna

Springfield, S. Dak.  
September 11, 1949.

Dear Travelers:

Here we all are settled for another year! (Maybe the Ed's aren't - They make such flying trips!) and all in about the same groove.

Every thing around here is just about the same - except that we have lights on the athletic field. If I get pneumonia you will know why because we are all expected to go to the game (we have a ticket) I have seventeen in Library Science class - there have never been more than three or four - I'll be busier than a fine-legged calf!

Coming from Louisville to Chicago I got to ride on the South Wind - a new fast train that whizzed thru B.G. When I got on the train, the Conductor said I could take the S.W. because it was two hours late. When I got to Louisville, I went to a window and asked for a reservation on the Southern Breeze. The man soon realized I meant the South Wind and said he couldn't give me a seat but to ask the Conductor. I got into Chicago about one thirty and left the next

morning at 12:00. In Sioux City I saw some friends so got a ride. The summer was exceedingly good all round.

I've never been so well put on trains as I was this summer. Ruby and Jack put me on in Toledo - Jack carrying all the bags and coming ~~the~~ right into the car with them. Then in B. G. Brown left the tobacco and came to take me to the train but the Thomases has said they would come back in time. I called and found the train left forty-five minutes earlier than I thought. I went to the train in a taxi after all. Just before the train left here came Aunt Kate, Rena, and Elizabeth. They had fixed up a violet for me to bring home with me. We had a visit before ~~the~~ I got on the train. I got on and found a seat and the Conductor said someone wanted to speak to me out side. There were Rena, Beth, Louise and Lucille acting like school girls. We had a lot of fun yelling at each other. When I got off at Louisville I left my hat and the flower. However, there was plenty of time to get them before the train moved on. Some of the people



in the car had noticed the hat and were worried - They more than likely thought I was ready for a bug house. (after the demonstration at the B. G. Station) -

Sylvia was still sweet when I left and could say several words. I didn't get to see the tobacco because it rained so much. I know it is fine because everybody says so. Will B. has worked on it all summer. They all seem well set up. Virginia, Ray and the boys seem well and happy. Sylvia has a crush on Uncle Ray but she couldn't see Uncle Done. Too many new faces around.

Miss Jeffries was much better when I left. Mrs Estis was with her and she looked better everyday. I hate to think of you staying by your self this winter, Miss Jeffries. It is too lonely as well as unwise. You must be awfully careful because, you know, Joe has had virus pneumonia several times and I hear it is easier to take after ~~once~~ once having it.

It has rained almost every <sup>other</sup> day since I got back - very unusual for this country. The Nebraska hills are lovely - green and colorful

They are always lovely - so change-  
ing. Never have they been this  
green (to my knowledge) at this time  
of year. The town looks lovely  
too.

The sewing machine still runs well  
and I have four pairs of pajamas  
cut out. I don't intend to work too  
hard, however. I just piddle around.

Mrs Harmon has asked me to  
fill in at dinner - one guest failed  
to come and she is just about  
ready.

I had some pictures of Sylvia  
which I had enlarged. They are mis-  
placed right now - among all the  
mail that came to the library  
during August and hasn't been  
looked through yet. If I don't find  
them in the morning, I'll send  
the small ones. These letters must  
get off by Monday morning's mail.  
I got them Saturday afternoon.

Someone tell me what other virtues  
I can work on beside improvement in  
spelling - which I know was forced, so  
that I can get a better situation  
for the coming year, as I said. I'm getting  
a brand new dictionary but I usually  
don't have time to use it.

Love to everybody,  
Eleanor



1258 Park St. Bowling Green, Ky.  
Sunday, September 25, 1949.

Dearly Beloved:

As Miss Jeffries says the date on her letter will tell the tale. I sent it on to Brown the day after I got it, saying I would write and take mine down to Miss Jeffries. That was a week ago today, and I am planning after this to take my time writing this Robin, and I hope everybody else does the same after this. After all, it is not a matter of life and death, and I have been in a habit all my life writing letters when the spirit moves me. So if the spirit doesn't move me one week, maybe it the next week.

In this new election I am voting for the new President who runs on a platform of more meat in the robin, and less talk about rushing it on, don't have time to write, and the Robin came in today, so out it goes tonight, and with nothing much in it. Now what I want to know of you brats is what you are doing for recreation, what are you eating, and what have you added to your homes, what do you have new to wear, what are the children doing and saying; how is Jacks mother, and what was the last news from Louise and Izzie and daughters; how is the weather in your section; and are you all at peace with yourselves and the world. We are none of us getting any younger, and should all be thinking about more graceful living, less hurry and bustle, and pick out the things worth doing, and do less of the non-essential things. In other words, I would like more family current events, and less talk about what will be done to whoever keeps the Robin longer than three nights. Me, I intend to keep the Robin from now on out over Sunday regardless of what day in the week it comes in on.

First off, I will give the current events of my family, and the Bowling Green part of the clan. Joe and Ray are enjoying his bookkeeping course at B. U. and spend long hours argueing over where there is a credit there must be a credit, but believe Ray enjoys it more than any study the boys have either ever undertaken. He is a good bookkeeper himself, and is pushing Joe right along, and he is far ahead of his classmates. He likes B. U. and is studying for the first time in his life. He drove his Aunt Kate Wilson and her friend Mrs. Jenkins to Burkesville Saturday, and they bragged about what a good driver he is. He is a careful driver, and the biggest Harman by name with the excaption of Charlie.

Sam came home Saturday night and slipped in as quiet and easy as a mouse, and we found him in his room the next morning. He is working for the same construction company, The Rommel Construction Company, now building a hospital at Lexington. He is getting real pay now, and is operating one of those cranes they lift steel to the top of buildings with. He says he has a nice place to live, a bed to himself and shares a room with a student. He has breakfast and supper at his rooming place with a Mrs. Walker on Broadway, \$14.00 a week, almost in sight of the University. He left in his car about one o'clock, and wanted me to go to the picture show as he left. Katie Wilson had some Harman company, so Daddy went out there and Mary Jayne and I rode down to the picture show. The first time he left home, I cried, and Sam thought going to the picture show would keep me from crying when he left. But I didn't seem to be in a crying mood anyway. The first time he left, it did seem like a turning point in his life, packing up all his clothes and leaving home, and soon Joe will be gone too, and Ray and I will be left holding down the old nest, but I hope they never do get so far away that they can't come home week-ends. Joe says he will get a bookkeeping job and work until he makes enough money to go to school a year, when his nine months' course is finished.

I just came from Miss Jeffries, and she seems quite all right again. We looked at pictures of dresses Eleanor sent, and said she believed she would have Eleanor order her some. She is going all her own work, and seems to be almost all right, but says she tires easily, but stops often to rest.

Audrey was out to the shop Saturday afternoon with Sylvia, and Ray took us out to the drugstore, but before I finished eating Mrs. Gaines called and said she had seventeen people in the store and couldn't quite handle them all.

4708 Calvert Road, CPud  
Sat Oct 1, 1949

Children:

I think Miss Va. has the right idea. This Robin business ought to be handled with Home News primarily. All the talk about politics is superficial and fleeting. It's only the essential things, like what's selling best at the Tot Shop that's worth putting in the Robin. That's what I'm gonna do this time & from now on if I can hold to it. Please excuse the new red pencil I have acquired for this fall's paper grading.

We're currently calling Sally Little Miss Knothead, because we crack her scalp open every day or so. The other night when J P was gone we were tearing through the house playing catch; I cornered David in the bathroom & in trying to get by Sally to get away he shoved her into the cupboard. - blood & gore & squalling. Next afternoon I checked to see how the wound was doing & found another made by Scott's wielding a stick. Sal got shut out on the sleeping porch & hammered the glass with her hands until it broke & cut her. She may reach maturity, but the hazards apparently are increasing. David is becoming a cub

scout, and everybody has to be quiet while he stumbles through the cub path to the square and a dyed in the wool guy. Last night after the football game David scoured the stands through and found 56¢, which he has already blown in on a repeater pencil. He came up to the office this morning & came home with me at lunch.

Scott is doing O.K. He's at least behaving in the family circle as a grownup. He & I got up early this morning & went up to get the haircuts - Knothead went along. Jettie Bones lay abed until after the 3 of us had broken fast & left. On her big tokus in bed reading the newspaper. She's been puny this month with the flu, but O.K. now.

We've got one cat and one dog which is one too many in each case. Black dog name of Eight Ball & white cat name of Blanco. Both  $\frac{3}{4}$  grown & more trouble than you can shake a stick at. The dog pulls the strips out of Jettie's new hooked rug and meets Natchie's call all over the house - cat's just as bad.

The kids have neighbor brats running through the house in such numbers & volume that I can't keep my mind on this letter - as you doubtless can tell from its content. Project apart this afternoon to take the boys by the movie & on with the Robin to see Jack & Rudy. I'm writing this while Jettie gets the kids ready. I'm looking for her to jump down my gullet any minute for not helping get the kids ready.

I've got two new suits & a new top-coat. Awful pretty first time since before the war that I've had enough clothes. I had a new coat for a few days before she took it back and decided to stew about it some more. All the kids have fall clothes - David especially proud of a new raincoat & hat & Scott of a new jacket.

This is about all I have time for.

Unavailable, Un-nominated & Unwanted, Inc.  
Rev. J. M. Albustedup about it, Jr.

1.  
Joe & I are going to S.D. sat. 22 with Ruby & Jack. I have a Negro woman to stay with the children - still be the first time in over 10 years both have been away together.

Oct. 2, 1949.  
Sunday morning.

Dear Robin Rays -

While the children are out at Sunday school & the house is so quiet I can hear the water drip in the kitchen, I'll write my letter. Joe wrote his at lunch time yesterday so we could take it in to Jack & Ruby while the boys were in the movie. I was going to write my letter there, but they were out - so we left the Robin in their door and I'll put mine in the mail to them.

It takes a Ray to put a Ray in his place!!



2. by course, we "in-laws"  
can side on the side-line  
& "sic" them on to each  
other! I think the Pusher  
has the right idea in that  
we should make a point  
not to hold the Pushin more  
than two or three days.  
Then, too, I admire Virginia's  
independence - how she  
can defy a Ray is beyond  
me! Also - she is right, too.  
We should tell ~~the~~ more personal  
news than we do sometimes.  
But Joe & Ed love their "big"  
talk, so if it makes them  
happy they should be allowed  
to do it - we can always  
skip the heavy talk!

3. So we should compromise between Ed. & Va. Tell more personal & family events but tell them quick.

Now, me this morning—  
Breakfast dishes are on the  
table, bed are un-made  
& there's ironing in the  
dining room chair—but  
me — I sit down & write  
the Robin. And I've always  
said lack of time is no  
excuse for anyone for  
we all lack time. We  
just have to take time.

If we live through Nov.  
I believe we'll be caught  
up enough to where we can

4, kinda get our breath. But  
of course, Christmas will be  
on us by then! Joe is  
about to finish up the  
Charter he has been writing  
for Alexandria. Also, his  
survey of Silver Spring City  
government will be finished  
soon. Also, he has a new  
man who has taken over  
the directorship of the Bureau,  
so he's free of that. He has  
a good secretary for the  
department and an extra  
good one full-time for  
the League. So his burdens  
are getting lighter, but  
he hopes to spend more

time on the writing of the text book.

And my jobs are getting fewer. I'm about finished lining & dining room curtains; made 3 pairs of corduroy overalls for Billy, two pairs of corduroy shorts for dancing lessons. She & Scott are taking dancing lessons. David is taking horse-back riding, but his lessons are so expensive he just takes one every other week. I'm working on two dresses for myself - and must get pajamas made for

6.

Halley. Va. the brown-checked  
 coat turned out right nice for  
 Halley - I fitted it to her last  
 week & she wore it to S. S.  
 This h. m. it is a good weight  
 for right now. I'm in a  
 quandary as to what to do for  
 a good heavy coat. I'd like  
 to make one, but can't see  
 the time for it. If I can make  
 out until Jan. 1st. I'd like to  
 buy one on sale.

Scott & David are coh-scenting.  
 David is really crazy about it.  
 It's the first time he has been  
 very interested in being sociable  
 and they had so many 8-4 year  
 old boys & so few "den mather's"  
 I have said I'd be "den mather" for  
 his den. I must stay - I could go  
 on & on, but the paper is out & the

written enough anyway. Next time I'll tell you  
 about Europe. This pleases for next summer. I'd like to



Tuesday Night-Oct.3

Dear Folks: We have had the Robin two days but Pusher's edicts this summer in Michigan scare us into holding it longer. This Ginny vs. Edward argument has merits on both sides: It's nice to get longer, more complete letters-- but the Robin is always a welcome bird and it's good to see it oftener.

Maybe we can combine the two ideas-- try to write more personally and still not delay too much. Guess it will boil down to that.

For Virginia's benefit: Our wardrobes have sprung no new fancy additions as yet due to after-vacation pocketbook flatness. I traded suits with Ed this summer in Milan-- and finds his stands me in good stead now that cooler weather has come. Hope the one I sent him does as well. Ruby, as far as I know, has only a new fall hat. My mother, father, and others are all pretty good as of now. They miss the little terrier, Cindy, who died of old age this summer-- and we may get them another dog for they're used to having one. There's a possibility, too, that the family make all kick in and buy a television set for them-- as a therapeutic measure since Pennsylvania winters are long and they don't get out much. That would help bring the world in, for television IS improving.

We're eating okay (this still for Ginny). Came back from Penna. loaded with big Northern Spy apples, pears, big tomatoes, peppers, and potatoes-- all from Dad's garden-- and he got a big kick out of loading us up with produce. All of which we have to buy here. Izzy's (my sister) two kids are hale and hearty-- I spent an afternoon with them on my way home to Slippery Rock. Sukie is one of my favorite youngsters, as you know. Am sending a picture of her on her daddy's shoulders, taken in S.R., for your

Jack-2

When we planted that tree it about 2 1/2 feet high.

benefit, Ginny. Ben has just turned forty-- doesn't look it, does he? Ruby and I planted that larch tree they're standing in front of, in our front yard ten years ago -- or is it nine?



I held its top while Jack put dirt around it.

As for recreation, we certainly do very simple things-- and easy-- for our work keeps us hopping. Friends drop in now and then-- just like they did at Slippery Rock or do in Bowling Green; we usually sun ourselves on the roof on the week ends-- or I play tennis and Ruby goes downtown to pick up odds and ends-- and school stuff. We rarely go to the movies, maybe twice a month; we read a great deal and I like to listen to mystery plays on the radio. We go out to eat now and then , particularly if Ruby has a PTA or school meet in the evening. But we're both keeping our weight down to our end-of-summer achievement, for I succeeded in dropping 12 pounds (which I needed to do) and Ruby lost 6. We're now 121 and 167. I was 178; she 127. (How more detailed can you get than all this?).

As for our attitudes toward each other: She is devoted to me-- tries in many little ways to please me, such a putting a dab of shredded cocoanut on a dish of canned peaches, or sewing a button on one of my shirts with an obvious flourish. She is looking well. I-- am not so devoted to her, because I have to bat her down so often about racing her motor and flying around doing a lot of unnecessary things. When I call her on it, she says I'm trying to run her life and that she's used to racing around and "keeping busy" and will I mind my own affairs and quit trying to boss her-- when all the time she's bossing me.

So what? You tell me, Ginny.

Love to all

Jack

10-3-49

Dear Children -

Joe and Settie brought the robin in on Saturday but we didn't get to see them because we were on the roof - and they didn't come up. When we came down the girl on the elevator said a lady with a little girl had been looking for us. And then she asked, "Is she your daughter?" We are trying to get the girl fixed.

This is the very time I'm going to nominate them for President and Vice. While they look so beautiful and young. They accomplish more than any of us - and look at them - not the least bit over worked. I'm not trying to imply that my daughter would have to be awfully young. Excuse my wandering from the subject. I am nominating Joe and Settie for President and Vice President. Joe - you did say you wouldn't

- where we've not been before. As soon as I find out where I am I shall make some suggestions to you.

I could think of any of these places  
Niagara Falls - Virginia Beach -  
Some place in Florida - Scientists  
Cliffs - Slippery Rock - Bedford Penna.  
We could get very good rates at any  
of those places. I'm just ready to pro-  
ceed. So elect me and see what  
I can do.

Sometime this month Lettie and  
Joe and Jack and I are going to  
S.R. for some apples and to have  
them meet Mrs Emma Guffey Miller  
who is Joe Guffey's sister. She is the  
only big-time politician I know. Jack  
knows some - a kind of brand - you  
know. If we decide to go to Niagara  
and Slippery Rock next year - Miss Selfries  
- we'll cultivate that brand. Some of them  
are right rich.

Last week I went to Bedford Pa to a

- where we've not been before. As soon as I find out where I am I shall make some suggestions to you.

I could think of any of these places  
Niagara Falls - Virginia Beach -  
Some place in Florida - Scientists  
Cliffs - Slippery Rock - Bedford Penna.  
We could get very good rates at any  
of those places. I'm just ready to pro-  
ceed. So elect me and see what  
I can do.

Sometime this month Settie and  
Joe and Jack and I are going to  
S.R. for some apples and to have  
them meet Mrs Emma Guffey Miller  
who is Joe Guffey's sister. She is the  
only big-time politician I know. Jack  
knows some - a kind of brand - you  
know. If we decide to go to Niagara  
and Slippery Rock next year - Mrs Selfries  
- we'll cultivate that brand. Some of them  
are right rich.

Last week I went to Bedford Pa to a



meeting - and found the Town had once  
been called Ray's Town. Was named for  
Trader Ray who disappeared. In that the  
Indians might have helped him. The  
town is charming and hotel are  
not expensive. Hervey Allen has  
written three books on Perma. One  
of them is Bedford Village.

By way of gracious living - we just went  
to the roof to see the moon. You know  
how pretty Washington looks by moonlight  
from our roof.

My school is better this year. Could  
be that I'm better. Anyway it doesn't seem  
so awfully hard as it did last year.

What I'm missing in this robin  
is one of your real good preach-  
ment letter Miss S. Its wonderful to know  
that you are so much better.

Very truly and love

Ruby  
(Purple Cow)

Milan, Michigan  
Oct. 9, 1949

Dear Folks,

From all of the comment in the Robin this time it seems that everybody is tearing his hair over some off-color comment of "Miss" Virginia "Meat Ball" Harmon. It's good that she can blow her stack; too I get considerable fun out of it. Maybe she has enough weight to keep the Robin as long as she wants to, but if everybody does that and the thing gets in the rut that it has been in several years, then I'd rather be left out of the thing. By the time the "Meat" Gonn speaks of gets around, it's rotten. What somebody or other did last Christmas doesn't read good in June. That actually happened a few years ago.

Now for the contents of the letters - both Gonn and Will B. have registered dissatisfaction with letters of individuals for not putting in more home news stuff. I don't give a hoot what you write; I read all of it. When I write in the Robin, you are all still kids to me. I never lived with any of you long enough to really know you, but I remember many little things that you did or said and we had lots of fun together. We are still having fun. I could fill up several pages of what my kids have done or said, but I am sure that that would not be interesting to you. I'd rather have them write in the Robin. They are characters in their own right, and the drivel about what I <sup>have</sup> done around the house this week-end I'm sure would bore you to tears. I got a lot of fun out of it.

We have a cocker spaniel pup that Bab's boy friend gave her for her birthday and about all I have done for recreation this week end is hold a shovel under the pup in readiness to carry out whatever he does. That's the kind of backing that we give our pets. The little Devil is beside me in my study now on the beaver skin asleep. He's about 9 weeks old and as cute a little cuss as I ever saw. Both Babs and Emily worship him and I rather think that Joan is pretty well attached to him too. Today Joan and I went to the woods to get some woods dirt for her flower bed and took him along. While I was digging the dirt he was in the hole too, digging for all he was worth. It seems that we are rapidly reaching Joe's class with more pets than we need, what with a cat and a dog.

How does it come that neither Will B or Audrey wrote in this issue? Did somebody leave their letters out? There are several cute pictures but no letter.

Miss Jeffries, we are very glad to hear from you again in the Robin. Your being able to write puts the Robin back in the groove. Hope you take it easy until you get your strength back.

Jackson, I'll write you later. You made several cracks in your last letter that demanded a special letter to your bald-headed Highness. Are you really as busy as you say and haven't blown a gasget yet?

Whether this thing has meat or succatash in it I have to close and get ready for a big week ahead. I'm going to be busier than a cranberry merchant next week and I have a lot of things such as gear to get together. Would you want a copy of my activity report, Va.? Could send you one at no extra cost for I have to make them up anyway. It would tell you all of the ins and outs of conservation as well as all of the people I meet. I have already met too many people and I would like to forget about them when I write in the Robin. Look at the heading and skip my letter when the Robin comes around and you won't get all steamed up. I won't mind, really.

Love,

Ed

October 9, 1949

Dear Rays,

The temperature was  $85^{\circ}$  yesterday, and I think it must be  $90^{\circ}$  right now, as I don't remember getting hotter than this all summer. Yesterday I raked the yard, and today Ed and I made a flower bed at the back of the house. We stole bricks from the Village and woods dirt from somebody - the Village also, I think. Of course, since the Village owns our back yard, we just re-allocated the materials. I am going to plant seeds this fall, as it is damp until late Spring in this lake bed.

We got Em's new bed (formerly Ruby's) up last night, and Suzanne is spending the night with her tonight. Em is to have a new draped dressing table and new curtains (when I get them made). I have made Barbara new curtains and vanity skirt of brown green, and yellow glazed chintz with yellow ruffles. I have to make curtains for

our bedroom too - six pairs in all.

The most troublesome member of this family is the cocker Stan gave Babs for a birthday present. He is the cutest pup we ever saw, but he is a nuisance. He won't stay in a room by himself a minute without yelping. He is more trouble than the cat family of five. By the way, we now have only one cat - Winkie. When Emily hears the praises of the kittens sung by their new owners, she just beams and says, "I tell you Winkie surely did do a good job bringing up those kittens."

I am beginning to think I made a big mistake when I took on a Girl Scout troop since I have some other things I want to do. I spent two days last week at Scout meetings - one at the Leaders' Club. We have a training course starting soon, which will take more time, and our Saturdays will be used for hikes etc.

Virginia, I have a lot of red, and I don't think I will need your materials. I bought some beautiful colors at the Goodwill in Detroit, and last week Ed

stopped at a woolen mill and sent me a lot of white, which is what I needed. Mother gave me a lot of material, and I have been saving things for years. I am braiding a rug now. I have been stuck for want of brown, but Stan brought me some pants last night, so I can proceed.

As for new clothes, I can't report any, and neither can Ed except the suit he got from Jack and has all slicked up longing for a cool day so he can dress up. Babs feels the most dressed up she has ever been in a new soft green corduroy dress and very high heeled brown pumps. She also has a new gold choker to set off the dress and some new sweaters and shirts. Em has some shirts and a wool dress I made out of Babs old ones and is more proud of them than she would be of new ones. She has some new sweaters she shopped for herself when several twelve year olds went in a body to buy their school clothes. She also has a new pea jacket for the Michigan winter.

The City Fathers are going to put in a new cabinet sink and electric water heater



for us, and we can't wait.

I have recently met a Milan woman who is a native of Bandanna, Kentucky. She knows a lot of people whom we know. Her husband is a bigshot at a plastics factory. The deputy warden at the prison is a Mr. Fox who went to school at Western.

We were shocked and worried by the headlines of the Courier Journal last week. It seemed that everything happened to Western at once. I can't believe that Miss Schneider is guilty.

The pictures are very sweet. We are anxious to see the movie made in the tobacco patch. It looks very good when we examine it with a magnifying glass.

I didn't mean to write so much about so little.

Love,

Joanna

October 23, 1949  
Springfield, S. Dak.

Dear Everybody,

Something's wrong with Uncle Sam's mails or someone meddled! Ed's and Joann's letters were dated Oct. 9, and the robin came to me October 20<sup>th</sup>. That's eleven days and too long to come from Michigan to South Dakota. For a week and a half we had mail only three days a week but that was more than two weeks ago. (The steel strike made itself know in this far-away-place. A train was "taken off" because of the lack of coal) We now get

mail by truck four days  
each week.) <sup>and by train the other three</sup> The letters were  
not sealed and I hope  
that was not too much  
of a temptation for some-  
one who put up the mail  
at the dormitory.

As to taking more time  
to write the robin: I find  
if I put it off very long,  
I forget about it until  
I wake up in the middle  
of the night sometime. It  
has always been under-  
stood that each one  
may keep it for three  
days. I really think  
three days are enough.

Virginia will have this over the weekend anyway this time.

As to telling personal facts about everyday living, the things that happen here would be (I'm afraid of that word and I haven't gotten the dictionary yet) you all to peanuts. I don't mind it though and many other things to me to tears.

To day - Sunday was very quiet. I didn't go to church - Our preacher resigned - by request - and young men from Yakima are holding the services.

I had other jobs for today. <sup>4</sup>

This nice young preacher with six children - ~~from~~ <sup>years</sup> 12 down is supposed to be carrying on with another woman and he's moved to Nebraska where they won't notice things like that. There's been lots of gossip and more-than-likely two thirds of it is made up. Anyway we don't have a preacher. The Congregational is the only church in town to have services today. I could have gone to Tyndall to the Cathedral but I stayed home and did things - I have to work Saturday morning so



Sunday is the only day <sup>5</sup>  
I have at home -

Springfield has been beautiful  
all fall ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> it is cold  
but bright today. We ex-  
pect snow before long. Most  
of the leaves are still on  
the trees though. There were  
two inches of snow in the  
Black Hills but that's  
a far piece from here -  
You never can tell what  
the weather will be. Some  
mornings are warm and  
bright and by noon or  
evening there will be high  
wind and cold. About two  
weeks ago we had a

gale! Big limbs were broken<sup>6</sup>  
off and trees uprooted. I waked  
up in the night ~~and~~ I expected  
to be blown high and wide.  
There have been cyclones here!

I went to Sioux Falls  
two times the last of Sept.  
and the beginning of October.  
The state library assn.  
met and I went to a Comm.  
meeting the week before.  
For more than a week I  
wasn't worth a Continental.  
I got so weak that I could  
hardly get around. After  
resting every available  
moment and taking iron,  
I'm almost as good as new.

I still tire easily but I expect to live -

There are no new clothes in my closet but I do have a new hat with a feather about a foot long. I'm sewing up a storm though - a dress, a jumper and four pair of pajamas. I believe I mentioned the latter in the last letter but I've done no sewing for about three weeks and two pairs have to be made - I have about ten aprons planned and a house coat (short). I go mine to Virginia in the summer.

My hair looks better than it has for years. I just wash it and comb it and let

in dry. The natural curl has  
come back remarkably. I  
put a lot of water on it but  
hair dressing is a simple  
affair (not that I ever take  
much time for that activity)

I eat too much all the time  
but I've lost five pounds since  
Sioux Falls. I'm getting <sup>awfully</sup> tired  
of eating in the dormitory  
but there's no other place to  
eat except to walk eight  
blocks and I can't see my-  
self walking that (straight  
north to our house from  
town) distance in a blizzard.

For the first time in my  
life I've joined a study  
club - Really a women's club

which meets every other Monday.  
I've wished several times that  
I'd stayed out. I belonged to  
too many things already -

Elizabeth also sent the  
B. G. papers about the scandals  
in our home town. It seems  
that those folks down there  
are having a real crime  
wave - That Daggit and  
the extortion deal could  
have come out of Earl S.  
Gardner - Think of getting over  
four thousand dollars from  
a woman in B. G. by threatening  
to show some pictures. No wonder  
Miss Etner left the country! -

I can't believe Miss Snyder had  
anything to do with the money  
taken from Western. Why



do they let the Myrec man<sup>10</sup>  
off so easily? Maybe he has  
Rhodes K. Myers. He could save a  
man who killed his mother-in-  
law.

Well, we have our seamy side  
too. A young man drone up into  
a school yard last spring and shot  
himself. He left a note saying  
the teacher had two-timed him.  
The teacher was one of our students  
not too long ago - Then Mr Cushing  
and his woman trouble - You  
see we're not out of every thing -

Gone to everybody - all sons  
and daughters - and any boys  
or girls who expect to join the family  
in the distant future  
are about to come  
off - with all the sewing and  
this writing -  
Gone to cats and dogs too -

Eleanor

Notice

Mrs Ruby R. McDonald

is Candidate

for the Exalted Office  
of

Director [or Pusher]  
of

The Ray Robin

for Nomination

THIS Aug. 22  
1950 / 1949 by  
E.S. Ray

Notice

Mr. Jack M. McDonald

is hereby Nominated

for Vice-Director

(Vice here means Second or  
Under)

of the

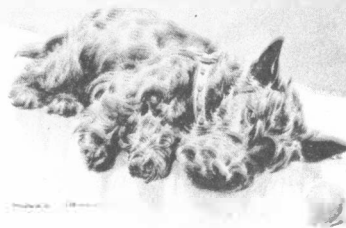
Ray Robin

for the

Year of 1950

Nominated by

Her Honor E.S. Ray Esq.



November 16, 1949.

Dear Robins,

The letters arrived Monday, Nov. 14 and we are both going to get ours written tonight so that they will go in the mail in the morning to Ruby and Jack...that will get us under the fence...and mighty good considering how busy we are and considering the fact that it stays two weeks or more at some places...I won't name the places as I know the Pusher will have enough to say to keep the conversation hot for weeks to come!!

Joe and I both have been just puching ourselves from one big job to another for the past two months. Tonight is the first time for many nights that Joe is relaxing. He put on his pajamas right after supper and hit the bed with a "Whodoneit" and says if he drops off to sleep he'll do his letter in the morning. Whether the letter is ever written or not, I'm awfully glad to see him loaf a few minutes. He goes to Baltimore tomorrow night so as to be there early Friday morning for a two day convention. So this night of rest will see him through that,,,I hope.

I do like the newsy letters. I guess they are personal more than Newsy...but anyway, they are more like what I think they should be. I guarantee you I read very word of everyones letter.

Sorry the Brown Rays were not with us this time. Virginia's report on them let us know the reasons. I hope Audry's father is better by now. We missed their letters.

I'm making so many mistakes on this typewriter, I do believe my writing would be better after all, even as bad as it is.

The Cub Scouts and I are still meeting every Monday afternoon. I only have four in my Den counting David and they are so interested in getting off achievements that they work like Trojans every minute they are here...when they are not eating. Last Monday I let them have a wienie roast in the back yard...Ruby and Jack left about two dozen hot dogs out here after their party here Saturday night...So I thought that was a good time to have a party for the boys. They really had fun.

Lots of interesting things have happened since I wrote last. I hardly know where to begin. But I guess I'll begin with the BEST. And that was our week-end in S. R. with Jack's family the week-end of Oct. 21st. We got a negro woman to come out on Friday afternoon to stay with the children and left about three o'clock for Pittsburgh. We got there about 10 and spent the night with Louise... Jack's sister. Then Saturday morning their sister Isabel had us for breakfast. We left her house about 11 for S.R. Had a grand time there....rest....shopping for me a coat... played penny anti with Dad and argued politics with him.... visited and enjoyed being away from the children. We left about 9 Sunday morning and stopped at Wilda's for breakfast and saw her new husband and house. Got back home about eight Sunday night. All in all, it was a perfect week-end. The weather was perfect and the leaves and mountains were as beautiful as a picture. It was Joe's and my first time on the "turn-pike" which added more to the trip.

I'm sold on S.R. for the reunion if Ruby can manage <sup>some</sup> ~~one~~ cabins to rent. It probably won't be as hot there and isn't too far for any one. Ed. doesn't Mich. have any of these state parks like lots of the states have? I know Alabama has some wonderful places with cabins to rent by the week at a reasonable price. The main thing I want besides a reasonable price, is cool air! I got enough of hot weather last summer to last me the rest of my life.

We've done some of our usual fall entertaining recently. In fact, I'll be completely caught up as soon as we have Joe's department in ~~as~~ Sunday afternoon and I have a bridge luncheon. We've had two groups of twelve each for supper. One was just before a concert by Gladys Swarthout at the University to which we took the group. We had Ruby and Jack then.....wore formal dress and felt quite fancy. G. S. was wonderful and so very much prettier than I had any idea she was.

Joe, the boys and I have taken in all of the home football games, which has been three thus far. We didn't buy a season ticket for Sally and a football game is one of the last things I want to take her to.

The University Curtain Club put on "The Glass Menagerie" last week and we went and took two friends. It was quite well done for amateurs, although the story itself was so depressing. I could hear myself nagging my children just the way the mother in the play did and I vowed I'd stop it, but of course, I haven't!

Joan, the girls' rooms sound awfully pretty. I'm anxious to fix Sally's up pretty, but will try to hold off a few years yet and she wouldn't appreciate or take care of it now. I hope to get good bedroom furniture for Joe and me this winter, but can't seem to ever get to the stores and do any shopping. I do have new mattresses for our beds... at least I had our old ones made over. Most of all I want to get a rug for the living room so as to put my hooked ones in the bedrooms where they won't get such hard wear. I have them in my living room, but they are wearing badly and get such hard wear, but still I hate to ride the children (I remember "Glass Menagerie") all of the time about them.

Miss Jeffries, It's so good to have you back with us. Do take care of yourself. I hope the fall has been as lovely there as it has here. We've had very little rain and no cold weather at all. But I'm afraid we'll pay for it in Jan. and Feb.



I'm reading Robert Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins" which I'm enjoying very much.

The children fared so well the week-end we left them before we hope to try it again and let me go to N.Y. with Joe for his national meeting the week between Christmas and New Years.

I can't believe there are only five weeks until Christmas. We still have a good deal of shopping to do. Of course, the children can hardly wait. David is getting his Bike... Sally doesn't know it, but she'll get a side-walk bike, which she doesn't think she'll get and wouldn't have, except I was able to buy a second-hand one....then she wants a doll and doll carriage, etc. We have a table radio for Scott...now maybe Joe's will stay where it belongs

I wish some or all of you were going to be with us for the holidays. To me, Christmas time is family time. El, I wish you were planning to come. Why don't you? It has been too long since we saw you. I hope to get a package off to you by your birthday.

Virginia, I don't know yet what to do about a coat for Sally. I believe she can make it until the sales now and I may can find a good buy in N.Y. after Christmas. Keeping the five of us clothed is a job.

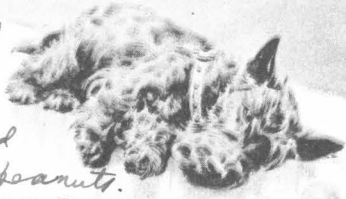
I really must stop. Love and best wishes to everyone of you for a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Jettie

"In my spare time" I'm  
selling Compton's Encyclopedia -  
Any of you want to buy one?

Snatches:

el - the word  
you shied away  
from is "boar"  
- something would  
boar all of us to peanuts.



Joan:  
How is about this business  
of talking the pants off a pro-  
spective son-in-law? Did  
you talk them off him or did he  
just come out of them of his own  
free will.

Jack:  
you're last letter "boared"  
me. I always think of you as  
smoking long cigarets and  
eating French bonbons. -  
Not as the heavy husband.

Robe:

I'm for you for Pres.  
I love you immensely &  
think no one could approach  
you in the position. As far  
as, if nominated I will not  
accept & if elected I will  
not serve. I do not choose  
to run or even to be considered  
as a candidate. No - absolutely  
not. We've already made their  
blue with this stuff - very ap-  
propriate & symbolic since  
the air now matches the Pres's  
violet treasures.

WB & Audrey:

I share this  
view that you folks  
shouldn't pass up  
the Robin. Surely you  
realize that the key to  
this business of  
living is the people  
you love. All the rest of  
our activity leads us  
primarily to that. And  
if you're too busy with  
the secondary things to  
attend to the primary,  
then you're missing the  
boat - and the "people  
you love" means all of  
them, and not just the  
ones you love most  
vitaly and urgently.

M. J. J.:

First time I ever  
heard of you taking  
a back seat - on  
this trip to Edmonston.  
I think you had the  
better of the deal. My  
idea of a hike is to sit  
somewhere in good  
company & wait for  
the hikers to walk it  
out of their systems.  
- and of all good  
company Morphens  
is the best.

(over)

Guira - stay in there & slug with ole  
pusher. His handwriting is no better than  
mine & I dont blame you for cracking  
at him.

I think we can each write  
in the Kolim as the spirit moves  
him. Perhaps the best example  
of the fertility of my effort to  
change folked was some years  
ago when I rebbed Guira on chat  
chat & she jumped clean down my  
throat - my mouth being open with  
amazement at the time.

I'm sorry - I can't tell stories  
on the folks, because I haven't  
been home enough lately to  
learn how things are going.  
Yesterday morning I got  
up early & washed some  
windows before Jettie got  
up - some she'd been  
harrasing me about. Then I led  
her into the room arguing  
that the windows didn't need

washing. She hammered & hawed  
and finally conceded they didn't  
need washing before I told her  
I'd already done it. Pretty  
cute of me, I thought.

Went to Knoxville to So.  
Political Science convention  
on Nov 10-12. Helped record a  
radio program on WNOX to play  
on Nov 21 at 10:30 P.M. Got  
a convention in Baltimore  
starting tonight. Go on the  
last day of the month to Cleveland  
for a week & then to N.Y. at Xmas.  
Get the Beep is going to N.Y. with  
me, she says. Hope she does, but  
it'll take the dough.

We had a wonderful time in  
Geneva with Jack & Rolf last  
month. Et all I wanted & no worries  
for two days. Jack's folks are almost  
as satisfactory as he is & that's going.  
I got to chew tobacco with Jack's  
Pap - only time in polite society  
without frowns of disapproval.  
It's amazing the things travel will  
reveal.

When we got home we found that Scott had kept the other two in the house all day for fear we'd get back and they'd be out.

The least of our Guppis problem is the shovell deal. They got mange, heaves, fever, etc. We got problems.

I gotta get a bath & go to work.

I got up early to do this after a collapse about 9 last night & a little cruise with Woken & Blunker & Rod. The kids are now jabbering upstairs, it's nearly 8:00 & Jettie's still lying on her big bundle in bed. Guess I'll have to play a little game of stomp bottom - with her bottom - to get the wheels going.

I'm a bit shocked that people are lustful & greedy in B.D. Somehow I had the feeling that primal urges in that neighborhood were effectively sublimated and that all was sweetness & light. Guess it's just an ordinary place, after all.

Love to all

Joe



Sunday Night- Nov. 19 49?

Dear Folks:

Joe and Jettie have just left-- they spent the afternoon with us and ate dessert after our dinner. Kay Moore was here and so was Jack Gray, from Texas, who arrived in town last night to start work with the FBI. He used to room with us on 20th street-- his wife worked for a congressman, and I think you all met them when you were up. Jack has since got his law degree and now this good job.

This Robin is getting to be a tough bird. Ed bellyaches he'd "rather be left out " than get it late; Ginny lays down laws each time as to how we shall write and then the next time says " it doesn't sound right that way"; Joe waxes philosophical-- BUT Miss Jeffries is back in-- and THAT helps.

Ginny: I'm gonna "sic" Ruby on you if you don't quit panning the gents' letters. She's the only one I've ever known who could quiet you down with a few well chosen words. Personally I think she just out-yells you-- but I've seen her do it.

However, sweetheart, even if you don't like the way I write-- I always read all of yours-- even about your wearing "the green wool under my sand coat for Sunday, and using the gray one for every day." And I don't know why you pick so much on poor Ed. Ruby says Ed's mind is all right; it's just that the hot sun gets to him easier in the summers now, since he's losing his hair-covering.

Miss Jeffries: It's good to get you back in. And I hope you "level off" this crew a bit. They're getting to be a set of rugged individuals, throwing their own private tantrums. I have enough trouble with the tantrum-thrower I have to live with-- without getting new ones in by mail.

Ed: Your brown suit has stood me in good stead. I wear it to work all the time (not quite all, but a good deal)-- and it's really an excellent fit. Guess I'll have you buy my clothes and send them along. Hope the one I traded you does as well.

Joanna: Looks like you're having a busy winter with your brick-laying, dog shoveling, and scouting. However, I envy you that little black cocker for they're smart dogs.

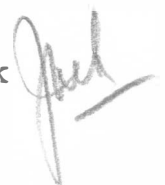
Eleanor: Your letter was good-- and don't let J~~pe~~ tease you about the spelling of BORE. I'm still laughing over the crack you made about the preacher going to Nebraska-- that "they don't seem to notice things like that in Nebraska." I've always felt Nebraska was going to the dogs and now I'm sure of it.

Brown and Audrey: We do miss your letters. GET BACK IN HERE. We've seen you later than you think-- for we saw the pictures Ed took in Ky. Good shots of little Sylvia and of Audrey sewing a split in Brown's pants. And that tobacco WAS something!

I won't need to address a note to Joe and Jettie for we see them frequently. My Pappy and Mammy were keen about them-- for Joe chewed tobacco and played poker with Pap-- and Jettie pitched in with the meals, while we were up there. It was really a wonderful week end-- In Penna.

Us? We try to do too much when we have so much work to do but I guess we'll survive. Ruby likes her teaching much better this year; and I like my work if there wasn't so much of it-- ALL the time. However we're well; still able to argue; still able to laugh over the Robin (Ruby keeps reading me what she's writing). That's all-- cept love to one and all

Jack



Nov. 20, 1949

Washington D.C.

Dear Children —

In this issue I am declaring myself President of the Family. And don't let me hear one sigh or a murmur of disapproval — only praise and congratulation —. Thank You!

My first official act is to welcome you, Miss S. back. The robin has a broken wing when you don't 'put in'. We need you in whatever we do. You'll have to 'watch out' for all the boys — they may get out of hand. I name you President Emeritus and Consultant on all Committees — Chief Consultant that is. We need your advice in every field and stream.

Ed — you of course as ~~the~~ Past Pres. become President of the Board of Governors. You also may be one of the Veeps in Charge of Reprimands. Now don't

thread lightly. Get on good firm bottom  
lands and stamp hard. This advice  
you probably do not need. Joanna -  
you are his first Assistant. (Restrain  
him if <sup>he</sup> gets too rough?)

Eleanor - your office is that of Pusher.  
See to it that we have no more piddling  
steel strikes - and that the mail is not  
held up. This is a must! You may have  
to build a fire under Brown and Andrey.  
Ask the Chief Consultant for tinder.  
You are also Librarian of all Coloa Stones  
about preachers and weather. Keep us or  
continue to keep us informed about So.  
Dakota weather down to the last snow  
flake and the breezes too.

Now, Virginia - you're not exactly heading  
up a committee but I want you to  
work out some letter forms. Get your  
silent partner to help you and make  
them good and workable. They should  
be marked "male" and "female". Tell them  
exactly what to say and when to say  
it. Maybe you will want some things

told in the winter and others in the spring.  
Personally I think they should have a free  
hand with poetry in the spring. You may  
not see it that <sup>way</sup>. Then don't put it in your  
form. Maybe hog-killing time would be  
the proper time to tell about Sally's fin-  
gers, and Joe's fainting when he cuts his  
hand. Just when is there blood in the  
~~noon~~? Ask the Chief Consultant.  
If thick letters don't suit you - you <sup>have</sup> my  
permission to fire them right back and  
have them filled in to suit. Let's keep  
our standards high and hitch our  
wagons to the stars. It would <sup>be</sup> interesting  
if the Rays turned out to be perfection-  
ists. When shall we have amusing  
letters and when should they be serious?  
What part of the should be devoted to  
weather reports? Should we discuss poli-  
tics? Ask your silent partner.

Brown you shall be the B.G.  
District Pusher. Get in there and pitch!  
Get those letters out of that crime-  
ridden area. Audrey you will just have



keep at him. Don't sew his pants until the letters are off. And don't fail to write your self. We need your letters.

See you are the chair man of the awards. Settie and Fane on with you. It is your job to decide who is awarded for what. Now don't feel that you must keep the awards on <sup>the</sup> simple inexpensive level we did. You may step as high and handsome as you please. The "causes and effects" should be delivered at the reunion.

We think now the reunion will be in Slippery Rock. We can get cottages ~~or~~ <sup>or</sup> make some arrangement. and the time will probably be in August. Does any one have any suggestions? I'll investigate anything you want me to.

Eleanor you are still the Christmas Chaos.

Love  
Red White and Blue Ruby

Nov.24,1949

Dear Folks,

With this issue I am turning the administration of this thing over to "Miss Ruby" and I see by her comment that she means business. All I have to say is "More power to her". If she can make this recalcitrant outfit click, I'd be willing to spot her a big prize.

Perhaps if we would all use air mail on the big hops the Robin takes we could make the schedule satisfactorily to all concerned. That would mean that Ele, Gin, Ruby and I would use air mail.

It seems a shame that Will B and Audrey have not contributed for almost three months. I'd like to hear from them. But if they are not going to write Will B should not hold it in any event.

Thanksgiving dinner is over and no ill affects. We had a big turkey which we barely got strated on and the remains are now my biggest worry. I'm sure I'll be eating turkey for a long time to come. We hadn't decided until the night before what we were going to have, then all agreed that we would like to try a turkey. Usually we don't have turkey, for we like chicken better. But I happened in the store when they were closing. One guy had ordered a turkey and didn't come for it, so I took it. Anyway, we had a whale of a dinner with no one but the family to eat it. Jo made rolls and pumpkin pie and with all of the trimmings it was quite a repast, now its just passed. Even the baby dog ate so much that he was in misery, Winkie, too.

We had quite a snow together with some sleet. Looks more like Xmas. than Thanksgiving. We have already had more rough weather this year than we had last. This is likely to be a very uncomfortable place to be in January and February. February is my busiest month. Already I am booked solid time, and I will be up in the north woods most of the time, training school teachers in plant and animal ecology. We have a swanky lodge operated by the conservation department up there and we carry on a training course for teachers. Teachers take off three or four days from school and come to the lodge for the training.

Miss Jefferies, I do a lot of things all of wich are related to conservation education. Work with school organizations, civic clubs, etc. Usually lecture and conduct field trips, which are designed to apply materials disoussed. I am busy all of the time that I want to be busy. I have had to turn down some engagements already. I do not work in the schools directly, we have other people for that. The program is very interesting and if I get fed up with talking, I go camping or start working over some marsh or swamp, or bog. This I always get a big kick out of. I could spend weeks in such places, for they have so many interesting things to study. Ecology is a facinating subject, and I have become quite adept at it if I do say so myself. I gatehr that from comments of others and is not my own opinion. Usually the Conservation department expects to spend at least two years in training a man for the work and he is not assigned very difficult work. Already I have taken some top-notch jobs and apparently did all right with them, for I have been asked back on several occassions. The above statements after being reread sound awfully corny, and I wish to insert the idea here that I didn't mean to give the idea of bragging, but merely that things are coming along O.K. and that I enjoy the work.

Jettie Pearl, your mention of camping facilities in Michigan interests me greatly. There are many nice camps here and some of them are in very interesting places. The rate for group camps is .75 ¢ a day with all equipment furnished. I would like to have the whole outfit come up here and I will agree to furnish

the camp gratis if it is decided to use Michigan. We could get a cook and everybody would have a swell time. There is in each of these camps a mess hall well equipped and the people live in small cabins around the mess hall. There is hot and cold running water, electricity, and bottled gas for cooking.

I can get any camp we want in Southern Michigan and I can assure you that things will be in shape before you get here. The Supervisor over all of the camps is a good friend of mine and I'm sure he would go all out to please the Ray Clan. I could justify bearing the expense of the camp on the grounds that it would not cost me anything to travel to whatever other place selected, and the cost of the camp for a week or so would just about take care of that. I didn't say anything about camps here because I was afraid that you would think that I was selling you a bill of goods. Weather and climate here would be about ideal in August. There are at least a dozen group camps spread all over Michigan that we could get, from Lake Michigan to Huron, to Superior. I don't think we would want to bother with Lake Erie camps as population there is too dense.

Scheduling for summer group camps are now being made up, and if we get the place we want, the decision should be made at the earliest possible date. Warren Dune State Park on Lake Michigan is an interesting place, and there is good cool water to swim in, and the weather is never hot there. I will send you some folders of several camps for you to look over.

If you come to Michigan, all you would be out is travel here and cost of food. One can eat in a camp cheaper than at home, and have good food.

Joan is too busy, she thinks, to write. Has company coming this afternoon, and not a speck of dirt must be seen on these occasions.

Is everybody about out of envelopes for mailing the Robin? If you are, I will send you some more.

Love,

LL  
I should wish you Merry Xmas  
for this thing will not get back  
P.S. here before then, I think.

The color pictures enclosed are for the clan members, that is the group ones. The one of Ruby & I & me is for Miss Ruby, ~~the old~~ I & me has one. The one of Miss Jackson & Ruby is for them. The photography of this picture is not good but the subjects are tops in unusual characters. This picture was taken too late in the evening, but I still think for the time of day and the subjects involved that it is an unusual picture.

## **12-2-49 Eleanor Addenda**

Aunt Eleanor's letter is written on paper that is a couple of lines short on each page. It's too bad, because those lines are pertinent to a terrific letter. I've decided to write this file of extra lines, but that not be sufficient. If you want me to, I'll go to Kinko's and get the whole thing scanned on a bigger scanner that will have everything intact. In the meantime, here are the page addenda:

### **Page 1**

We could pitch several tents down on the bank of the broad Missouri (we might find a river boat hour afloat) and have a lovely time. The Michigan deal sounds wonderful.

### **Page 2**

Somebody clinch this deal while it's hot! Don't let Ed get cold feet!

### **Page 3**

Mrs. Harmon and I went to Sioux City for Thanksgiving - Friday and Saturday - I drove her car.

### **Page 4**

You know it is said when a woman gets my age she makes a grab at middle age (I almost said youth) by buying a red hat.

### **Page 5**

The household consists of an old maid teacher and a widow. The widow was on the faculty when I was here before and is one of my best friends.

### **Page 6**

The city dwellers, the town existers,,= and the village pacers - I hope Santa will bring you each your heart's desires. Love, Eleanor

### CHRISTMAS GIFT DRAWINGS

Drawings were completed at the Milan Headquarters on Aug. 14, 1949,  
under supervision of Eleanor Snowbound Ray--and drawings are as follows:

Joanna Shock-Absorber Ray gives to Eleanor Snowbound Ray

Will Tobacco Ray gives to Joe Robin's Egg Ray

Jack Moptop MacDonald gives to Audrey Fire-Builder Ray

Virginia Home-News Harman gives to Miss Ella Stabilizer Jeffries

R.W. Silent Harman gives to J. Moptop MacDonald

Joe Robin's Egg Ray gives to Joanna SA Ray

Jettie Hillsboro Ray gives to Gimmy Stack-Blower, Thomas -Baiting Ray

Ed-the-Only -Gentleman-in -the-Crowd Ray gives to Silent Harman. Why are  
you so silent, Silent?

Miss Ella Stabilizer Jeffries gives to Ed Pusher Ray

Ruby Sunburst MacDonald gives to Bill 10-foot-Tobacco Ray

*Eleanor Ray - Jettie Ray*  
Small Fry

Joe Hitch-Hiking Harman gives to David Starling Ray

David Salamander Ray gives to Sylvia Perfect-Baby Ray

Sam Let's-Get-It-Done Harman gives to Sally Sprite Ray

Emily Taller Ray gives to Joe Long-Foot Ray

Barbara Eat-All-The-Time Ray gives to Scott Bean Brummel Ray

Sally Sprite Ray gives to Sam Iwo Jima Ray

Sylvia Perfect-Baby Ray gives to Barbara Second-Helping Ray

Scott B.B. Ray gives to Emily Taller Ray

Note: Make a list of your OWN drawings so you'll have them at  
Christmas time. Original list will be kept by Eleanor in case  
of loss. (These are instructions from the Pusher) .

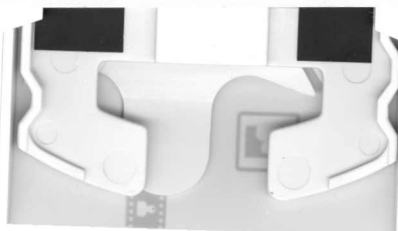
Signed:

---

Eleanor S. Ray

Drawings made by Ruby and Jack. Names in a pot held by Emily and Babs.

August 14, 1949.  
National Headquarters-Milan, Mich.





Springfield, S. Dak.  
December 2, 1949.

Dear People,

The mystery of the eleven days  
is still unsolved. This time Ed's  
letter ~~was~~ dated Nov. 24<sup>th</sup> and I got  
it November 29<sup>th</sup> - air mail (2-6 stamps)  
I've kept the letters the full three  
days this time and I'm sorry -  
but I will get them off in the  
morning.

You notice that this is the  
birthdate of two very important  
people<sup>(?)</sup>. I tried hard to forget that  
I'm one year older (not that I mind  
at all) but someone around here  
always keeps up on other people's  
birthdays. No matter how old, I am  
I don't feel it - Does little Ed?  
Anyway he's two years older than  
I am.

Why don't you all come to  
Springfield <sup>this summer</sup>? We could pitch  
several tents down on the  
bank of the ~~Missouri~~ <sup>(We might find a river boat house at that)</sup>

deal sounds wonderful. It would  
 be more central also. Why doesn't  
 the president of <sup>this</sup> Clan settle  
 the place and time of meeting  
 right away? The friends in  
 Georgia want me to come  
 to Statesboro sometime during  
 the summer and I would  
 like to go. I've decided not  
 to work the first three weeks of  
 the second summer term.  
 as I've done for two summers  
 It pays very little and is trying.  
 It may be expected of me, how-  
 ever. That would put me out  
 about the middle of July. I'm  
 all for going anywhere. I do want  
 to see everybody this summer.  
 a camp sound better because we  
 could all eat together and be  
 together that much more - Some-  
 body clinch this deal while  
 it's still in the air.

The weather of South Dakota is un-  
predictable. We have not had  
one drop of snow since last  
March! There has been no rain  
either. <sup>and of course,</sup> Every thing is very dry.  
This time last year we were  
up to our necks in snow!  
It will be queer if ~~if~~ we go  
through December without snow.  
Everyday is a beautiful fall  
"experience" but ~~we're~~ not too cocky  
because this weather could  
burst wide open someday  
soon! When it does well say  
we did have a lovely fall!

The old gal is as good as  
new now. I feel fine and do  
very little of anything in the  
evenings. The sewing is  
taking a back seat and I'm  
doing a lot of reading now.

Mrs Harmon and I went to  
Sioux City for Thanksgiving -  
7. 1. 1. + Saturday. I drove

All the stores and streets were decorated for Christmas and were lovely. I got two dresses at \$6 each - less than half price and I've been altering somewhat. One is gold & black and the other is a tanny-brown. They both look very nice (in spite of the four pounds regained.) The biggest purchase was a hat (another one and I wear a hat once a week! (when I go to Church)) This one is real red and a profile number. It sits on one side and sasses everybody. ~~There has~~ a contraption which looks like a bird flying up on the highest peak - As you know the ole profile is not much to show off but <sup>the hat</sup> it does look nice. Anybody want to barrow it between Sundays? You know it is said

To take a picture of this hat!

as camera

small



age (I almost said youth) by buying  
a red hat. I've made several  
grabs because several red  
sisters have sat on this  
Cranium. I'm not as dressed up  
as all this sounds. There really  
is not much to dress up for  
around Springfield anyway

The Christmas Holiday will  
be quiet for me this year.  
I'm spending the two weeks  
Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> to Jan. 9<sup>th</sup>. with two  
friends here in Springfield. Mrs  
Harmon's daughter and grandson  
are coming home and although  
she insisted that I stay on  
in my room, I'm letting the  
daughter have my space. They  
will enjoy being together more  
if another person is not around.  
These two people (I go on to line with)  
are lonely and will have a lonely  
time. I'll catch up on reading and  
sewing. The household consists of an  
old maid to be and a widow

Sylvia is a peach! Not old enough to enjoy  
Christmas much yet.



when I was here before and is one of my best friends. She came back from Mass. to be with Sue Wood who was left alone by the death of her housemate. They live in a lovely house and there is a bedroom for me.

I wish I could see each and everyone of you during the holidays but this is ~~far~~ better for me. Have a good time! and I hope I'll get the robin during Christmas.

Will the new administration please outline the duties of the pusher! I can say pretty sharp & harsh things sometimes. I do hope everybody will write next time and on time - within three days after receipt -

All best wishes to you all - small, medium, and large; white blue, or ~~green~~ <sup>brown</sup> headed (when there is any <sup>hair</sup>); All the little Knot-heads and Cub Scouts and the "go steadies" and the half-growns; the city dwellers, the town existers and the village

I like Miss Jeffries' apartment much better than the other one and believe she does also. Joe's pen won't write. He is still going to B U what time he has to put in after having a good time. December 6, 1949.  
dancing and Clubs. All schools have too much social activity to make good students

My dears:

The Robin came in yesterday morning, and I am answering my part today while Miss Jeffries is reading it, and writing hers. My vote goes to Eleanor for the best letter.

First I will give the important news first. Audrey's father died Saturday, and they have been away, but came back last night. I wired flowers for the family, and specified yellow mums and button chrysanthemums because I knew this time of the year you got more for the money out of these flowers, the spray was \$10.00 and you all owe me \$2.00, each. I knew you would want it, and Audrey has had such a hard time. Her father has been at the point of death for about a month, and Brown went over there and brought him home and kept him in the hospital here for a week until they told them he would not live long, and take him home if he wanted to go. Her brother has moved in with her mother, and they will live that way for a while. It has been hard on Brown getting his tobacco on the market. He still has only started on his stripping, and hope he can get it in before Christmas, but of course he couldn't possibly now. We are planning to mail the Robin on this time, because they would never get it off, and Miss Jeffries and I are just going to tell them it came while they were away. I saved out a picture to give them. I am really proud of mine, Ed. It is so pretty I plan to use it on the bottom of a glass paper weight, and that one of Ruby and Jack is truly glamorous. Miss Ruby is even holding her fingers like a Dresden Doll. Jack, do you think she might have been thinking of herself as a Dresden Doll when that was made, or were you thinking of yourself as the bridegroom doll. You both look like dolls, and should have that one enlarged. I wanted it, but Ed said Hands Off.

As for Ruby announcing her-self as President, that is all right, and I am for her but I refuse to serve in the capacity she suggested for me. The fact is she sounded like a newly elected president of the Ladies Aid trying to give ever member of the society an office, so as to have no hard feelings. In the first place if anybody would say what and when I should write or what I should say in the Robin I would jump right down their throats, and certainly expected the same from every one of you. and was rather surprised when no one did.

Another important thing, Ruby, Audrey did say they would be delighted with dishes as they have none, and have never had a full set, or enough to set the table. And, Eleanor, Sam wants to know when he is going to be classed with the grown-ups, or as he expressed it, "How long does one have to live to get promoted from the Small Fry Christmas drawing.

Another important thing I want to tell before I start answering everybody, or have I already. Sam came home with his girl Sunday, or brought her home Saturday night, and I didn't know a thing about a girl until I came home Saturday night and Joe said Sam called that he was bringing his girl home. Her name is Betty Newton from Danville, and we all liked her. She seemed to know more about what Sam did and what he liked than I did, and wheather Sam knew it or not she sure was making plans. I had ordered from Neely Harwell a new blanket and down comfort to keep Miss Ruby warm when she comes, and had made up the company bed to see how it would do, so I didn't have to fix a bed for her, just put her in the one made up. She said she slept fine, and thought the covers just right for Aunt Ruby.

I have been trying to come down with flu, and cannot afford here at Christmas to do such a thing, and have been taking Bromo Quinine is the reason I ramble so. I took some of that new fangled Anahist, and it is not worth a dang even if the Readers Digest does say it is a new wonder drug. Anybody who wants an almost full bottle of Anahist, let me know and I shall be delighted to mail you this 98¢ bottle free. Love,

Dec. 11, 1949.

Dearest Robins,

I've just read Joe's letter. It is so full and covers our activities so well that I hardly see any cause for me putting in. But some of the "in-laws" have to keep this Bird on the right level and it seems to be left to Jack and me, this time.

I must brag on our fast time. Our last letters were written the 16th. of November and here we are writing again on the 11th. of December and the Robin has already been here two days. It'll go out in the morning, tho., and should be half around again by Christmas.

We were sorry to hear about Audry's and Brown sorrow. Virginia had told us in her last letter that Audry's father was very ill, but somehow, we just can never believe anyone won't recover. I hope your mother, Audry, is doing all right.

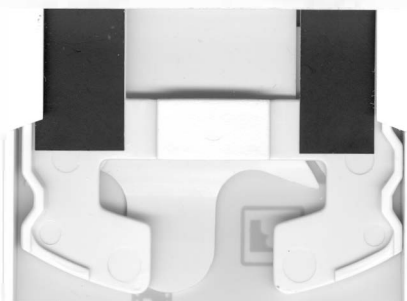
Can you all realize that Christmas is two weeks from today? I'm getting real excited and of course, the children are beside themselves. I've got most of my shopping done and hope to get everything wrapped this coming week and the ones mailed that have to be mailed. I still have Sally's doll and carriage to get and her doll clothes to make. The other day she said that Santa was bringing her a doll trunk full of doll clothes....so I guess I'd better get busy!

The new president has certainly got the whole tribe to work...she thinks! She had Joe muttering to himself this afternoon and that is a good sign. When he starts muttering he usually gets to work. As a member of the awards committee, I want to announce that I expect lots of Christmas gifts and all kinds of favors all year or else....don't expect much of an award! Maybe I should say, don't be surprised at your award!

I'm sorry to desert the president and Slippery Rock as a reunion place. But I hear Michigan Calling! Ed's suggestions and arrangements sound perfect, except for his paying the cost of the camps. The price is so very reasonable and with everyone paying his own share it won't hurt anyone, but is too much for anyone to take on for the whole tribe. In fact, it sounds so good to me, I hope we can stay two weeks. The rent there for two weeks won't be much more than one week's rent at the beach. Joe says the first two weeks in August are good for him, although I guess anytime in August is all right. It is so hot here in August it'll be good to get away for as much of it as possible.

Ed., we were glad to have you admit that you are good...there's no use in not admitting it and I'm glad the folks around there give credit where credit is due. It sounds like the perfect job for you. Do you expect to settle there? We have a very good friend in Battle Creek that you might run across someplace in Michigan. He went with the Kellogg Foundation as director of their camps, but is now in the administration set-up as the Educational Director....a very fine job. We'll hope to see them when we are in Michigan. Also we have good friends in Texas who spend July and August at Traverse City.

Virginia, it sounds serious when son brings a girl home to visit the folks! So you'd better get prepared for a daughter. Sam is such a fine boy, I'm surprised that some girl hasn't got her eyes on him sooner. I imagine they have, but Sam hasn't had his eyes on them. I can see Joe Wilson getting a big kick out of the visit with Miss Jeffries and her friends. This Jack Gray that we know who is here for his F.B.I. training makes me think of J.W. with his big talk.



Joe and I got new bathrobes given to us on our birthdays, so I've just finished cutting down our old ones for Sally and Scott... David having fall heir to Scott's last year one. Now we are all bathrobed!

Eleanor the red hat sounds very pretty. I'm a pushover for red, so it's good you are not near or I'd probably be wearing it to N.Y. I got a new navy and a tan hat this fall, both of which are about the best liked ones I've ever had. You should see Joe in the new lumbergh hat that Jack gave him.... or rather that Ruby gave Jack and then after Jack didn't wear it gave it to Joe. You wouldn't know that children... they are so big I hardly know them myself.

We'll be thinking of all of you at Christmastime. We are counting on big doings with Ruby and Jack spending Christmas Eve and Christmas day with us and the Jack Grays, also. So it should be very helirious and we'll wish for all of you. Best wishes for a joyous holiday season.

Love to all,

The colored pictures are beautiful... thanks, Ed. for ours. I think Virginia's idea of putting it under a paper weight is good. I'm going to do that with ours. It certainly should be out where people can see it.

*Jettie*

# MARYLAND LEAGUE OF MUNICIPALITIES

Sunday afternoon, Dec. 11, 1949

Honey Lambs:

## PRESIDENT

Mayor John C. Post  
Takoma Park

## VICE PRESIDENTS

Mayor Julian L. Tubman  
Cambridge  
District One

H. H. Mitchell  
President of Commissioners  
Elkton  
District Two

Mayor Hall R. MacLean  
Bel Air  
District Five

Mayor Thomas S. Post  
Cumberland  
District Six

## ELECTED MEMBERS, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Councilman Henry H. Hanna  
Salisbury

Mayor Floyd B. Mathias  
Mount Rainier

## EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

Joseph M. Ray  
University of Maryland  
College Park

I've just finished the Robin, and it has been here two whole days. I don't quite know when I could have read it before now, but it was worth waiting for. And, too, I had the unique experience of having our dear, revered President of the Clan horse me into writing my robin letter to get the thing along. If you'll look back over the pore feathered critter's history, I don't believe you'll recall a single instance in which the shoe has not been on the other foot. That new broom is sweeping, seems to me.

Got home Friday night to find that the Robin was here. I got in at ten after six and Jettie had it figured that I could read the Robin, get dressed, and go after the sitter for the children, go to a club dinner at six-thirty and then on at nine-thirty to Jacks and Ruby's to go to the Kentucky Club Dance to shake hands with Chief Justice Vinson. Then back to bed at one o'clock -- all this after having been sleepless from five to six the morning before, up at six to help the boys carry their new paper route that they weren't yet sure about. Slept from one until eight a. m. Saturday morning and had to tear my shirt to get to the office to meet the chief of the campus police, who wanted to talk to me about a survey of his department -- a full morning of first one thing and then another -- almost two o'clock before I got home, and they let me sleep until five o'clock, then hustling around doing such things as getting a new basket for Scott's bike for the paper route and out again for supper from six-thirty on. Home at 12:30 ready for bed after having drunk coffee, popped wide awake at 3:15 and read until after five and then slept until seven when I got out to help David carry his Sunday route. Scott did his alone, but David can't read his book of names and addressed well enough and needs some coaching. I had my pajamas on under my clothes, so back to bed after fixing breakfast for myself and kids while Miss Jettie caught up, then up to bed to read until 11:00 trying to go to sleep -- finally making it from 11:00 until nearly 2:00 p. m. Now, somebody tell when, between Friday night and now I could have written the Robin. Anyway, here it is. Jettie and

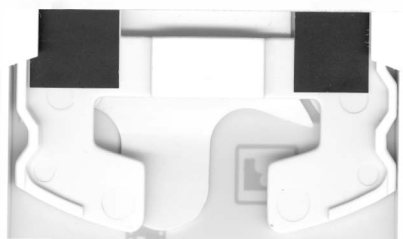
I are really working on this paper route business. I think they are just about ready to take over, however. Miss Ruby tells me that David is awfully young for a paper route, and I agree. That's why I went with them on Friday morning. Then I just had to this morning. At Miss Ruby's suggestion, I made David a flat list of houses in the order in which he should deliver them, and I think he can make it. The two of them have about 30 to 35 papers each, and they are all delivered here in College Park between the Baltimore Boulevard and the B. & O. Railroad. It's big doings. They stand to make about \$30 a month, and they are going to save it up and buy a television set. It's getting embarrassing -- my kid's farming themselves out at other people's houses with the clear implication that my daddy doesn't make enough to buy a television set. A new version of keeping up with the Joneses.

I must say that Miss Ruby is taking over with a vim. There's noting like a new broom.

Certainly, I'm <sup>not</sup> one to criticize, Miss Ruby, but there are one or two comments we might make. In the first place, you urge Ed to find some "good firm bottoms" to stomp in the clan. Frankly, I think that is an impossible assignment in this clan. Unless it's W. B.'s there just ain't one of the likes of that in the whole kaboodle of us.

El, your job of pusher ain't hard -- just echo the procedures and harangues of the immediate past president. I doubt that his habits will change now that he is out off office. You might just as well read his letters carefully and echo his current comment to fulfill your obligations. You ought to take Joanna and W. B. and Audrey to task, and of course as in the latter case, temper the wind to the shorn lamb. That's a good figure of speech for this proposition, too, since the pusher of this outfit has got to be windy, and I never feel more like a lamb than when the Robin pusher is breathing down my neck.

(over)





This convention business is about over for me this year. Had them in november in Knoxville, Baltimore, and Cleveland. Still the one at Christmas in New York, and then I can get down to work and do some things here.

Ginna, on this business of forms for the Robin letters, I think it is a good idea. You could work up check lists for each of us to use. My list might run. I got an average of hours of sleep last night and the night before; I've yelled at the kids times in the last two hours; Jettie's easier to live with now that we're both and years old respectively; we now have pets and paper routes and have been in to see Jack and Ruby times in the last week; I do (do not) feel that I will make the grade before the next Robin, physically and mentally; the current subject on which Jack is ragging Ruby is (please check) She won't last much longer; she's racing her motor; she buys presents for herself and pretends they're for his birthday; Ruby is responding to his banter with (please check) cholera, sangfroid, retaliation, cotton in her ears; what I think of it all (allow space for a four letter word meaning squirrel food); the last time Jettie and I went in to see them they loaded us up with (allow five lines here) valued conservatively at (please check) \$10, 25, 50. Jack's hair is falling slowly, falling fast all gone. Sally has lost teeth; David is a per cent better cusser than his daddy; Scotty has danced around stamping the floor until we are all per cent nuts and moving on toward 10 per cent fast. We finished the month this time spending only more than I made. You can see this type of thing has real possibilities. I'm all for it. You might prepare forms and pass them around for approval at headquarters before putting them into effect. It's a comfort to be so close to the seat of power -- you can exert influence where it counts.

Eldard, I like this business of a vacation in Michigan. I'm all for it. I don't think we can get old Silent that far from his home base, but he's been that far before, and he just might make it. I've got a deep seated feeling, however, that Ray Harman gets enough of this clan on its occasional visits to his habitat. We can all pay our own way, seems to me; it ain't right for you to furnish quarters. One of these days we might have to go somewhere else, and you can pay your transportation costs then.

Ginna, another thing you can put on my check list is that I haven't smoked cigarettes in months; my present addiction to the weed is in the form of pipe, cigars, snuff, eating tobacco.

This business of Sam's girl: hit's about time. And if I'm any judge of the Sams of this world, if he brings one of them home with him, you might as well settle for it. As for the Joe W's of this world, they ought to be in the state

legislatures and the congress. And don't say there ain't no place for them in the regular order of things, because there is. They are really the most useful critters that society can produce. They're called politicians.

El, honey, your letter is a dilly. It's one of the best you've ever done. Please send it back to me, along with any other old ones you might have saved up. That goes for all of you. Now all I am collecting lately is the batch from the four of us here in this neighborhood, and you got to admit that the real discriminating talent lies elsewhere. I like that red hat, El, sight unseen.

I've got to get dressed and go. Here it is nearly four p.m. and I still have on my pajamas. I've promised to take a gang of kids to the movies and they're going to be on my sore back shortly. Sorry to have beaten Jack and Ruby out of the chance to use the week end to write their Robin letters. We still could have made it, but the car battery is down and we have to wait until tomorrow to get it fixed.

Here comes the herd of buffalo, "Let's go, Daddy, let's go."

Audrey and W. B.: We are really so sorry to hear of your loss. Our hearts are with you.

Love to you all,

Joe

Ed, you ain't bragging, son. We all know your good. Anybody who can take the conversation away from me in my own parlor has got plenty of galaver. I really feel you've got a job now that's more nearly suited to your talents than any thus far.

Dec. 13-- Tuesday Night

49

Dear Folks:

We got the Robin tonight-- and aren't waiting our 3 days on account, if we do, we may never get it off-- due to Christmas being so close and no packages sent yet, no Christmas cards addressed--- and days getting fewer.

However, all the gifts, all the cards, all the stamps, twine, and cartons are in the apt. so-- you'll get 'em-- just as fast as we can turn 'em out after work and phone calls and company (just in case you're worrying).

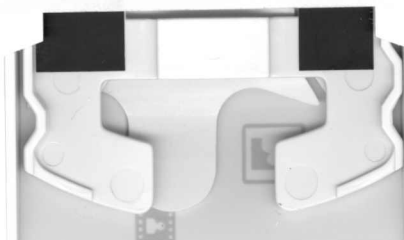
All the letters achieved a certain easy touch this time and , I agree, Eleanor outdid herself. We were both sorry to hear of the death of Audrey's father; we're glad about Sam's new gal and that Miss Jeffries seems to be comfortably located. Ginny wasn't as sassy this time as usual. Maybe it was her 98¢ "anahist". ( I brought Ruby home a truckload of that stuff, of various kinds, from the national convention of the American Medical Association held here last week. All the big drug houses were represented and had exhibits with samples of latest medicines. I can "doctor" you-all free for the next year.)

We're well-- plugging along with too-busy days; hardly able to make it as each new day presents itself but still going; my mother has been down for two weeks and we're worried about developments in Slippery Rock ( I took a flying trip up last week); and the days fly past without time to look around and see what it's all about-- but maybe that's the way we were intended to live.

Ruby already has her reservation for Ky. right after Christmas; I'm to to S.R. to see if I can straighten things out there a bit-- and we're both looking forward to Christmas morning with the youngster and Joe and Jettie at College Park. That's it-- that's us-- and how's with all of you? Love--

Jack

*Jack*



Washington D.C.  
12-13-49

Dear Children -

The letters were wonderful - especially yours - Eleanor. That is one of the cutest letters we've had in any of the rokins. The Awards Committee should take note. I'd love to see that hat passing the public. We hope you will have a good and restful Christmas. Suppose you got the package Jack and I sent you for your birthday and Christmas. (Maybe I'll send you that quilt for your Christmas too - the one that was always yours but that you were given for an award. I'm awfully sorry to miss you and the Ed's. I'd love to see the practically grown - the going steady - and the pets. Also the old folks.

The rest of you I will see - have my ticket for Bowling Green. And we are looking forward to Christmas with the Joe Rays.

I'm awfully excited about about

Sam's girl. Maybe I'll get to see her. This is just what I've been wanting Sam to do. He is the kind of boy I like to see change into a family man. He'd better keep her away from Joe W. lest he turn on the fatal charm. However, it's my opinion Sam can turn on the charm if he ever felt the need of it.

I'm sorry about Audrey's father. It doesn't make it much easier to be expecting it. He must have been a pretty nice man to have such a lovely daughter as Audrey.

Ed - I'm all for the camp in Mich. That is better than anything I can get in Penna. Let's take it for August. The first two weeks will suit us or the last two. Make arrangements whenever you can.

All the letters were excellent. I enjoyed them more than usual if that could be. You get in next time Joanna. Thank you so much for the pictures. Will some more next summer.

I'll be glad to see you Miss Selfries in your new apartment soon  
Love Ruby



# Merry Christmas

Dear Rays,

I will take time out from writing Christmas notes to write my Robin letter. The Robin is getting better under new management. It reached here while Ed was away this time, so we have had it three days.

We are all set for Christmas. Babs had a party this afternoon, and the house was full of teenagers. Ed and I left and went to hear the cantata in which Emily sang. Tomorrow night my scout troop is to have a party here. We hope to mail the last of our packages tomorrow; then we will have the rest of the week to prepare our family gifts and do baking and make candy. Our house looks prettier than it ever looked before. Our tree is a



beauty since Ed sank four dollars in it. We have clean ruffled curtains, and the dining room and living room windows have a big red candle in a nest of pine branches and pretty pine cones. The dining table has a centerpiece of boxwood with slender red tapers and tiny silver balls. We have a little holly, too.

Eleanor, I mailed the Robin that was so long in reaching you in Ann Arbor, so it wasn't held up for reading at this end. I checked my sales slips I got in Ann Arbor and it was mailed the eleventh. I think you got it the twentieth. The irony of the thing is that I walked four blocks in a downpour to mail it in the post office rather than drop it in the box on the corner.

# Merry Christmas

We are getting the girls a radio and record player for Christmas. They are getting ice skates and money for sweaters. Emily is getting a comb, brush and mirror and a mirror to hang over her dressing table. Babs is getting a bed lamp. I got Ed mocha gloves, and he came home with some he had bought for himself, so I made him return mine, and I am not going to give him anything. He does a trick like that every year. Babs decided I would want my gift from her for her company today, so she gave it to me. Eleanor, do you remember the beautiful handpainted canister set and bread box we saw in Jackson and I almost bought? That is what Babs gave me.

Eleanor, the red hat sounds fancy. It is going to make it harder for you

to convince the natives that you aren't trying to marry the little music teacher. I am the most dressed up that I have ever been. I have a new copper gabardine (Forstmann Matalen) suit and a hat to match. I joined the Women's Club and had to do something about my wardrobe.

I hope everybody can make Michigan next summer. I know Jack, Ruby, and Eleanor will remember how hot it was when they were here, but it seldom gets that hot here, and it should be much cooler on the lakes.

Ed has decided tonight that we may go to N.Y. after Christmas. He bought some cherry trees when we were at home in Sept. and they should be cut this winter. I am always afraid of the roads ~~at~~ Christmas time, but I would like to see the Kentuckians.

Merry Xmas. to all! Joanna

# Merry Christmas

Dec. 18. 49

Dear Folks,

Merry Christmas to each and every one of you, and I hope you get every wish granted not only during Christmas but all the year through.

The Robin was a dilly this time and getting around as it did, it took the wind out of my sails.

I'd like to have time to issue some advice and dabble in a bit of philosophy but the fact is that I'm busier than a cranberry merchant and I want have time to give you this treatment now.

Things seem to be shaping up according to plan around here. all decorations are up and most of the packages mailed, so Christmas Day I should have nothing to do but eat and make myself sick.

We were awfully sorry to hear

about the death of Audrey's father.

She wants the Robin for Christmas and I'm going to see that she gets her desire. so must close, anyway I have to hit the road early tomorrow morning and now it's almost midnight.

If it's o.k. with everybody I'll get the wheels to rolling for a camp in Michigan for next summer. It's usually nice and cool here at that time around the camp areas. I'll try to get a place where we can swim.

Tell us more about this young lady Sam. Have you taken the float under yet? Have you got Silent's consent? May come down Christmas and if I do, I request a review.

again Merry Christmas !!

Love

L.



December 29<sup>th</sup>  
Springfield, S.D.

Dear Folks:

The robin has been here several days. It came Friday of last week but I thought Ray and Virginia wouldn't want it so early, and it is hard to write.

I got the letters in the morning and read them at noon. Sam was on my mind all the rest of the day and in the evening I was pressing a dress in

the kitchen and Sam  
seemed to be close.  
I know this week has  
been hard on the  
folks at Bowling  
Green. I didn't try to  
make the trip because  
I knew I'd be more of  
a care than help.

We have had very  
nice weather during  
the holidays and maybe  
January will be good too.

Love to you all and  
especially to those  
in Bowling Green - Elean

All the letters were good  
and I especially appreciate  
getting them for Christmas.

I was glad to see a letter  
from Joanna and I hope  
Audrey & Will B. will  
write next time